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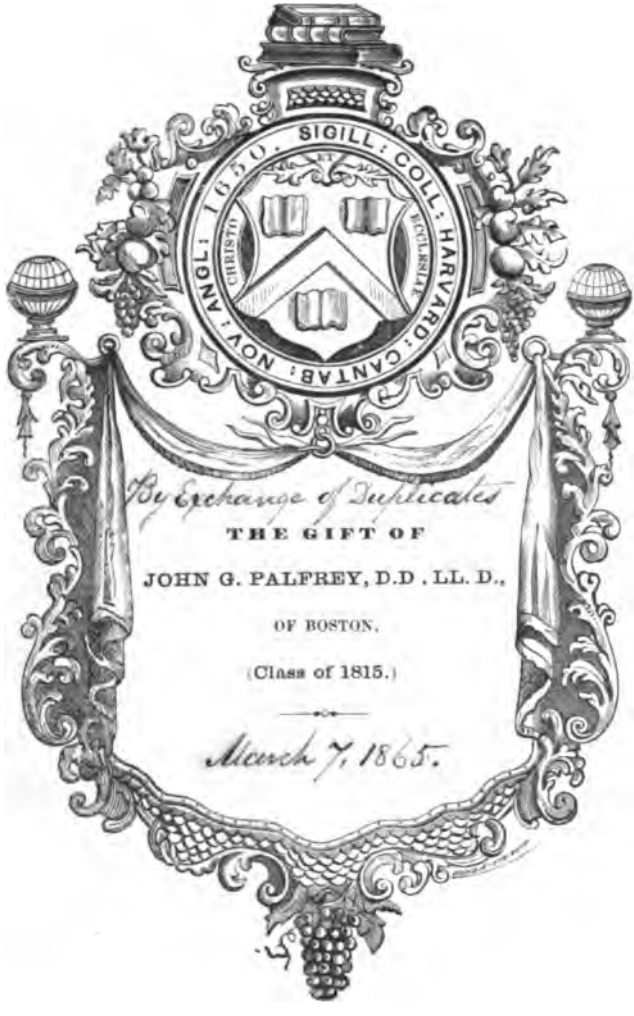

By Exchange of Duplicates
THE GIFT OF
JOHN G. PALFREY, D.D., LL. D.,
OF BOSTON,
(Class of 1815.)
March 7, 1865.

LAND AND LEE.

LAND AND LEE

IN

THE BOSPHORUS AND ÆGEAN;

OR VIEWS OF

CONSTANTINOPLE AND ATHENS.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON,

LATE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

EDITED FROM THE NOTES AND MANUSCRIPTS OF THE AUTHOR,

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

New-York:

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RICHARD C. VALENTINE,
NEW YORK.

Corner of John and Dutch streets.

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are: nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

MILTON.

PREFACE.

In launching this volume upon the wave of public opinion, the publishers deem it proper to say, that although christened with a new name, and dressed in a new robe like the neophytes of a new religion, it is not altogether a new book. It is the substance of a work published during Mr. Colton's lifetime, under the title of "Visit to Constantinople and Athens." Having withstood the cross-fires of criticism in a long cruise upon the open Seas, it has come to the dry-dock for repairs; and it is now razeed into its present dimensions, in order to make one of the gallant fleet of books which sail under the flag of its author.

Another name for this work was naturally suggested to the mind of the Editor, as more truly expressing the subject-matter of the book, and as being also more in keeping with the previous volume of "Ship and Shore." The editorial work has been that of revision and condensation. It has been cast up anew into chapters, and supplied with appropriate mottoes indicating the subject of each, and such other matter has been welded with it from manuscripts of the author, as to make it one entire and uniform piece.

The author says of the original pages, that "They were written amid the ceaseless noise and systematized confusion which prevail on board a man-of-war; the lively conversation of the ward-room officers in one ear, the prattle of the pantry boys in the other; the echoing tread of sailors overhead; on a table lashed down to prevent its being capsized, in a chair secured with laniards against the force of the ship's lurch, and with the manuscript tacked to its place to escape the fate which befell the Sibylline leaves. This is no fancy picture; any one who has been at sea, and especially they who have traversed the ocean in an armed ship, can attest the sobriety of the sketch, and also appreciate the embarrassments which such a situation imposes.

"The more serious reader, who may have taken exception to some of the harmless pleasantries of "Ship and Shore," will find, perhaps, in these pages less cause of regret. But should he meet occasionally with sentences betraying some of those lighter and less regular pulsations which will, now and then, visit the heart, he must not be offended. The only real difference between us, probably, is, that I give expression to feelings which he, more discreetly, perhaps, allows to pass off in silence.

"Religion is not with me—and it ought not to be with any one—a source of gloom; it is not a great funeral pall, spread out over nature, wrapping the fragrant flowers, hushing the melodious fountains, and shutting out the bright influences of heaven; it is, itself, an exhaustless source of cheering,

all-pervading light—warming and beautifying the earth—visiting man in his most obscure abode—reaching the darkest recesses of his doubts and dismay—relieving his cares—sanctifying his sorrows—dispelling the despondency which the brevity of his existence here casts around him, and inspiring hopes over which death and the grave have no power."

The publishers take pleasure in now presenting this volume to the public, as being worthy of the reputation of its author, and an acceptable offering to his numerous friends in the navy and elsewhere. They are happy to announce that another volume is in progress, to be entitled "The Sea and the Sailor, Notes on France and Italy and other Sketches of Rev. Walter Colton, together with a Memoir illustrating his Life and Character."

H. T. C.

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LAND AND LEE

IN THE

BOSPHORUS AND ÆGEAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE winds are high, and Helle's tide
  Rolls darkly heaving to the main:
And night's descending shadows hide
  That field with blood bedewed in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride;
  The tombs, sole relics of his reign.

BYRON.

SMYRNA AND THE CONSTELLATION—CONDITION ON BOARD AN ENGLISH YACHT—STORM OFF METELIN—LOSS OF SPARS AND PROVISIONS—TENEDOS AND THE STRAND OF ILIUM—BEATING UP THE DARDANELLES—SCENERY, TOWNS, AND FORTIFICATIONS OF THE SHORE—PASSAGE OF LEANDER AND XERXES—PLINY'S AEROLITE—SEA OF MARMORA—FIRST VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE—APPREHENSIONS ON LANDING—A NIGHT SCENE.

IN the harbor of Smyrna, where it is the tradition of history that Homer was born, the United States frigate Constellation is riding quietly at her anchor. Brave hearts are beating within her ribs of oak, and in the ward-room we are eagerly casting about for the most feasible method of reaching Constantinople. As the route by land must be entirely on horseback, exposed to a scorching sun, to the unceremonious

demands of outlaws, and without the comforts of a solitary hotel, we prefer a conveyance by water.

But the wind prevailing at this season of the year directly from that point in which our course lay, rendered it quite impossible for us to beat our ship up against the current of the Dardanelles. We therefore went on board a little cutter, maliciously called the Spitfire, which was once a barge belonging to a member of the English parliament from Liverpool; but which, by some strange vicissitude in the taste of the times, or the fortunes of its owner, has found its way to its present less elegant, but more serviceable employment.

Our company on this occasion consisted of Capt. Read with his lady, and eight or ten officers attached to the frigate. Our provisions having been taken on board, our anchor weighed, and our parting gun discharged, we made all sail to a stirring breeze, and passed quickly down the Gulf of Smyrna. We were all in a fine flow of spirits, especially the captain of the little craft, who, I presume, never before felt so fully the importance of his situation.

Nor was Bill, the cook, insensible of the increased dignity and responsibility of his occupation; but was ever and anon, as he counted over again the number to be fed, dropping some new article into the pot, which was now vigorously boiling in the caboose. It grieved me to see the ruthless manner in which he would ring the necks of the chickens.

Though naturally of a humane disposition, yet he was now so full of the "pomp and circumstance of office," that I really believe he would have sacrificed, without a sigh, a whole aviary of the most sweetly singing pets.

The contents of the pot which had now been for several hours in a state of violent ebullition, were at length turned into a common receiver, from which each one helped himself with a delightful self-appropriating privilege. The varieties it contained went far beyond those of the sea-pie, chowder, or even the inimitable lobscouse; I doubt, indeed, whether they have ever been equalled since the witches in Macbeth filled their capacious cauldron.

But Bill, who had been so successful as a cook, rather failed in the functions of a waiter; for as he cut the wires which confined the corks, the porter escaped with such a foaming vehemence, that very little of it was arrested by the goblet. His look, as he saw the beverage irrevocably escape, had a force of regret that reminded me of the anguish of one, who, on a different occasion, was witnessing with me the burning of a distillery.

This mill of delirium occupied a slight eminence close to a sheet of quiet water, with which it communicated by a precipitous channel. The whiskey, as the fire reached the long tiers of casks which held it, was at once kindled and released, and rushing down this channel overspread the little lake, and rose in a

pyramid of flame: its light fell on the dismayed countenance of the individual to whom I have alluded; he looked as a devotee with his hope of heaven suddenly blotted out. He had no pecuniary interest in the distillery; but the irretrievable destruction of so much of that which can drown sorrow, inspire forgetfulness, and which had been his only refuge for years, overwhelmed him. He retired to his house and died that night.

The close of our first day out, brought us along the bold and beautiful shores of Lesbos. This island was anciently celebrated for the richness of its wines, the softness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the beauty of its females. It was the birth-place of a Theophrastus, whose eloquence and philosophy enlisted the admiration of Plato and Aristotle; of a Pittacus, whose valor and patriotism were the pride and defence of his country; of a Sappho, the fire and sweetness of whose verse have cast an unfading splendor on the genius of her sex.

But of its ancient opulence and refinement scarcely a vestige remains; its wines are no longer sung or sought; its temples and statues have passed away; and of its daughters I have seen but one with charms of form and mind sufficient to move and melt the heart. I met her in Smyrna: why was it not in America? Alas! we are the fools of time and circumstances! When that which most strikes and captivates us comes within our reach, some obstacle

springs up, against which it is in vain to struggle: thus our life is a conflict with capricious incidents and irremediable fortuities.

The night closed over us, in our little craft, with a dark and heavy frown. The black masses of cloud which began to ascend above the horizon at sunset, were quickly followed by others of a still more portentous aspect. These squadrons of darkness and storm soon invaded the whole heaven, and in their gathered depths seemed to hang over us in substantial gloom. The wind appeared to have been entirely obstructed in its passage; the sea retained a swinging, dead motion; yet a stranger to these phenomena would have anticipated only a night's detention on his voyage.

Not so with the weather-beaten sailor who sat at the helm; for as often as his eye rested on the lamp which glimmered in the binnacle, I observed something in his countenance which spoke of change and peril. He had scarcely raised his eye, when the black brooding mass above was riven and kindled with the fiercest lightning and thunder: torrents and tempest soon followed. We immediately dropped under the deck; but it was a poor refuge. The hatches were instantly battened down, all fresh air excluded, and we were there shut up, with scarcely room enough to sit or stand in; while above, the tempest was breaking down our masts and rigging, the thunder shaking the very sea, and the waves plunging

over the cutter, as if they had already overmastered their victim.

It is a part of a sailor's creed, when he can do nothing to relieve his situation, to put up with it resignedly. We found below several dark and narrow recesses called births: casting lots for them, one fell to me, and I eagerly deposited a portion of myself in it, for it was so short, that head or feet must swing; but I was immediately pounced upon by a host of those corsairs who take a man's flesh and blood, instead of his purse. I quickly jumped out, determined not to die two deaths, for we were all apprehensive of one before the night should be through. One or two more of these births were tried by others, but instantly forsaken, with denunciations upon all insects that jump or creep.

We now piled ourselves down on the floor, without regard to positions or propinquities; while a kind of sarcophagus, fixed up in the stern of the craft, accommodated Mrs. R.; the Commander of the Constellation being on deck to watch what might betide, and afford counsel where it might avail for good. This was the longest night I ever saw, save one; when I watched alone in a deserted house with a corpse, and saw, through my excited imagination, in the stir of each cricket, a giant bursting from the cerements of his grave!

The loss of fresh air, and room to stand or lie in, were not our only misfortunes; the quick roll and

plunge of the cutter were so unlike the long, majestic motion of our frigate, to which we had become accustomed, that the dull dizziness and faintness of a mockish sea-sickness came in to aid the miseries of our condition.

"What a senseless dupe to my curiosity I am!" exclaimed one, twisting himself into some new shape. "This is going to Constantinople," cried a second, "or to the bottom," interrupted a third, "and I don't care which," muttered a fourth. "I never understood before the horrors of the Middle Passage," muttered another. "This is very like it," replied the twister at his side, "and if the Sultan should make us slaves, as he has done many a good Christian man before, the sickening parallel would be completed." "Don't be concerned on that score," interrupted one, a little more inclined to be facetious, "for he will never be able to find us, unless he can plunge to the bottom of the sea, and I have never heard that his Sultanship has taken to pearl-diving." "Pearl-diving!" ejaculated the startled critic of the pile, "do you compare that poor figment of mortality, when it shall become breathless, to a *pearl?* Why, the dust of all the beauty and manly perfection that has breathed from the birth of Adam, is worthless now as the bubble that breaks over our heads. Human vanity, pride, and self-conceit, in such an hour, and such a place as this, is like a tinselled shroud in a closing grave."

Here the only lamp that glimmered in our dismal abode went out; and for the remainder of the night we had as little to do with light, air, or the upper world, as Jonah in his truly submarine ship.

Daylight at last began to break; though we had no evidence of it, till we had burst up the battened hatches with that convulsive force which one unconsciously exerts when near being smothered. The storm had partially subsided; the wind came in suspended gusts; the rain in occasional dashes. I inquired respecting Mrs. R., and found that she had rested in her sarcophagus with the fortitude and repose of a true sailor in his wind-swung hammock.

Capt. R., who had been up through the night, was sitting braced up near the man at the helm, and sound asleep; the captain of the cutter, in his capote and tarpaulin, was meekly nodding against the binnacle; two sailors, exhausted with fatigue, had thrown themselves upon the tattered fragments of the gaff-sail; while Bill, the cook, whom I never knew to flag or sleep, was fastening a pulley to a jury mast. Our poultry, consisting mainly of two or three dozen chickens, lay dead in their wave-washed coop; and several ducks, strange as it may seem, had shared the same melancholy fate.

Most of the casks which contained our fresh water had made their escape through the shattered railing; and our cooking apparatus had gone to aid the culinary wants of some mermaid of the sea. Tangled

ropes, and the remnants of sails, and broken spars lay around; and the whole had the appearance of a mangled relic left to float, as unworthy of the burial which the sea accords to the stately ship. The piteous plight of our craft, the sudden bereavements of our condition, with the wan and melancholy cast of each countenance, contrasted so strongly with the beauty and gallantry of our first setting sail, and with the romance of our expedition, that two of us, as we sat down in silence to look at each other, burst into an involuntary laugh. "There is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous." Only yesterday, we were a picture of floating symmetry, grace, and gladness, and now so changed that even the sea-bird wheeled away from the spectacle to his rude aerie in the cliff.

We were not far from that spot where Æneas fitted out his ships for their long voyage: with this great example of patience and perseverance before us, we set ourselves to repairing our shattered craft. Fortunately a spare spar or two had been taken on board; a cast-off sail and a few coils of rope were found in the hold: these, with what the storm had left, enabled us to restore the upper works, so that before evening we were on our way again, with the promise of a better night; and so it proved, with the exception of the couch-corsair, who renewed, with unrepentant severity, the full measure of his bloody exactions.

The next morning we passed the ancient Lectum, now a beautiful village, on a forest-feathered acclivity, with its delicate minarets glittering above the green shade, and its leaping cascade, dashing down as if it heard the call of the wave on the beach. At evening we were beating up between Tenedos and the Troad; and though our starboard tack hardly brought us upon a long reach to the silent shore of Priam, yet we could bear witness to the reasonable range of vision in Virgil:

> Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
> Insula.—Æn. ii. 21.

Nor could we say less for the optical propriety and vaticinal truth of that blind old minstrel, who, as he placed his hand against the majestic tomb of Achilles, and heard the waves break on the shore, sung of this sweet romantic isle.

A soft twilight was resting on hill and dale, through which the island, the tomb-crowned shore, and the distant range of Ida, rose with melting beauty. It was, perhaps, in a night like this, that the Grecian fleet, leaving with muffled oars their unsuspected retreat behind Tenedos, advanced to the strand of Troy, and laid that city of song in ashes. I can imagine the consternation and despair of the daughters of Ilium, as they woke from their early slumber, and found their dwellings in flames.

One could almost wish to turn the current of time

backward, and float up to that infant period when this scene of treachery and sorrow occurred, that he might plunge into it, and rescue some of the young and beautiful beings who were its innocent victims. But as the river returns not to its source, so time will never retrace its steps; and from the distance to which it has now borne us, so far from sympathizing with the bewildering grief of this sad catastrophe, we begin to doubt its ever having been a reality.

The day will come when our woes will fall on the skeptical ear of man like the vanishing sounds of the sighing wind; our graves will be sunk in the very earth where others have moldered, and tomb will thus inherit tomb, till even the place of our dust and the last memorial of our existence have vanished forever! Yet there is one who will never cease to be mindful, and who, if we are his, will hold us in everlasting remembrance.

Another day had nearly passed when our barge, still struggling against a head wind, cut her way through the entrance of the Hellespont, which is defended by two formidable castles posted on the extreme verge of the Asiatic and European shore. A small village rose in the rear of each, crowned with a mosque, whose connection with the huge ranges of mounted ordnance reminded one of the time when Islamism was not only defended, but propagated, by the sword. The country, from a frequent and lofty range of precipices, became of a milder genius, and

fertile valleys were seen stretching up far and wide among the swelling hills; yet in these rich champaignes the voice of the plowman, and the song of the reaper, were not heard, nor could we observe, but in very few places, the animating tokens of agricultural enterprise.

Why these productive lands, which spread luxuriantly on each side, should be left untilled, is a mystery which can be solved only by a reference to the nature of the government which afflicts them. Every blade of corn that springs, every olive that buds, is exposed to the rapacity of some presiding Pasha, who recognizes no higher rule of equity than that which emanates from his own interest. Under such a system an Eden would soon pass to the lizard and owl.

At the close of our fourth day out, we reached Chanak-Kelessi, where the channel suddenly narrows and the current becomes more rapid: indeed the channel may be said to commence at this point; for below, it more resembles a small arm of the sea. It being necessary to obtain a firman here, and being also in want of fresh water and provisions, we ran our barge into a small quiet cove, a little above the town, and dropped anchor.

Our rambles through the place were rewarded by nothing worthy of the trouble. It is a collection of miserable dwellings, intersected by narrow dirty streets, and inhabited mostly by Jews, who traffic in the indifferent wines of the country, and in a species

of coarse pottery which has but little to recommend it, except its capacious qualities. The castles, which here defend the strait, excited some attention from the singularity of their positions, for they are precisely opposite, and would in action bombard each other with demolishing effect. This is a specimen of Turkish sagacity which sets the triumphs of all modern engineering at defiance!

I should mention here the politeness of the English Consul, and the proffered hospitality of an Italian merchant who enjoys some accredited privileges under our government. He invited us to remain, and attend the wedding feast of his son, a good-looking youth of twenty, and who, he assured us, was about to be married to a young Armenian lass whom he had never seen, but who, as he had been repeatedly *informed*, was a great beauty. But as our captain had obtained his firman, and Bill the cook had procured something as a substitute for the chickens which had been lost in the storm, we determined to forego the nuptial banquet, and resume our voyage, or we should be as long in accomplishing it as were the Argonauts, our renowned predecessors through this difficult strait.

We were soon on board; but the night was now gathering so blackly, and the wind rising to such a degree of force, that our captain deemed it not prudent to forsake the security of his present little anchorage. Had he been of a poetical vein, he might

have warmed our impatience, in a quotation of the lines so peculiarly apposite to this occasion:

> "The winds are high on Helle's wave,
> As on that night of stormy water
> When Love, who sent, forgot to save
> The young, the beautiful, and brave,
> The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter."

We were in truth rocking close to the spot where Leander, to whose tragical end these lines allude, was wont to cross, on his nocturnal visits, to the gentle object of his affections. Owing to the rapidity of the current, and a curve which it makes here, the romantic lover had to swim over three miles, and as many on his return,—an arduous enterprise, but amor vincit omnia. Lord Byron performed the same feat, but with a purpose widely different. The object of his lordship, independent of historic association, was the reputation of being a vigorous swimmer; but that of Leander was the gratification of being a few hours by the side of one for whom he entertained a degree of attachment that finally cost him his life.

This story may perhaps be a fiction; but whether founded in fact or fable, it once interested men's hearts, and bespoke a strength and sincerity of love which, I fear, has now fled the earth, or been utterly lost among the sordid calculations of a selfish interest. There is nothing which I more ardently admire than that pure, uncalculating affection which binds one heart indissolubly to another; which makes

us willing, for the sake of this confiding being, to encounter poverty, persecution, and death.

Another day had just begun to break, when the captain called to us with a request that we would aid him in shoving off the barge from the shallows, into which she had drifted during the night. His wishes were easily complied with, for having tumbled below in our clothes, we had no toilet to make, and were immediately on deck, exerting all the pushing power which the emergency demanded; our little sails were again spread, and we commenced beating up the most rapid pass in the strait. Our tacks were short, but each took us perceptibly ahead; and we soon passed the protruding rocks to which Xerxes fastened his second bridge of boats, after having very properly chastised the flood for the insolence of breaking up his first contrivance.

Of the five millions which the Persian monarch marched over this strait in his invasion of Greece, how few ever returned to their homes! their graves swell from every foot of ground between this and the Athenian hills. The pride and valor of the mightiest empire sunk here to that hurried shroud in which war and pestilence wrap a nation as they would an individual. The wailing surge of the loud ocean would be a befitting knell over the ghastly doom of such a countless host. It is no wonder that Xerxes is said to have wept at the thought that they must die; he might have trembled at his responsibility in

sending so many to their last account, with all their imperfections on their head. But a conqueror regards human life only as the means of promoting his personal schemes. He would steep the earth in blood to add another feather to his fame!

As we passed up, it was very observable that the Asiatic side, in fertility and beauty of landscape, has the advantage over its sister shore. The Chersonese ascends more steeply from the wave, is broken into bolder bluffs and darker glens, and has a background of wild, precipitous elevations; while the verge of Asia descends in easy undulations, where the rich valleys are rendered still more fresh by the wooded swells which diversify the surface. Yet I could not discover on either side any attempt at a thorough and systematic cultivation of the soil.

Little villages were sprinkled here and there, creating around them for a short distance an agricultural smile, but there was nothing indicating an effort beyond an immediate and pressing necessity. There were no lowing herds in the rampant vales, no bleating flocks on the frolicksome hills; it appeared as a country where nature had lavished her richest means, and man had turned away to busy himself in the construction of fortifications, which might excite the timid gaze of the foreigner; and yet these castles, which frown so formidably along the Dardanelles, may, many of them, especially those on the Thracian shore, be commanded by neighboring heights; and

in the event of an invasion by land, could serve their friends only as a temporary and perilous refuge. It would be like the gathering of the superstitious crowd within the walls of a stupendous church, when its foundations were rocking with the throes of the earthquake.

It was near evening when we passed on the right the narrow outlet of a stream, which has been identified in conjecture with the ancient Ægospotamos. This spot figures in history as the scene of the memorable engagement in which Lysander terminated the Peloponnesian war. If naturalists should pass this way, ambitious of celebrity, they would do well, perhaps, to look for the huge meteoric stone which fell on the margin of this celebrated stream, whose burning and ominous descent Anaxagoras foretold, whose fearful visit Pliny described; and if they cannot find it, and fix the topography of the stream, they can, at least, find on the bank some other rock, declare it to be of atmospheric formation, and, in short, nothing less than the great historic aerolite!

The fame of such an imputed discovery would make a man an honorary member of every antiquarian and scientific association through the civilized world. The initials of his titles would embrace at least half the combinations of which our alphabets are capable; and when he should die he would leave behind him a name as dazzling and durable as the aerolite itself. It is strange, yet beautiful, to see what

a man may acquire by merely making an aerial out of an earth-born stone, and just throwing its date back a few harmless centuries. I expect to hit upon some such expedient for fame before I get through with my travels—and to be found lugging home a part of Nebuchadnezzar's image, or one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels, or perhaps the very hearthstone of Adam, with the little niche in it under which the first cricket chirped off the quiet night!

At a short distance above the stream of classical ambiguity, we passed Lampsachus, situated on a projecting plain that comes with advancing beauty and richness into the strait. The marble mosque, which was once a Christian church, now points its delicate minarets, with brilliant effect, above the small forest of dwellings beneath; while a background of green acclivities presents a pleasing boundary to the ranging vision. The spirit of merriment and gayety which characterized its ancient inhabitants, and rang, like a voluptuous lyre, over its flashing waters, has been sobered down by misfortune and time. Lampsachus was one of the three cities which Artaxerxes presented to Themistocles in his unjust and ungrateful banishment from Athens; but even these splendid bribes, it seems, were insufficient to corrupt the ill-requited patriotism of the hero of Salamis.

Passing on, we rounded Galipoli on the opposite shore, the first European town in which the Ottoman standard was unfurled, and where it waved for

nearly a century before advancing successfully upon the city of Constantine. Would to God it had there paused, in troubled plight, to this day! We were now entering the Propontis: we had cut our way up through the Hellespont against its strong current, leaving behind, at baffled anchorage, hundreds of sail, waiting for a change of the wind. Our barge, though desperately assailed in the storm, and partially dismantled, yet, like a true and fearless friend, proved worthy of our trust. The night now deepened around us, and, one after another, we sunk to sleep; but in our floating dreams we passed up again the enchanting stream, over which the hills of Europe and Asia cast their golden shadows at each other's feet.

In the morning we found ourselves slowly approaching Marmora, a central isle that has now given its own soft name to this vast sheet of water. From the marble quarries of this island the material was taken which has contributed essentially to the architectural beauty of the Ottoman capital. We rocked along its shore till towards evening, when the breeze, which had been faint through the day, began to freshen, and though still ahead, yet our peerless barge compelled it into its service.

Another night passed away in dreams of the past and the approaching; and never was a magnificent dream more fully realized than when, with the breaking light of the morning, the obscuring clouds passed

off, and left, in distant and developing view, the minarets, domes, and palaces of Constantinople! This vast city appeared to swell, in a stupendous and gorgeous mass, from the very bosom of the Marmora. Nor were the expanding splendors of its first emerging aspect diminished when a clearer prospect began to blend its insular outline with the main, and to present its continuous dwellings, mosques, and monuments upon their seven permanent hills. At every glance of the eye, some new range of swelling cupolas, surmounted with gilded crescents, towered into view; or some new group of gardens disclosed, through an opening vista, their gathered depths of fragrant shades, or some unseen line of marble porticoes flashed into brilliant relief; till the mingled and varied whole stood before us in all the richest combinations which nature and art can bestow.

Our fixed and entrancing gaze nearly involved us in a serious catastrophe; for, as we entered the rapid outlet of the Bosphorus, which sweeps around the bold bend on which the castle of the Sultan stands, the breeze being intercepted by the opposite heights of Scutari, we were suddenly becalmed, and narrowly escaped being carried against the surging rocks. But, fortunately, we dropped into a broad eddy below; and, taking advantage of the breeze which was felt here, we passed to the opposite shore, where, after tacking about for several hours, we gained a position that enabled us to fetch across into the

Golden Horn, which winds up between the capital and Galata. Letting go our light anchor close to the crowded quay of the latter place, we disembarked our little all that had survived the passage, and, delivering it to several porters, out of a crowd who clamored for the employment, we started for a hotel on the high grounds of Pera.

As we walked on, I inquired of an Armenian, who had already been introduced to us as a desirable cicerone, if they had no carriages in these parts? "None," he replied, "except the araba, a kind of covered wagon, drawn by buffaloes, in which the Turkish ladies are frequently transported." "Are you sure," I inquired again, "that the porters, who are straggling off with the baggage there, will not make free with any of our trunks?" "Never," he returned; "if any one should do it, he would lose his head before to-morrow morning."

Well, I thought, if there be no law here, there is at least a powerful dissuasion from theft, for a trunk can be of very little use to a man who has lost his head. "And why," I asked again, "is it that the crowd, in passing each other, so carefully avoid coming in contact; for they appear as timidly shy as if each supposed the other to carry a pestilence in the very hem of his garments." "It is very much so," he replied, "for the *plague* is prevailing here to an alarming degree, and no one knows when he is safe, or with whom he may trust himself; and I should

advise you not to touch an article of your baggage from the backs of those porters till it has been thoroughly fumigated."

Arriving at the hotel, our luggage was taken into a separate room by the order of the prudent landlord, where it was steeped in the fumes of aromatic shrubs and sulphurs. We passed ourselves, also, through the same purifying process, and then sat down to an excellent dinner in the Italian style, which, I need not say, was relished well after the cold cut of seven days that followed the loss of our little caboose in the cutter.

The night soon came on, attended by a silence that one could hardly expect to realize in the tumultuous heart of a mixed and crowded city. Of the thronging multitudes scarcely a footstep lingered in the streets; a deep slumber seemed to hover at once upon each habitation; not a voice of wrangling or revelry was to be heard; and nothing remained to disturb the stillness of the place, except the startled howl of the watch-dog at the gloomy gate, and the wail of the mourner over some fresh couch of death. I ascended to the terrace, which commanded a wide and diversified prospect, and there spent a solitary hour in gazing at a scene that cast on my feelings the most brilliant and mournful images.

Beneath me flowed the Bosphorus, in a broad stream of liquid silver, and mingling its glittering line with the rich flow of the Golden Horn, as it

swelled down with a bolder circle from the distant valley of Sweet Waters. Further on rose the domes of the vast city, lifting themselves in magnificence and beauty into the soft light of the evening sky; while below slumbered the Marmora, enshrining in its pure bosom the subdued splendors of the mirrored heaven; while less remote, and in a different range, stood the long and dense grove of the Cypress, casting its solemn shadows over the turbaned tombs of thousands who had sunk to their latest rest.

In that populous solitude not a bird broke into momentary song, and even the moonbeams seemed timidly still, as they stole through the darkening foliage, and faintly gleamed on the marbles of the dead. Around me lay, in unconscious sleep, multitudes for whom the insidious pestilence was preparing a hurried grave; and all, in their deep unbroken repose, were so like to that which they must finally become, that life scarcely appeared to survive in this map of death. It was as a peopled and voiceless barque, floating on that sullen flood which moves from this narrow isthmus of time to that uncertain shore from which no wave, or sail, or mariner has ever returned.

Filled with these sad sentiments, I descended to my chamber, and having revived the lamp which had been lit beneath the countenance of a sweet Madonna, in trusting invocation of her blessed protection against the encroaching perils of the plague, I sunk upon my pillow, and soon passed into that shadowy

realm, where the anxieties and sorrows of earth are soothed and forgotten. How inexplicable is sleep! We wake from this mysterious state each day to a fresh existence; one in which our wisdom is retained, and the fever of our doubts and cares assuaged; and then a few glimpses of philosophy may perhaps be attained, in a resembling experience, each night, of the end that awaits us,—

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

CHAPTER II.

"Still as the lips that closed in death,
Each gazer's bosom held his breath:
But yet, afar, from man to man,
A cold electric shiver ran,
As down the deadly blow descended
On him whose life and love thus ended."

JANIZARY-CAVASH—FATE OF HALLET EFFENDI—STRATAGEM OF MAHOMET—CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE—THE SILVER SOFA—PALACE OF THE SULTAN—HIS WIVES, ODALISQUES, GUARDS, GARDEN—THE SULTAN SHOOTING AN ARROW—CONVERSATION WITH HIM—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE—PREVALENCE OF THE PLAGUE.

I would challenge any one, situated as we were, to look at the breaking morn, so full of life and freshness, and not determine to forego his apprehensions of the most deadly contagion, and visit, at once, the objects of his wearisome pilgrimage. Taking with us our Armenian guide, and placing ourselves under the protection of a cavash attached to the American legation at the Ottoman court, we started on our first day's ramble. The cavash exercises the functions of a body-guard, is allowed certain rights and privileges, and any violence or insult offered to his person, or official character, is regarded as an indignity to the embassy with which, for the time being, he becomes identified.

The person who attended us in this capacity had been a Janizary; but being absent from the capital in the catastrophe which overwhelmed that fierce body, he escaped their tragical fate. Still there was something in his bearing, as he moved on with his mounted wand, pipe, pistols, and yategan, which betrayed the proud, indomitable spirit of the corps to which he had belonged.

We paused a moment, near the college of the dancing dervishes in Pera, at the sumptuous mausoleum of the late Hallet Effendi. The melancholy fate of this distinguished individual is a striking proof of the precarious and perilous nature of honor and influence in the Ottoman government. Hallet had been, for several years, ambassador at the court of France, and being a man of quick perception, had naturally imbibed something of the literature and liberal spirit of the age. With these impressions he returned to Constantinople, and the Sultan, so far from being displeased with his European sentiments, placed him near his person, and made him keeper of the royal signet.

This office, in itself, conferred no direct power, but it afforded Hallet an opportunity of exerting his individual influence, and his opinions were powerfully felt in the decisions of the divan. The enlightened policy of many important measures could be traced to the wisdom of his counsels. Among his invaluable suggestions were some which encroached upon

the old and riveted order of things. These gave great umbrage to the Janizaries, who, it would seem, had determined that the world should forever remain in *statu quo*, and they imperiously demanded the head of their offensive author.

The Sultan, at first, very justly hesitated; but at length so far yielded to their clamorous demand as to dismiss Hallet; not, however, without giving him a written protection, under his own hand, extending over his person, property, and life. He advised him, for the present, to retire to Iconia, assuring him that he should be recalled, with increased honors, as soon as the excitement had subsided.

He set off on his temporary exile with a guard of honor, and received, in the successive villages through which he passed, the most distinguished attentions. Arriving at Bala Vashee, he was met by the Musselim, or governor of the place, who earnestly solicited the honor of entertaining him at his own palace. The illustrious exile assented, and a short time passed off in friendly conversation, when a silikdar entered, and presented to Hallet a firman from the Sultan for his head! Hallet, with his usual self-possession, drew from his bosom his written protection, bearing the imperial signet; but the Musselim, who was all the while acting in treacherous concert with the executioner, decided against his betrayed guest, inasmuch as the date of the firman for his death was subsequent to that of his protection.

Hallet requested time to inform the Sultan of his supposed mistake, but the messenger, knowing well that he acted under orders which wait for no explanations, took out his bowstring and strangled him at once on the divan. His head was brought back to Constantinople, and exposed for several days to the gathering crowd, at the gate of the Seraglio; it was purchased at length for two thousand piastres by the wife of the murdered man, and buried in this splendid mausoleum.

But the rage of his Janizary foes was not yet appeased: they could not allow even to the lifeless head of their imputed adversary the quiet of the grave, and in compliance with their insane demand, it was dragged from the sanctity of its repose, and cast into the blushing Bosphorus; and this empty tomb now only remains to tell where Hallet might have rested in honor and peace, had he been less wise and virtuous.

From this place, so full of sad suggestions, we traversed the spot rendered memorable by the passage of Mahomet's ships in his last and decisive assault on Constantinople. The harbor, and that section of the city washed by its waves, had been successfully protected by an immense chain, stretching from Seraglio Point to Galata. The Turks, concluding it as useless to fret against such a barrier as to contend with the decisions of that fate recognized in their creed, were on the eve of once more aban-

doning the siege, when this last expedient occurred to their enterprising commander.

A deep valley sets up from the Bosphorus, separated by another which opens up from the harbor, by the narrow peninsular swell of Pera. In one night, by the treacherous aid of the Genoese sailors, who occupied this suburb, the Turkish fleet was dragged from the head of the flooded ravine over the intervening ridge, and in the morning, to the utter consternation of the Greeks, was found floating before the most defenceless part of their capital.

An advantageous position had at the same time been assumed by Mahomet, with his land forces, in front of that portion of the metropolis which rests on the base of the triangular promontory. Thus assailed from field and flood, the unequal forces of Constantine had no resource but to follow his devoted example, and die in the desperate breach.

Yet when we consider the extent and resources of the Roman empire, its skill and power in arms, we are astonished at this easy conquest of its capital by a tribe of wandering adventurers, issuing in ignorance and fanaticism from the most obscure recesses of Asia. But we should remember, in our estimate of valor and means of defence, the natural effects of that fatal mistake which Constantine committed in transferring the capital of his dominions to this distant, though beautiful position. It was like taking the heart from the centre of the human system, and locating it in

one of the extremities. The whole empire felt this disastrous removal of its vital functions, and in its bewildering faintness gave an ominous token of its final decay and ruin.

It should be recollected, too, that those who fought under the banner of the Cross, in this last defence of Constantinople, were contending with foes who not only outnumbered them three to one, but who were flushed with an uninterrupted succession of victories, and who, whether perishing on the field, or triumphing in the conflict, were expecting heaven as the meed of their reckless valor.

When, therefore, we consider the discouraging and deserted condition of the Christians, and the overwhelming force of their beleaguering enemy, we may well admire the resistance which they actually offered; we may stand with reverence and tears over the spot where Constantine took his last stand, determined not to survive the liberty and happiness of his people. Long may the tree flourish that stands where he fell, a fresh and green memorial of a patriotism and piety which none can remember too long, or admire too ardently.

Proceeding on to the quay of Galata, we took three or four of the thousand boats that lightly skim its waves, and passed over to the city of the "Faithful." Our landing was close to the imperial Kiosk, covered with an immense field of green cloth, which descends quite down the white walls, terminating in a scalloped

and gilded outline. In the faint light, which struggles through a partial screen into the pavilion, we were shown the silver sofa on which the Sultan sits, when taking leave of the Grand Vizier, at his departure with the army on some eventful expedition. It was concealed under a rich covering of damask, which the guard raised with the cautious and solemn look of one who is about to disclose a slumbering earthquake. There was a time when its terrors blanched nations with dread, but now it is like a cloud that has spent its thunder; still the dream of its vanished power will long remain to haunt the repose of tributary princes.

Passing on, we reached the gate of the Seraglio, surmounted by a bold, massive arch, with an Arabic inscription on the deep chord, and having on each side a well-disposed niche, where no statues were seen, but where death and beauty ought to be personified. This heavy gate, or porte, from which the Ottoman empire receives its name, was guarded by forty or fifty porters, armed with white wands, who, after being informed by our cabash that we had come from the New World, allowed us to pass—a permission suggested, apparently, as much by their own curiosity as a spirit of indulgence to ours.

In this extensive inclosure we passed hundreds pursuing their assigned duties in the most guarded silence. They appeared to be familiar with the spot, yet to be overawed by some mysterious dread. We

observed here a long range of infirmaries for the sick and aged domestics of the royal palace, that would have done credit to the humanity of any Christian prince.

Continuing on, we came to the second gate, guarded like the first, but with a more scrupulous vigilance. We should in vain have requested admission, but the Sultan, with his harem, being at the Beylerbeg Castle, a few miles up the Bosphorus, a small present to the guard enabled us to pass. We found, on this occasion, what we experienced on every other, when under the necessity of resorting to the experiment, that in the Turkish police any individual, from the intendant down to the humblest menial, may be bribed whenever he may consider his head tolerably safe in his breach of trust.

The second court, into which we now entered, presented a square area of two hundred paces, tastefully laid out in green plats, intersected by narrow paved paths, and refreshened by the shade of clustering trees, among which marble founts were casting around their sparkling showers. Near the Grand Seignior's treasury, which stands, like a proud self-relying spirit, lofty and alone, we were shown a gloomy fountain, where were formerly cut off the heads of Bashaws sentenced to death; a quick ceremony, of very frequent occurrence, and intimated to the public only by the discharge of a cannon. The Turks have no public executions; the sentence and its mor-

tal pangs come like the secret spring of the serpent from the brake.

At the end of this court, which is surrounded by arcades, supported by marble pillars, towered, in a confusion of gorgeous and imposing architecture, the palace of the Sultan. It has attained its present discordant form and massive dimensions from the varying tastes and vanity of the different princes who have reigned here, each constructing some new ambitious appendage, till the proportions of the original can neither be sketched nor conjectured. It is sufficiently ample to meet the demands of the most sumptuous court in the world, and, if its splendor equalled its magnitude, it would be an object of high admiration. As it is, its galleries, balconies, belvideres, and clustering domes, surmounted with gilded crescents, have a fine effect; and the whole mass, though without the advantages of symmetry, appears not unworthy of the pomp and power which belong to the great Oriental monarch.

Here each Sultana reigns over her separate establishment with the brilliancy and authority of a queen. Of these there are seven, and each is surrounded by a blooming circle of fifty or sixty odalisques, in which may be found the full beauty of the Byzantine, the soft graces of the Circassian, and the richer charms of the Georgian. These are the concubines of the Sultan, and share his amatory favors with their imperial mistresses. These frequently rise to the dig-

nity and consequence of Sultanas; and instances are on record where a poor girl, stolen from a distant province, and without any thing to recommend her but personal endowments, has been the mother of one destined to represent the prophet of Mecca, and wear the crown of the Ottoman empire.

The number of the females who compose the imperial harem are not to be taken as an infallible criterion of the capricious desires which would seem to demand such a varied indulgence. They are rather to be considered as a part of the royal establishment, indicating its wealth and consideration. They would probably occupy their present situation, even had passion sunk to a pulseless slumber in their royal master. Though strictly confined in this gilded cage, and watched by a vigilance that never sleeps, their condition, in their own estimation, whatever it may be in the opinion of others, is most enviable. They associate with it not the slightest degree of that degradation and reproach which, in our conception, form its most prominent features.

The Mahometan law casts over them the sanctity of its vail; and though it makes them the mere instruments of pride and pleasure, yet it so connects them with the splendors of the imperial monarch, that their hearts and hands, were it not a sacrilege, would be sought by the proudest courtiers in the realm. This sensual indulgence in the creed of a Mussulman so closely resembles the fruitions of his

future state, that it is never marred by a rebuking conscience. It is with him a sparkling tide, upon which he floats to a haven of deeper beauty and a home of imperishable delights.

The garden, as seen from the heavy gate, through which we were scarcely permitted to pass, appeared laid out in luxurious beauty. Its winding paths, its marble founts, its fresh embowering shades, its carpet of living green, enamelled with fragrant flowers, and sprinkled with mossy seats, beneath the cool recesses of arching vines, made it a place that might almost have reconciled our first parents to the loss of Eden.

Here the Grand Seignior, and the frolicsome inmates of his harem, laugh, lounge, and sport, while the poor gardeners fly from their approach to some secluded nook, and bury their faces in the earth, to escape the suspicion of a furtive glance at the fair, which would be followed by instant death. Nor would the fate of the luckless gardener, in that case, be more unjust and bloody than that which sometimes befalls the beings upon whom he might cast the unpardonable profanation of his eyes.

More than a hundred of these gay creatures, belonging to the harem of Sultan Mustapha, were strangled by his successor. In the morning they were all life and gladness, but at night the grave had nothing more silent and sad!

Passing out of the garden, we paused a moment to take our last look of the celebrated Corinthian col-

umn of white marble, fifty feet high, surmounted by a capital of verd-antique, and bearing the inscription,

Fortuna reducit ab devictos lauros.

Under the kind auspices of Commodore Porter, our Chargé d'Affaires, to whose hospitable attentions we already began to be greatly indebted, we had a fine opportunity of seeing the Sultan. It was in the Oc-meidan, or field of arrows, where, it seems, he is in the habit, on certain days of the year, of practising at archery; and this being the day, we repaired to the spot. The monarch soon arrived on horseback, surrounded by several members of his court. Observing us, and being informed that we were Americans, he sent an officer to invite us nearer—an invi tation which brought us within a few feet of his person.

After a few shots from the members of his court, he descended from his horse, and took the bow, which he drew with astonishing energy; for his third arrow, the last that he sped, went seven hundred and fifty-six yards. The distance is incredible, but we saw it measured, and could hardly be mistaken. It was nearly fifty yards further than any of his royal predecessors had thrown the shaft. He gave the arrow to Mrs. R., observing that this was one of their ancient customs, in which he occasionally indulged. He inquired of Commodore Porter, who had been ill, respecting his health, and observed to Capt. Read,

that he should be happy in seeing our men-of-war at Constantinople.

He spoke in great admiration of a model of a ship which Mr. Eckford had just sent to his palace,—tendered us a firman for visiting the royal mosques, and, ordering some mats to be brought, invited us to be seated, and treated us to some excellent sherbet and ice-cream. His manner was very easy and affable, and nothing but the profound respect of those around him, showed that we were in the presence of the Grand Sultan.

His majesty appears to be about fifty years of age; his person is stately, with a muscular, firm-set formation; his eye is full of fire, his lips betray firmness; the prevailing expression of his countenance is indicative of care, fortitude, and energy. His dress had no spare folds, or sparkling tinsel. He wore a crimson cap without visor, fitted close to the head, and with a low crown, surmounted by a crown-work of purple silk. His coat was a blue roundabout, with a narrow upright collar, and buttoned close up to the chin. His trowsers were of the same color, cut after our fashion, with straps running under a square-toed and heavily spurred boot.

His sword, which hung gracefully at his side, was concealed in a gold scabbard, having a hilt and belt blazing with diamonds. His horse was an Arabian barb, and most richly caparisoned; the headstall of the bridle was studded with jewels, and the stirrups

of the embroidered saddle were of massive gold, and a more splendid horseman than his majesty, thus mounted, I have never seen.

On returning to our hotel, we found that the occurrence of several new cases of plague in the immediate vicinity had awakened an increased degree of alarm. The guard at the portal had doubled their vigilance, the fumes of the sweet herb and sulphur rose in a denser volume, and the lamp beneath the countenance of the composed Virgin cast a broader and brighter ray. We determined, after having secured a goodly repast, to break up our little encampment, and seek a less exposed position; so packing our trunks and delivering them to trusty porters, and paying our landlord his thirty shillings each for the day's repose, we moved off with the silence and precipitancy of those who have unexpectedly arrived at the jungle of a couched tiger. A part of us passed up the Bosphorus to Ortaquie, where our missionaries had proffered their kind attentions, and a part over to Kadiquie, where our Chargé d'Affaires had tendered the hospitality of his mansion.

Thus we were once more where death seemed to have left a narrow breathing-space, where the flying might pause, and the weary might rest. Yet, on retiring to my couch, I heard from the infected tents, pitched on a neighboring hill, the loud lamentations of those who were bewailing the loss of their friends.

I looked around almost instinctively for the meek face of the Madonna, but her heavenly countenance was not there, her shrine had not been reared, nor the votive flame kindled. But there is an eye that never sleeps,—a Being to whom the darkness and the light are both alike,—a Divinity whose presence ever surrounds us: to Him my spirit shall look, for *He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.*

God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour:
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

CHAPTER III.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.

Lalla Rookh.

VISIT TO THE ROYAL MOSQUES—ST. SOPHIA—MOSQUE OF ACHMET—OF SULTAN SOLYMAN—TOMB OF ITS FOUNDER—MOSQUE OF OSMAN—CHURCH AND STATE—MAUSOLEUMS OF OTTOMAN PRINCES—ANTIQUITIES OF THE ATMEIDAN—EGYPTIAN OBELISK—MARBLE PYRAMID—DELPHIC COLUMN—MARCIAN'S PILLAR—SPORTS OF THE DJERID—CITY FOUNTAINS—ARTIFICIAL LAKES—SUBTERRANEAN STRUCTURES—APPEARANCE OF BAZARS—MERCHANDISE OF THE EAST—HABITS OF THE FEMALES—SISTER OF THE SULTAN—KHANS OF THE CITY—TURKISH BATH—SALE OF A GEORGIAN—CONDITION OF A PURCHASED GIRL.

The next morning, at an early hour, we started on a visit to the royal mosques. St. Sophia, a cherished and noble relic of other times, first enlisted our attention. It stands on the highest grounds of the ancient Byzantium, overlooking the imperial gardens as they descend, in varied luxury, to the wave. We entered through a broad portico, having a rich mosaic pavement, and communicating with the interior by nine large folding-doors of brass, wrought into ornamental relief. On approaching the centre, we ob-

served no aisle, or choir, or protruding gallery, to break the sublime impression of the vast whole.

Looking up to the stupendous dome, resting in gloomy grandeur upon the towering strength of the sweeping columns, one is impressed with a sense of the utter insignificance of his being, and feels awed into a reverential worship of some present and presiding Power. His thoughts ascend as from the centre of some hollow sphere, where there is nothing beneath to confine them, and nothing around to detain them on their way. No statues weep or smile in the cloistered twilight; no image of sanctity or sweetness gleams, in mockery of life, upon the wall. The eye ranges at once, unchecked and unconfined, from the broad pavement up to the "heaven-suspended dome," and the impression is one of delighted wonder and calm solemnity.

The exterior of this church is less imposing, owing to the enormous piers which have been reared against it, for its support in the convulsive visitations of the earthquake: they take from it that self-sustaining aspect which every edifice of this character ought to possess, and connect it, in the mind of the spectator, too closely with objects utterly foreign to the genius of its architecture. Yet the four minarets, in their lofty and delicate beauty, relieve, in some measure, this heaviness of the main mass. The marble cloisters which surround it add nothing to its stateliness or beauty; though indispensable in the worship of a

Mussulman, who connects an ablution of his person with the purification of his heart.

The day may yet come when this admired temple, which tasked, for many years, the labors of its ten thousand workmen, the ingenuity of its hundred architects, and exhausted the wealth of a nation, and which has survived the empire that gave it birth, may return to the holy purpose of its original consecration. It may yet be filled with worshippers, who, instead of looking to the Prophet of Mecca, will cast their eyes to that benevolent Saviour whose religion needs no weapons for its support, but quietly sustains itself on its healing adaptation to the wants and woes of a ruined world.

Leaving St. Sophia, we came to the mosque of Sultan Achmet, advantageously situated in the Hippodrome. Its royal founder is said to have laid each stone of this splendid edifice at an expense of three aspers, and to have encouraged the work with his own hands. It stands in the centre of a spacious court, shaded by trees tastefully arranged, and refreshed by the showers of constant fountains. A flight of twelve superb steps ascends to the broad vestibule, which is faced with the whitest marble, and crowned with a range of swelling cupolas, sustained by a colonnade of polished granite.

Six lofty minarets, ornamented with three galleries, ascend with their crescents above the great dome, and give to the whole an imposing and magnificent

effect. The expectations of the stranger, however are too highly excited by the external splendor of the mosque, to be fully realized by its architectural pretensions within. There is, indeed, the dim solemnity of space, the undefined charm of colossal proportions, and the grandeur of the "vaulted dome;" but there is not that relieving beauty and richness which gleam from the pillared walls of St. Sophia.

Passing on, we came to the Solymania, a mosque well worthy of perpetuating the name and splendor of its imperial founder. It was reared from the ruins of Chalcedon, and if the remains of all temples and towers could be as advantageously re-piled, even the antiquary would have little cause to grieve. Its form is a square of more than two hundred feet, with an elevation of walls and domes proportionate to its vast area. The four columns of Thebaic granite, seventy feet high, and each of one entire block, are in harmony with the solidity and stateliness of the galleries, which they contribute to support.

The pavement is of white marble, and covered with Persian carpets, to which the light, as it meets through the vermilion of the stained window, imparts a richer tinge of purple and gold. The spacious court is ornamented with a double range of galleries, surmounted by a succession of twenty-eight cupolas, which are supported by columns of green marble, while the centre presents a fountain, fresh and salient as a gushing spring of the infant world.

In the rear of the mosque, beneath the shade of the evergreen, stands the mausoleum of the royal founder. It is a beautiful pavilion, constructed of marble, and adorned with a maze of delicate columns. In the centre repose the remains of the monarch in a marble coffin, beneath a covering of embroidered velvet, on which the town of Mecca, from which it was brought, is represented with singular vividness. At the head rolls the rich turban, ornamented with a tuft of herons' feathers, studded with the most precious gems. Several large tapers are constantly burning around it, and one individual, at least, may always be seen kneeling near, and reading the Koran, or praying for the repose of the soul. The Sultan visits this tomb at stated seasons, to pay his tribute of respect to the memory of the departed, and to be reminded of his own mortality.

Near St. Sophia we were shown several mausoleums of Ottoman princes, in a style comporting with the dignity of those whose remains they enshrine. They are usually constructed with an aperture in the centre of the dome, so that the dews may reach the flowers that bloom around the coffins, while the continuous windows afford the visitors an opportunity of surveying, from every position, the affecting memorials. Large tapers are burning within, though their light, through the day, at least, is not required by those who are employed to read the Koran, and offer up prayers for the dead.

On one side of Sultan Mourat, we observed a large group of carved figures, which we were told represented his hundred and twenty children, strangled in a day by his successor. On the other side lay his wives, cut off with the same merciless celerity. The spirit of Islamism may beautify the graves that have closed over the victims of its despotic jealousy, but this is only a poor atonement for the irreparable injuries inflicted. An hour of innocent and happy life is worth an eternity of sepulchral pomp.

We visited no mosque on which the eye rested with more tranquillity and satisfaction, than upon the Osmanlie. The entire temple is crowned with a single dome of magnificent boldness and beauty. There are no dividing or distorting objects to disturb the full sentiment which the harmony of the whole awakens. One may study it for days and months, and find his first pleasurable emotions only the more deeply confirmed. It is the most simple and finished specimen of architecture of which the capital can boast.

The Valide, though a most superb edifice, is far inferior; its columns of verd-antique, jasper, and Egyptian granite, can never supply its want of symmetry. Its founder was a female: she had probably a clearer conception of beauty in the human form, than in the proportions of a temple; still her mosque on festivals is the favorite resort, and blazes from pavement to minaret with its ten thousand lights. It

is an amiable, and perhaps a happy foible in our nature, that the other sex can take with them, even in their whimsical errors, the greater portion of mankind.

The Turks cannot be accused of parsimony, or a want of taste, in the style of their religious edifices. The most eligible situations are selected, the encumbering and contiguous dwellings removed, and ample space inclosed, which is planted with trees, and ornamented with fountains. From the midst of this freshness and beauty the sacred temple lifts its dome, light and lofty, over columns and walls of richest marble.

The mosque is then liberally endowed, embracing an ample provision for all its officers, the means of instructing a large number of youth, and the ability of distributing alms constantly among the poor. The revenues of St. Sophia are said to exceed seventy thousand pounds; those of the other royal mosques, of which there are twelve, are doubtless very considerably less, but still sufficiently ample to place them incalculably above all obligations to the contribution-box.

The revenues of these twelve churches, independent of the funds which support a hundred and fifty others in the capital, would, in our country, if devoted to the same ostensible objects, raise such an uproar, that one would think heaven and earth were coming together! We cannot gather a few pennies, to send a

missionary among our Indians, without being charged with a concerted plot to unite Church and State; and if an act of incorporation be asked for, though the object be only the maintenance of religious worship in an almshouse or penitentiary, thousands begin to think that they are witnessing the last gasp of the Constitution.

I am as hostile as any one can be to a forced political union between our civil and religious interests, but there is just as little sagacity as courage in trembling as if a lion approached, when only a timid hare steals through the bushes. The whole economy of our institutions is such, that they must be razed to the foundation before this dreaded amalgamation can possibly take place.

Yet we are as fearful and abusively jealous, as if it could spring up with the nocturnal rapidity of a mushroom. They who forego their present peace and happiness, in anticipation of evils that may never occur, are as much to be pitied as they who struggle against calamities which they can never relieve. But enough of our senseless solicitude.

The exquisite productions of the artist, which once gave a deep charm to the city of Constantine, have mostly perished under the rude indifference of the Osmanlie. A Mussulman treats with contemptuous disregard all relics, save those which are in some way connected with his religion. He would preserve, with his heart's blood, a hair of the animal that was

backed by his Prophet, and barter away a Venus of Praxiteles for a pipe of tobacco. The standard to which he rallies at this day is the small-clothes of Mahomet; and moving under this sacred banner, not a sigh would escape him, though he were trampling in the dust all that once excited the genius and now sanctifies the memory of Greece and Rome.

The At-meidan, though it no longer retains the form of the ancient circus, still preserves a few of its monuments. It is located in the heart of the city, and now presents an open space of some three hundred feet in length, with a breadth of two-thirds that extent. The first object that here greets the eye is the Obelisk, of Thebaic granite, fifty feet high, of one entire piece, and charged from top to bottom with hieroglyphics.

I felt a most insatiable curiosity to penetrate the sense of this symbolic language; but I might as well attempt to unravel the mysteries of life and death. The pedestal contained an inscription in Greek, and another in Latin, which were not utterly beyond my depth; but they merely inform us that the Emperor Theodosius caused this pillar to be set up again, after it had lain a long time on the ground. But the secrets of its origin, of its passage over the wide water, and of its fall, are not intimated. No one can conceive how a mass like this could have been upborne by any craft which then floated the waves; or how, after being firmly set up, it could have been

thrown down, unless it were by the shaking tread of an earthquake.

The marble pyramid raised by Constantine, son of Romanus, stands near the Obelisk, and though tottering from the effects of time, still presents its ninety feet of elevation. Our guide informed us, in illustration of its height, that a man once jumped from its top, and descending clear of the base, struck the ground, which is extremely solid, with such prodigious force, that he sunk into it nearly to the knee, and being killed by the shock, stood there for several days, a ghastly spectacle to the crowd. But this was sinking rather too deep and standing rather too long for our credulity.

Near by stands the celebrated Delphic Column, formed by twisting together three enormous serpents of bronze. On the heads, as they branched off from the spiral shaft, once reposed, if Zosimus, Eusebius, and Gyllius be taken as authority, the Platæan tripod at Delphi. This relic may have been thus dignified in its day; the arguments which support its claims are urgent, if not conclusive.

It is well known that many of the statues and ornaments which once graced the Delphic temple of Apollo, were brought to this city by the royal author of its Roman adoption, and it would be unreasonable to suppose that the pulpit of the priestess, whose oracular annunciations gave to the spot its sacred celebrity, should have been forgotten. It would be

like taking from the rent tomb of a hero his helmet or shield, and leaving the trusty blade, with which he won his thousand battles, to rust unseen and unsung.

The At-meidan is not indebted solely for its attractions to its ancient memorials; the sports of the djerid render it occasionally a scene of the most exciting interest. This is a favorite pastime with the Turkish youth, and one which displays a singular degree of dexterity and skill. The parties, mounted on the fleetest horses, start from opposite sides of the square, when each selects his opponent, and hurls his shaft with a directness and celerity that make you apprehend the most fatal consequences; but the exposed individual throws himself with electrical quickness out of the line of the djerid, or, to your still greater astonishment, diverts it with a motion of his weapon.

The whole company soon appear in the utmost confusion, while each is pursuing, or flying from his adversary, darting to the right or left, or falling on the mane of his foaming steed, to escape the shafts which are now flying around in every direction. The squadrons now assume their original positions; when a few, the most eminent and practised at the sport, take the arena, while the fatal aim and the unexpected escape, equally awaken the plaudits of the spectators.

To our pleasurable surprise on this occasion no

serious injury occurred to any of the combatants, though, as we were informed, the amusement seldom passes off without some tragical incident. The Turkish ladies, if allowed to appear unveiled, would undoubtedly witness these sports; their presence would enhance the interest, and perhaps soften down some of the wilder features.

The Burned Column, so called from the blackening effect of the frequent conflagrations that have happened near it, is another relic to which the stranger pays the tribute of a passing glance. It stands in lofty and solitary grandeur at a slight remove from the At-meidan, and though reared of porphyry, the elegance and durability of its materials betray the rude visitations of time and flame. It is no longer the monument that rose in fearless splendor to the exulting eye of Constantine. The wreaths of laurel, so richly wrought from the precious metals that encircled it, have disappeared; and the statue of Apollo, that once crowned its summit in stateliness and beauty, has long since descended to the earth under the fiercer stroke of the lightning; but enough remains still to call up the memory of that noble Being in whom piety and refinement mingled their divinest charms.

In the court of a private house, near the bath of Ibrahim Pasha, we were shown the colossal pillar of granite which Tatianus erected to the Emperor Marcian, in grateful acknowledgment of his obliga-

tions in being appointed to the governorship of the capital. Tatianus, it appears, had seen an eagle brooding over Marcian, sheltering him from the scorching sun, when he had lain down in the field and fallen asleep from the weariness of the chase, and predicted from this omen his future elevation to the imperial dignity.

The slumberer ultimately gained the coronet, and the prophet went not without his reward. Adulation was then, what it is now, the highway to preferment. A courtier flatters his prince, and becomes a privy counsellor; a demagogue inflames the rabble, and becomes its idol. Both may despise the means they employ, and gain, at no little expense of feeling, the reward of their self-degradation. But every man, with the exception perhaps of one in a thousand, ambitious of place, has his price. Nor would I make even this exception, but for the restraints of pride, and a fear of the significant finger of scorn.

The existence of the Marcian pillar at this day would probably have been unknown to the world, but for the researches of Spon and Wheeler. It is much to be regretted that the efforts of inquisitive travellers have so seldom disturbed the dust of Constantinople. Beneath the fabrics of the incurious Turk, undoubtedly repose some of the richest remains of ancient art. But they will ever lie where they now rest, unless disinhumed by foreign hands. Their development would be attended by no very

serious obstacles in the dispositions of those who dwell above them; for a few piasters would purchase permission to sift every thing that belongs to a Turk, save his harem and his grave. Touch the first, and you will not live long enough to sign your testament; or put a spade near the latter, and you might as well be digging your own grave or knelling the death-dirge of your obsequies.

The frequent ablutions which the Koran enjoins, render the Turks peculiarly solicitous on the subject of water. The copious use of this element is blended with the most vital principles of their religion. They regard the construction of a reservoir or fount as an act of meritorious piety; and the dying often seek in this form to cancel the crimes of a vicious life. These fountains are among the first objects which excite the attention and admiration of the stranger in visiting the capital: they occupy the most conspicuous places, are generally constructed of fine marble, and are often richly gilt.

As the soil of the city is extremely barren of springs, nearly the whole supply of water is brought through tiled aqueducts from bendts, or tanks, in the mountains, near the shores of the Black Sea. These high places are the regions of frequent showers and springs, whose copious tribute is confined and preserved in a number of glens, by casting a permanent mound across their deep channel. The water thus thrown back forms a pellucid lake: trees are thickly

planted around it; the mound is covered with marble, and the whole becomes an object of magnificent beauty. It is death for a man to injure the mound, maim one of the trees, or take water from the bendts.

On our excursion to Belgrade, we visited several of these woodland reservoirs: they afford a distant, but fresh and wholesome retreat from the dusty atmosphere of the city, and among any people of less indolent habits than the Turks, they would become favorite resorts. But the silence of their green shade is now seldom broken, except by the song of the early bird and the footsteps of the passing pilgrim.

These bendts are not indebted for their design or construction to the ingenuity or industry of the Mussulmen. They originated in the provident wisdom of the Greek emperors, when the increased population of the city rendered a greater supply of water necessary. The same commendable foresight was also the source of the vast cisterns which, though now in ruins, are still objects of admiring wonder. Of these costly capacious structures but two remain that can convey any adequate idea of their original vastness and splendor.

One of these is now dry, and partially filled with earth; but it still presents the spreading arch of its dome, sustained by six hundred marble columns, each column consisting of three, rising one above the

other. It has the appearance of a superb subterranean temple, and there is now little to oppose this idea but an assembly of silk-twisters who flit among the columns, plying their task in the spectral twilight of the place. Unfortunately, some of our company got entangled in their yarn, and they made the vaulted roof ring with the denunciations of their frightful anger. We apprehended, for a moment, some act of personal violence; but being well armed, were able to pass up without injury.

The other cistern still answers its original intention. We descended to it by a narrow flight of steps leading down from a small trap-door in an obscure private house. By the light of our torches we were able to trace the vast sweep of its circle, with the arched roof, supported by three hundred and sixty columns, that have a very singular effect, rising in stateliness and gloom out of the dim and motionless lake beneath.

The incurious Turk, whose dwelling has been stupidly reared over the entrance of this reservoir, wondered what there could be about it to compensate us for the exposure and trouble of the descent. He remarked, without any apparent surprise, that the hundreds and thousands who availed themselves daily of its water, through the medium of pipes leading down into it, were wholly ignorant of its existence. They knew, it would seem, that water could be obtained by performing a certain mechanical

operation, but beyond this their curiosity never extended!

The cistern has never been repaired, or had the least care bestowed upon it, and owes its preservation entirely to its freedom from exposure, and the durability of its material. It has been thus neglected and forgotten merely on account of its entombed location. Had it been placed above-ground, where it could have met the vulgar gaze, the vanity of this singular people would have led them to cherish its smallest pebble, and throw around it a profusion of the richest gilding. Were St. Sophia, with its glowing minarets, to sink merely below the earth's surface, it would soon be covered up by hasty dwellings, whose inmates would think as little, and perhaps know as little of what was beneath them, as an Arab of the glittering mine above which he has pitched his wandering tent.

The covered bazars present an imposing assemblage of long arcades, which are constantly thronged by a crowd of females, who move about, making their little purchases with an air of stillness which would lead you to suppose that they were purchasing the habiliments of the grave for some dear deceased friend; when, in fact, they are only buying a tiny bottle of the attar of roses, or some trifling ornament that may heighten their personal charms; or they may be stealing away, under a shopping pretext, to some place of assignation, where the terrors of the

sack are to be encountered, for the pleasure of being loved, and the hope of becoming a mother.

How the preliminaries of these criminal appointments are ever arranged between the parties, is a mystery that I can never fully unfold; nor is their development very essential to the intelligence or virtue of the public. No feature in the face of a Turkish female is seen in the street, save the eye, and that is so shaded by the visor, that you cannot tell whether it lights a countenance that has the bloom of twenty, or the gravity of fifty years upon it; and as for her shape, her loose robes place even its outline beyond conjecture.

Yet under all these inevitable embarrassments, and with a strangling grave in the Bosphorus before her eyes, she occasionally has one whom to love is guilt. This may be dictated in part by that spirit of resentment to which the female heart becomes keenly alive, when the being who ought to cherish her, and make her his sole pride and trust, squanders his affections upon unworthy objects, leaving her in solitude, to that reproach which, in this strange land, a childless woman must ever encounter.

Errors of this kind may generally be traced to some inexcusable forgetfulness or treachery in our own sex; and I am only surprised that they do not more frequently occur in a country where polygamy is legalized, and where the female domestics of the household, with all their youth and beauty, are at

the will of their master. It is requiring too much of human nature to expect that under these provocations, and with no moral restraints save the voluptuous admonitions of the Koran, delinquencies will not occasionally be found in the party most sensitive to injury and alive to passion. Yet such lapses here are extremely rare.

But to return to the bazars: The exhibition of these shops, in the splendor of their articles, is perhaps unsurpassed in the capital of any other country. You conceive yourself in the labyrinths of some great Fair, where all the rich, gay, and beautiful things of a realm are exposed for sale. Yet when you come to inquire for some of the most simple and essential articles, they are frequently not to be found. If you inquire for a hat, it cannot be produced; but if you ask for a turban, one will be handed you that has jewels enough in it to make a prince begin to calculate his resources.

If you ask for a coat, it cannot be procured; but if you suggest the substitution of a flowing robe, one will be presented with ermine upon it befitting the dignity of a monarch or the sanctity of a pope. If a lady were to inquire for a vandyke or bonnet, her wants could not be gratified; but if she should bethink her of an Indian shawl, one would be unfolded large enough for the mainsail of a small ship, and of a material and workmanship sufficiently rich and exquisite to strike a whole community into a fit of

whispering envy. If she were to inquire for corsets, the milliner, so far from being able to produce the article, would not probably be capable of comprehending the nature of her wants; for to their honor be it said, there is not such a thing in Constantinople, except those which were worn for a short time by the attendants of the Sultan's sister.

This princess, having been informed that the article of dress alluded to contributed very much to the beauty of the female form, sent an order to Paris, and imported a large package of them, for the more privileged maids who attend near her person. But the corsets were found too small, or those who were to wear them too full of habit, and an edict was therefore issued, prohibiting, under severe penalties, the use of any food beyond a dry cracker or two a day, just enough to keep soul and body together, till the shrinking form should come within the beautifying instrument.

But the lacing, with its appendages, awakened still louder complaints than the emaciating edict, till the princess, wearied with sighs and entreaties, determined to let nature take her course. The corsets were consequently laid aside, and the girls permitted to go as unconfined in their person, as her highness is said to be in her morals. This last laxity heeds not the attempts of the zone, or any other constraints, save those of a delicate moral sense; and these, if once profaned, can seldom recover their vitality and power.

Those who would enjoy the purity of virtue in any portion of their after life, should preserve it now; for neither penitence nor priest can cancel the haunting recollections of past crime and degradation.

Nulla reparabilis arte
Læsa pudicitia est, deperita illa semel.

The khans of Constantinople present a secular feature, in the spirit of Islamism, well worthy of regard. These are immense storehouses, designed for the accommodation of foreign merchants, of every nation and religion, who may resort to this place for a sale of their goods. They occupy these buildings, of which there are no less than one hundred and eighty, during the term of their residence, free of rent; and find in them a comparatively safe repository in those terrible conflagrations which occasionally afflict the capital. These khans owe their construction to the wise policy of the different Sultans, and form one of the few redeeming exceptions to the ordinary results which flow from their frightful exercise of arbitrary power. Even the most dark and irresponsible despotism is not, therefore, without some strong points of relief.

This city, in consequence of these hospitable provisions, has become the Emporium of the East. There is no article of necessary comfort, or prodigal luxury, in the Orient, with which it is not supplied. The caravans which move this way, with a slow but

sure progress, bring with them the silks and teas of China, the muslins of Bengal, the shawls of Cashmere, the gems of Golconda, and the gold and ivory of Africa. Nor have the discoveries and increased facilities of nautical enterprise and experience essentially diminished that vast and restless tide of commerce which flows through the heart of Asia.

The camel is still the ship of the desert, and bears forward his precious burden with a perseverance and fidelity never to be realized amid the fickleness of winds and waves. Mahomet conferred a substantial benefit on mankind, in the fanatical favoritism which he bestowed upon this noble animal; for the camel has ever since been looked upon, by all true Mussulmen, as possessing claims to a kind and humane treatment which it would be impiety to disregard. Indeed, a lesson of humanity may be taken by the most considerate nation in Christendom, from the treatment of the brute species among the Turks.

The city is provided with a hundred and thirty public baths, constructed and furnished in a style of great liberality and elegance. They are the resort of all classes; who, for a very trifling expense, enjoy here one of the very few luxuries which contribute to health and long life. With a novitiate like myself, the kneading and disjointing operations of their baths, so far from producing agreeable sensations, excite a serious apprehension for one's physical integrity.

It appeared to me, that if I was so fortunate as to escape suffocation from the steaming vapors, it would only be to have every joint irreparably dislocated, rubbed and rolled into a nerveless and shapeless mass. I have no symmetrical beauty to spare; but we do not like to have this mortal tenement, however deficient in comeliness and grace, wrenched and ruined before its time. But I survived the breaking and remodelling process; and, taking a few sips of strong coffee, and a few whiffs of a pipe charged with opium and tobacco, was wrapped in a blanket and laid on one of the couches with which the bath is provided; and then, the sleep which followed, in lightness, repose, and freshness, has no equal, unless it be those infant slumbers before age has hardened our palpitating sensibilities.

I felt, for several days, like a new being: it seemed as if the clinging weariness of years had been cast off, and that I had got back again among the sallies and impulses of childhood. I cannot but admire the Turkish bath, it is the true *aqua vitæ;* and the Prophet of Mecca manifested his deep sagacity in blending its use with the rights of his creed.

From the freshening enjoyments of the bath I started off, with the Armenian guide, for the Aurat Bazar; where, instead of robes and weapons, they deal in beauty and blood. The only being who there appeared to excite any great degree of interest among the purchasers, was a young Georgian, surrep-

titiously taken, several years since, from her native province, and brought to this city, where she was purchased by a Jew, who, to enhance her value, placed her in a situation where she had acquired many pleasing personal accomplishments. The violent death of her attentive proprietor had, perhaps, hastened her disposal; at least, it was the cause of the sale's being more public than is usually the case where an individual, so sweetly recommended in her charms, is to be purchased.

She appeared to be about fifteen years of age, yet, at that period, to have attained her full stature, and a maturity of form which after years may confirm but not improve. She had on an extremely thin and pliant robe, which every breath of the breeze that was stirring carried against her form, displaying its rich and graceful proportions. Her carriage was free, easy, and winning, and betrayed a retiring consciousness of her exposed condition.

There was something in her air which seemed to evince a slight sense of humiliation and sorrow; yet, so far from injuring her attractions, it gave them a cast of extreme delicacy and sweetness. Had she been trained exclusively in reference to this occasion, and taken the deepest interest in the issue, it is impossible to conceive in what respect she could have heightened the impression which her youth, beauty, and artless demeanor created.

Several of the Turks present appeared very intent

on her purchase: they watched her slightest motion with that yearning fondness which one reveals when surveying a fascinating object that is only just beyond his possession. They presumed not to lay a hand even on the borders of her dress, or to lift the long thin veil that would have quite concealed her beautiful face, had she not permitted the ruffling air now and then to carry it partially aside. The female servants that attended her stood near by in respectful silence, and evident grief, at the thought of their separation from their young mistress.

My eyes were so attracted to the rich flow of her chestnut hair, as it floated down her shoulders in long luxuriant festoons, and to the swimming softness of her large blue eye, which her stirred veil occasionally disclosed, that I did not, at first, notice the excitement which a commencement of the sale had created among the bystanders. A number of offers were made, rising above each other in quiet succession, till the last, reaching twenty-seven hundred dollars, created for some time a breathless pause, when one of the company, stepping to the salesman, said something, in a tone altogether inaudible, and the auction of charms closed.

It was instantly rumored that the individual who had made the last and successful offer, was an agent of the Reis Effendi, who intended to make a present of this beautiful Georgian to the Sultan. This appeared to reconcile, in some measure, the unsuccess-

ful competitors to their disappointment, though they turned away from the spot with the look of one who has lucklessly lost an invaluable treasure.

The future Odalisque of the imperial Harem, with her attendants, immediately disappeared, and may, perhaps, one day, be the mother of a prince capable of raising her to the highest dignity and influence. Such was the fortune of the bashful girl presented by Veli Effendi to the Sultan Mustapha. She became the mother of Selim, who afterwards mounted the Ottoman throne.

What young lady of any ambition, with the prospect of such an elevation before her, would not sooner undergo the transient embarrassments of a courteous auction, than pass through one of our matrimonial lotteries, and perhaps find herself at last inextricably in the possession of one incapable of appreciating her gentle worth, or false to the confidence of her unsuspecting heart? No lottery for money, with such a vast disproportion of blanks to the prizes, would be countenanced for a moment; and why should one be less incredulous or distrustful when the happiness or wretchedness of a life is pending?

But there is no use in lecturing on this subject: the globe will turn round on its axis; and young people will get married, and old ones, too! This reminds me of a wedding to which we have just been invited by a young Mussulman, who tells us he is to wed in a few days the most beautiful lady in Con

stantinople. I wish it were in my power to catch a few of the glowing metaphors with which his imagination teems as he dwells on the beauties of her form and face. But I can scarcely approach them:

Her eye is all one kindling ray,
And seems as it were given
To light the loveliest things that play
Between the earth and heaven.

So pure and limpid is its light,
So tremulously fair,
Methinks the sweetest star of night
Hath rose in glory there.

Her voice is like the silver lay
Of distant mountain streams,
That whisper, as they lapse away,
Their music through my dreams.

Her cheek is like the infant rose
Of light transparent hue,
Where every timid leaflet shows
The color melting through.

Her locks are like the raven's wings
Gemmed with the drops of night:
Each ringlet o'er her bosom flings
A flood of tender light.

Her step is like the wild gazelle's,
As, pausing in its play,
It lists the camel's merry bells,
And fleetly bounds away.

CHAPTER IV.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold:
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

MOORE.

TERIAKIS, OR OPIUM-EATERS—AN EXPERIMENT WITH THE DRUG—ITS EFFECTS ON THE IMAGINATION—GRANDEUR AND HORROR OF ITS DREAMS—WALLS OF THE CITY—INTENTIONS OF RUSSIA—GRAVE OF ALI OF YANINA—TRAITS OF THIS FIERCE PASHA—TREACHERY CONNECTED WITH HIS DEATH—CALOYER AND HIS DEATHLESS FISH—THE SEVEN TOWERS—IMPRISONMENT OF FOREIGN AMBASSADORS—ARABIAN STORY-TELLER—HABITS OF THE MUSSULMAN—BIRDS OF THE BOSPHORUS—OBJECTS OF A TURK'S HUMANITY—THE GREAT CEMETERY OF SCUTARI.

Being exclusively in search of curiosities, our guide took us to a row of coffee-houses, near the Suleymanie, which are the favorite resort of the Teriakis, or opium-eaters. The number of devotees to this drug of delicious delirium has of late very much diminished; not that there is less misfortune or wretchedness to be soothed or forgotten, nor that the Koran has received a severer construction from the Mufti, but wine, which ever maketh the heart of man glad, has been clandestinely substituted in its place. Whether

the intellect, morality, or health of the community has profited by the change, I leave to the decision of those who have had wider opportunities of witnessing the effects of both.

My own conviction is, that if a man will take to stimulants, the juice of the poppy is as harmless as any other source of excitement; and then it has this strong recommendation: it never makes a man foolish; it never casts a man into a ditch, or under the table; it never deprives him of his wits or his legs. It allows a man to be a gentleman; it makes him visionary, but his visions create no noise, no riots; they deal no blows, blacken no one's eyes, and frighten no one's peace. It is the most quiet and unoffending relief to which the desponding and distressed, who have no higher resource, can appeal.

I should want no stronger evidence of this, than the immediate effects on those who came to the place where we were now sitting, to procure their daily allowance. The change which diffused itself through the countenance, limbs, and gait, was like the resuscitation of the dying to the energies and happiness of a fresh life. You could hardly persuade yourself that the man who now moved before you with a light elastic tread, and an eye kindling with secret rapture, was the same who a short time since approached with a faltering, feeble step, scarcely able to sustain himself upon his cane, and the arm of a less withered friend, while every feature seemed settled in that

unrelieved despair which might make a word of hope sound like a mockery.

Such was the change, such the total renovation produced, that one ignorant of the depression and despondency into which this dreaming, delicious excitement, if unrenewed, must ultimately sink, might have supposed that the tree of life had been discovered, and the immortal ambrosia of its fruits enjoyed. But as weariness will the sooner overtake the forced wing of the eagle, so depression will only the deeper weigh down the heart that has thus been too elated.

The even stream pursues its way in cheerfulness and light, through smiling valleys, to the deeper wave of the ocean and the lake, while the mountain torrent that foams from the cliff, though there it may have worn all the hues of heaven, only plunges, perhaps, into some wild and sunless glen, whose solitude is never cheered by the tints of breaking day, or the song of early birds.

Few men, however, pass through life without testing some source of promised health and happiness beyond the quiet motion of the heart. My imagination was once so kindled by the perusal of a little book called the "Opium-Eater," that I resolved to put its pleasing assurances to a practical test. Sending to an apothecary's shop, I procured two enormous doses of the precious drug. One was taken by my young companion, who had become equally

interested in making the experiment, the other by myself.

My comrade began immediately to feel extremely particular about the stomach, and soon in a retching agony parted with all his anodynical expectations. My portion stuck fast as original sin; and I shortly lapsed into a disturbed slumber, in which it appeared to me that I retained my consciousness entire, while visions passed before me which no language can convey, and no symbols of happiness or terror represent.

At one time I was soaring on the pinions of an angel among the splendors of the highest heaven, beholding at a glance the beauty of their unveiled mysteries, and listening to harps and choral symphonies over which time, sorrow, and death have no power; and then my presumption was checked, my cleaving wings, like the waxen plumes of Icarus, were melted away, and I fell down, down, till caught in the bosom of a thunder-cloud, from which I was again hurled, linked to its fiercest bolt, upon the plunging verge of a cataract, that carried me down, frantic with horror, into the lowest depth of its howling gulf.

Thence again I emerged, with the placidity and power of Neptune over his troubled realm, and driving my watery team over the excited bosom of the ocean, harmonized its elements into the deep bass it sustained in the bursting anthem of the infant

world. And then with the fleetness of a disembodied spirit, I seemed to float around just between the incumbent circle of the blue heaven and the sea, discerning within, upon the surging plain, the motion of innumerable ships skimming the wave with the lightness of the swallow, while without the circle I beheld, far down in the twilight and lurid gloom of an immeasurable gulf, the wrecks of worn-out worlds.

Still I floated on upon the frightful verge of the circle, till coming round near the north pole, I saw its steadfast star fixed in the darkened change of death; other planets were bending over it; and when they had sung its funeral hymn, they lowered it into a grave so dark, so fathomless and still, that the agonies and convulsions of expiring nature could not disturb its sepulchral sleep.

While thinking of the dismayed mariner, rolling his eyes in vain to find his undeviating star, an iceberg with its mountain mass of frozen torrents came rolling on, and catching me in one of its dripping shelves, bore me through seas lashed by the hurricane, convulsed with the war of the whale and swordfish, and where the serpent, struck by lightning, lay troughed between two waves like a huge pine prostrate among the hills.

Being benumbed and paralyzed by the stiffening ice, I fell from my tumbling lodgment, and descending through the sea, was carried by the wave of a submarine current quite within a little grotto, reared

of coral and lined with pearls, where a mermaid was gently kindling a fire, beneath whose reviving ray I soon felt each frozen vein and limb slowly tingling back to life; when, as if to reclaim my bewildered thoughts, and soothe their delirious excitement, this daughter of the deep, raising her harp, struck one of those soft strains whose liquid flow melts into the heart like fragrant dew into the bosom of the folding rose.

But scarce had the last note of this sweet minstrel died away into the listening stillness of peace, when a call, loud as the summoning trump of the archangel, sent its rending thunder through the hollow caverns of the astounded ocean and the rent tombs of the shaking earth, starting even death itself from his sleep. The sheeted dead went up from their watery graves to stand on the sea, while the earth, from precipice to plain, from shore to mountain's brow, was covered with the shrouded myriads that had left their couches of clay.

The sun, with a changed despairing aspect, disappeared, leaving a huge darkened chasm in the heaven; the moon spun round and round, and slowly receded from view, leaving another fearful blank in the blue vault; the planets fell from their places, and were quenched as they sunk into the lifeless void beneath; and darkness in a thick palpable mass filled all space, save where the forked lightning, arrested in its course, still preserved its terrific form and

brightness, and save the lingering light of some loftier star that contended with its doom.

The courses and powers of nature were suspended; still and motionless, the mariner heard his relaxed sails fall against the idle mast, the breaker cease to lift its warning voice over the fatal reef; while the sea-bird, unable again to reach the wave, rested upon his immovable pinions; the curling wave lay half broken on the shore; the torrent ceased to plunge from its wave-worn steep; the war-horse kneeled down and died; the monarch in his capital, discrowned, stood pale and speechless; the peasant in his field called aloud on his forgotten God; while the imploring shriek of nations went up like the last wail of a ruined world!

> The agony is o'er; nature her debt
> Has paid; the earth is covered with a clay
> That once was animate, and even yet
> Is warm with an existence reft away
> By Him who gave. It were but yesterday
> This clay peopled a happy universe
> With beings buoyant, beautiful, and gay;
> But now, alas! of all things the reverse,—
> Earth is their winding-sheet, and darkness palls the hearse!

These lines were engraven on my heart at the time by the departing spirit of my dream; and I awoke, after having been lost to all the realities of this world for two days and nights. But, oh! the faintness, the thirst, and delirious weakness of that waking mo-

ment! I look back to it as a man who has been skating over the frozen bosom of a lake turns to the yawning chasm which he has miraculously escaped!

I could not stand or sit; and even in a most inclined posture, respiration itself seemed an effort beyond the gasping exhaustion of my frame. I should have turned on my pillow and died, but for the kindly efforts of one whom I can never love too much, or remember too long. Let no one test, like me, the dreaming ecstasies and terrors of opium; it is only scaling the battlements of heaven, to sink into the burning tombs of hell!

Leaving the resort of the Teriakis, from whose forbidden habits, so oblivious of real sorrow, my egotistical episode took wing, we passed out of the city, and coursed its triple wall. This defence, though formidable in its day, is now in a neglected, decayed condition. The bramble and brier fill the fosse; the serpent and the lizard lurk in the rents of the ruined wall; and the climbing ivy hangs its festoons from the tottering towers. An enemy, provided with heavy artillery, would be able to force a passage at any point.

It is singular that the Turks, who appear to place so much reliance in batteries, should have neglected them in the very place where they are the most urgently demanded. They have carefully defended every approach to their capital by water, and left every access by land almost unobstructed. The wall

might have easily been repaired, and rendered impregnable: they have cut off Christian heads enough to fill all the rents of time; but relying for a defence more upon the terror of their arms than the inpenetrable properties of rocks, they now find themselves, in their shattered and decayed strength, at the mercy of their enemies.

Russia can at any time attach Constantinople and European Turkey to her immense dominions, and defy all the sovereigns of the continent to restore their balance of power. That this will eventually be her conduct, she has already more than intimated in her encroaching dispositions: she has stepped from the Dniester to the Dnieper, from thence to the Danube, and her next stride will be to the Bosphorus. This measure may be delayed for a time by the diplomatic interference of other powers, and the absence of a motive sufficiently powerful. Yet, when the seat of the Ottoman empire shall cease to serve her as a sort of neutral outpost, subservient to her wishes, and bound to her interests, it will be forced into Asia, and may perhaps be compelled to gather up the remnants of its premature age and imbecility, where it first cast aside the swaddling bands of its savage infancy.

Arriving, in our rambles, near the Silivri Kapousi, or gate of Silyvria, our attention was caught by the singular position of several tombstones, crowning a small mound of earth near the wayside: on the

marbles we found the epitaphs of Ali Pasha and his three sons, simply declaring their titles, and that their heads were cut off. This brief Turkish mode of dispatching a man's history requires a little ex planation.

Ali was governor of Yanina, where through many years he had been amassing a fortune, and consolidating a power which he apprehended might render him obnoxious to the Porte. To prevent being taken by surprise, he placed at Constantinople a confidential agent, whose duty it was to advise him of the dispositions of the Grand Seignior. Something, however, occurred to shake the confidence of Ali in the fidelity of his agent, and he commissioned two Albanians, with whom he had intrusted dispatches to the Reis Effendi, to finish their business at the capital by the death of this false confidant.

They delivered their dispatches, received the communications which they were to return to Ali, and rode up, with every demonstration of friendship, to the gate of their intended victim. But the wary Albanian, perhaps from the suggestions of his conscience, suspecting their intentions, instead of meeting them frankly at the door, as was his custom, called from an upper window for any instructions they might have from his master; when, instead of a few harmless papers, they sent him the hurried contents of their pistols, which, fortunately, took only

a slight effect, and then hastened upon their return with Tartar speed.

The whole affair was immediately laid before the Sultan, who eagerly seized upon it as a pretext for deposing Ali. A firman to that effect was accordingly issued, accompanied by the excommunication and anathema of the Mufti: but the Pasha of Yanina preferring, very naturally, his situation to the bowstring, refused a compliance; and the result was a declaration of war on the part of the Divan. Ali, after a series of engagements, in which he maintained his high reputation for valor and skill, was compelled to take refuge in his aquatic and strongly defended fortress, after the loss of his three sons and many of his most faithful adherents.

To convince his enemies that he was not to be taken alive, and that they were not to profit by his death, he took with him, into his retreat, all his treasures, which were of immense value, and placed under the whole a large magazine, that only waited the kindling match. But his antagonist, sternly resolved to secure his submission or destruction, informed him, through his silidhar, that he must capitulate at discretion, or he would come himself and light the train.

Ali, who till this moment had never manifested the slightest fear of death, who had fought his hundred battles, and faced the last grim messenger in a thousand forms, seemed now to recoil from his des-

perate purpose, and manifested a disposition to preserve his life at the expense of his treasures, dignity, and power.

This last measure was in direct contradiction to every act of his long life. To be consistent, he should have defied the malice of his foes, fired the train himself, and cast his blackened remains among them with taunt and scorn. He had really nothing to live for: his power had departed, his children were dead, and his life was faintly flickering in the socket; yet he could not bear its violent extinction. So true it is, that conquerors, except in the heat of the conflict, will frequently cling to life with a most pusillanimous pertinacity.

Napoleon could rush into the cannon's mouth on the burning bridge of Lodi; and, after his defeat at Waterloo, accept the dishonorable boon of a few wretched years in St. Helena. He should have died on that field, and never lived to see his brave companions shot as common traitors, for having gallantly espoused his desperate cause. The ghost of Ney may well have startled him in his solitary slumbers: it was perhaps the shadowy visits of this betrayed general that drew from the exile those exculpatory and criminating inuendos, which injured the dead without benefiting the living.

On the force of a pledge from Hourchid Pasha, his adversary, to use his utmost influence in procuring from the Sultan an act of oblivion, Ali consented to

surrender his treasures, and retired with his little band to a small citadel on another island of the lake. He here received, while the dispositions of the Porte were being ascertained, every token of respect and kindness which his previous rank and present condition could suggest.

Among the distinguished personages who waited upon him with their sentiments of profound regard, was Mohammed Pasha, governor of the Morea. He appeared particularly solicitous to contribute to Ali's comfort, pressed many little delicacies upon him with the most affectionate concern, and tendering him pledges of eternal friendship, rose to depart; but, as Ali was returning the parting salutation of his *friend*, Mohammed plunged his yategan through his heart, and he fell dead at his feet! The Pasha of the Morea was applauded by the Turkish government for the ingenuity of his conduct; while the head of his poor victim, following those of his three sons, was brought to Constantinople, exposed to the exulting multitude, and finally deposited beneath these stones.

Thus Ali, whose life had been one of craft, subtlety, and deceit, who made treaties only to violate them, and proffered protection only to betray, who was Mussulman or Christian, Turk or Greek, as his interest or his anger dictated, fell at last himself a dupe to the shallowest stratagem. He might have schooled the world in duplicity, and yet was most credulous

when he must have known his protector was a traitor, and his friend a disguised assassin.

He was brave, undaunted, and unsubmitting to the last drop of his blood; he had hewn his way to empire and renown through the solid ranks of his foes; he had never paused in his career, or deviated in his course from apprehension of peril, or considerations of personal safety; yet in the evening of his days, when life had nothing more to proffer or promise, he grasped at the fleeting empty shadow, and supplicated an hour's wretched reprieve. I sometimes think that true courage is to be found only in connection with stern moral principles. It may even then sometimes waver; but as in Cranmer, it will put the hand that would falter first into the flame!

It is customary with Turkish dignitaries when sick to require their physician, by way of precaution against being poisoned by him, to take an equal number of the same pills himself which he gives to his patient.

An infant had made its appearance, of which the Bashaw of Tripoli was the father, and which required him, in the event of its living, to raise its mother, who was only an odalisque, to the dignity of a wife, with a separate establishment, becoming her rank as such. To save himself all this trouble and expense, he told his English physician to give the child, unbeknown to its mother, some drug that would prove fatal to its existence. The physician refused, alleging

in his defence that it would be *murder*. The bashaw, to relieve his conscience on that point, told him that he did not wish the child to die a *violent* death, only to be put to *sleep* so that it would not wake up again, and intimated something about opium. The physician, however, was still inflexible, and the bashaw, to punish him for his audacious obstinacy, banished him from the city.

He retired to a short distance; but only a few weeks had elapsed when his highness, laboring under the effects of another surfeit, wanted more pills. So he sent for his physician, who promptly came back, and helped him to the medicine he desired. The bashaw took the pills without question or comment. The astonished physician knew not what to make of it, and observed that his highness had always required him to take an equal number of the same pills. "True," said the turbaned chief, "but if your conscience won't let you kill a little good-for nothing baby, it certainly won't let you kill a great bashaw." Refusing to do what is wrong, then, will sometimes save a man's stomach, and it will always save his conscience.

At a short distance from the grave of Ali we were shown the ruins of the Balukla, or Church of Fishes, which had its origin in a legendary incident of the most childish and incredible character. When Manomet was making his final attack on the city, a messenger having informed a Caloyer of the Greek

monastery, which then occupied this spot, and who was engaged at the time in frying some fish, that the beleaguering foe had made a fatal breach in the wall, the incredulous monk declared he would as soon believe that the fish would spring out of his pan, and come to life again; when, as the tale runs, the fish instantly leaped from the pan, and falling into a vessel of water that stood near, swam about as if neither hook, fat, or fire had ever been near them.

To commemorate this miracle, and stamp its truth upon the skeptical dispositions of after ages, a church was erected over the spot, an annual festival instituted; while the fish, being carefully placed in a little reservoir, within the pale of the sanctuary, continued to swim about, undying and undisturbed, till the breaking out of the late Greek revolution. The church was then, owing to its peculiar sanctity with the rebels, levelled to the ground; but the sacred fish fortunately escaped; not, however, through the mercy of the Mussulman, but their own invulnerability.

A Caloyer, who has built himself a shelter in the ruins, pointed them out to us, narrating their veracious history with all the solemnity of a Plato discoursing on the immortality of the soul. We did not attempt the vain task of disturbing his belief by exhibiting our own incredulity, though we saw some minnows in a small stream near by so very like those in the reservoir, that a Yankee, in olden times, on the force of such resemblance between himself

and his accidental acquaintance, would have inferred a degree of consanguinity sufficiently near to warrant him in prolonging his visit for six months.

Leaving these ruins, we proceeded on to the Yedi Kauleler, or Seven Towers, situated in the angle of the city which rests on the Sea of Marmora. This imperial castle, though quite formidable and imposing in appearance, as you approach by water, loses its lofty frown as you suddenly turn in upon it from the shore. You look upon it more as a dungeon than a fortress, as a place better calculated to confine a criminal than ward off an enemy. But we had not the honor of penetrating its recesses in either capacity. The inner gates of the castle were shut against us, and have been closed to all strangers since the gallant knight of Malta found means to make his escape. The custody of this intrepid enemy was held in such importance by the Porte, that his escape cost the keeper of the castle his luckless head.

We saw not the cell in which Osman was strangled; nor the chamber where Kaphler met his doom; nor the winding way where none retraced his steps; nor the sculptured despair of Phaeton, struck by thunder into the waves of Eridanus; nor the chiselled rapture of Venus, gliding along by the torch of Cupid to see her sleeping Adonis: but we contented ourselves with drifting about over the ground where twelve thousand of the turbaned combatants sacrificed their lives in subduing this stronghold of By

zantine power. Since that day, time has been slowly working its ruin: its bastions have crumbled, its ordnance ceased to menace the foe, and the towers bowed themselves to the storm. Still it looks sternly on the sea; and, like a falling giant, inspires apprehensions which it never can enforce.

Foreign ambassadors, on the slightest suspicion of a rupture with their respective courts, were unceremoniously lodged in these towers, as hostages, for the good behavior of their fellow-countrymen during the impending struggle: a brief mode of securing civility in war, and advantage in the terms of peace. How the Christian powers of Europe ever submitted to such an outrage on their dignity and honor, is a question that can be answered only on the maxim, that nations are like individuals, whose arrogance and presumption frequently enjoy the respect due only to superior merit.

A nest of corsairs at Algiers received for ages a tribute that would have been denied with insult and disdain to any dynasty in Christendom. The truckling and submissive demeanor of ambassadors representing the most powerful courts in the world before the Divan, was a humiliation and disgrace that will ever be quoted by the Mussulman with taunting pride and exultation. But governments which affect the haughtiness of the dictator with the courteous and refined, will frequently play the sycophant with barbarians.

Turning the Seven Towers, and passing on through a dense population of industrious Armenians, we came to a range of coffee-houses, opening on the Marmora, and presenting an air of luxury and repose quite in harmony with the beauty and softness of their situation. In the centre of marble seats, whose curling ascent was shaded by the sweet foliage of the oleander and orange, a sparkling fountain cast up its jetting shower, that returned again to its source like a frolicsome bird to its bough. Yet so gentle was the lapse of its waters, as not in any degree to disturb the Medha, or story-teller, that was weaving his tale of Eastern adventure to his turbaned hearers.

His hearers, who were very respectable in numbers and personal appearance, were some of them sound asleep; others were in that floating condition between wakefulness and slumber, in which one knows all that is passing, without comprehending any one thing distinctly; while the rest were inhaling the fumes of the precious weed, seldom lifting their eyes from the ground, never exchanging a word or look, and preserving, through every incident of the tale, the same imperturbable gravity of countenance.

The Medha appeared of Arabian extraction, of small stature, and with eyes quick and twinkling. The firmness with which his lips were set, the stern severity into which his features occasionally fixed

themselves, and the fire which ever and anon flashed from under his clouded brow, indicated a spirit destined for a bolder and higher bearing than the mere amusement of the fickle and stupid crowd. It would seem as if some strange vicissitude, some dark disastrous frown of fortune, had brought the eagle down from his wild element to the more tame and quiet scenes of earth.

But neither the indignant breathings of his broken pride, nor the fiery romance which kindled along his story, could extract from his audience even the tribute of a startled look: they were mute and motionless as statues that resemble and commemorate the dead. We seized an opportunity, presented by the termination of a very animated passage, and gave the most tremendous burst of applause in our power. This seemed for a moment to startle the sleepers, who looked round, felt if their arms were at their side, and then gradually sunk away again into their lulling repose.

A Turk is one of the most harmless beings in the world, provided you do not thwart his interest or inclinations. Give him his pipe, coffee, and dish of kebab, and he will let you have all the rest of the world unmolested, provided you do not, in your universal scrambling, cast too prying a glance at his harem. He has become tired of war; indeed the battling disposition seems entirely to have departed from his genius; he takes the field now only from

stern compulsion, and fights as one whose soul is lingering behind among the soft dreams of his hearth. He looks upon the achievements of his ancestors as sufficient evidence of his own courage and energy; and shelters his indolence under the burning panoply of their fierce memory.

Untutored to the arts of peace, and a stranger to the refined excitements of the scholar, he gives himself up to the luxury of a listless inactivity, and molders down to a grave where will soon repose the pride, pomp, and power of his nation. Nor can the most dark picture of his ruin now avail to rouse him: he resolves every calamity, past, present, and prospective, into an absolute dispensation; and, enjoying the present, leaves the future to its irremediable doom.

But, to leave the Mussulman, with his pipe and doctrines of destiny, and come back to ourselves, who are old and valued acquaintances, whatever may be the opinion of the world; for, after all, there are few things we more ardently love and respect than ourselves. A man without this self-esteem is like a balloon without its rarified air; it has not the levity brilliantly to ascend, or the substance to remain usefully below. Tendering a small present to the Medha for his story, which none of us could comprehend, but which seemed to claim for its author something more than our empty applause, we procured a boat, well manned, and started for our lodgings up the Bosphorus.

On our way we encountered several flocks of those small birds which fly incessantly back and forth between the Euxine and Propontis. They have never been known to alight, to pause, or deviate in their course: they reach the waves of one sea, wheel about, and return to the waves of the other, where they wheel again, and so pass up and down the current, like hapless ghosts on the shore of the Stygian stream.

It has been supposed by some of the more considerate natives, that they are the spirits of those who, in a fit of causeless jealousy, have cast their innocent wives into this strangling tide; and that they must, in expiation of their crime, drift about above these graves of guiltless beauty till the revisions and awards of the final day. I would that all prone to harbor distrust where no cause exists, and to punish offences which are merely imaginary, could see these wretched, unresting birds. Even the prospect of such a punishment would be enough to make them pause before they accuse, and linger long before the holiest ties of earth were rent asunder.

I detest the jealous miscreant who prowls about himself in search of forbidden pleasures, and comes home only to turn his hearth-stone into a tomb!—who spreads sorrow and shame through the dwellings of others; and then, as if to conceal his crime, immolates the happiness of a wife, whose only fault has been a too indulgent and tender regard for his

honor. If it is possible for the devil to be disgusted with any of the odious beings driven into his realm, it must be with such a foul, leprous wretch as this. Such a monster ought to have a hell by himself!

We passed, on our return, great numbers of the white gull, quietly cradled on the water, and so very tame as scarcely to move out of the way of our boat. This tameness results from a kind of sacredness which the Turk casts over the life and plumage of this bird. No one is allowed to injure it, or even disturb it, except on some good and lawful occasion; and should you kill it, a more fearful penalty would follow than what befell the ancient mariner for the death of the albatross.

The little prisoner of the cage is also an object of warm sympathy with the turbaned man: he will purchase its freedom at a high price, and as the captive flies away from his confinement, feel all the pure and hallowing satisfaction of the real Samaritan. How singular the channels in which his sympathy runs! He will liberate a canary with a heart almost breaking with compassion, and then lop off the head of a human being with as little compunction as you would clip the top of a cabbage stump.

Nor is this compassionate regard confined to the feathered species. Ever since Mahomet consented to part with the skirt of his coat sooner than disturb the cat that was slumbering upon it, this animal has received from his followers the tenderest treatment.

Hundreds of them are fed at stated days in the spacious court of the mosque of Sultan Achmet, from the proceeds of a fund established for this special purpose.

The dog too, here, has not only all the rights of citizenship, but many other privileges which Christians have never been able to obtain. A late Grand Vizier, finding these four-legged gentry becoming rather too numerous for the salutary proportion of the different classes, ordered, under the pretext of some insane symptoms, several thousand of them to a hospital, where medical aid was to be employed for their recovery; but the physician was privately instructed to administer a dose that should settle the question of their disease by killing them at once. The canine sufferers, however, died with much more ado than the true Mussulman, who kisses his most unrighteous and unexpected death-warrant, and bows his head to the bowstring without a murmur.

This was a stratagem full of peril to the Vizier, and though sternly dictated by the scarcity of provisions, yet had it not been, for a time, carefully concealed from the populace, might have cost him his life. The ingenuity of a bloody artifice will frequently, among this singular people, kindle such an admiration for a man's genius, as to induce his enemies to spare his life, so that his highness might possibly have escaped in this form. But, be that as it may, stratagem with the Mussulman is the same

grand resort for killing dogs and exterminating nations. That the end sanctifies the means, however corrupt, base, and disingenuous, is one of the cardinal doctrines upon which the Ottoman throne pillars its strength.

A dark and dense grove of the cypress, stretching from the eastern shore of the Bosphorus far away over hill and valley, informed us that we were now passing the last resting-place of the Osmanlie. The mournful forest, through the purpling twilight which now shaded the landscape, appeared in its interminable length to break the very boundary of the horizon and cast its gloomy shadows into some realm beyond.

It has been made to extend itself through this long line of spectral solitude, upon the strength of a presentiment among those who throng the opposite shore, that they will one day be forced to relinquish their European possessions, and return into Asia, from whence they came. They therefore enjoin upon their surviving friends that their remains shall be laid here, where they may rest with a better hope of being undisturbed, in any event that may betide in after times.

The dark procession may be seen through every hour of the day, moving with muffled oars across the water, and slowly winding its way up a narrow path, termed the ladder of the dead, and moving on to some new grave in the distant verge of the grove, where

the relic is to rest, a new cypress to be planted, and coronals of flowers cast on the fresh sod, and hung around the turbaned stone. Thus one accession of graves and sable shade has succeeded another, till this domain of death has become more populous than the vast city itself, teeming with its countless multitudes.

Here lay side by side, in one promiscuous sleep, the monarch of unrivalled power and splendor, and the humblest menial that trembled in his train; the man whose genius towered to heaven, and he whose thoughts scarcely survived their birth; the aged bowed under the weight of years, and the infant just expanding into life; the statesman smitten from his lofty, perilous post, and the assassin who dealt the unsuspected blow; the warrior whose trampling steed shook thunder from his mane, and the new recruit who recoiled from the gleam of his own weapons; the Dives of purple and gold, and the Lazarus who lay at his gate; the libertine of lust and promise, and the erring one whom he left believing and betrayed. Greatness and littleness, splendor and poverty, purity and pollution, are thus mingled and massed together in a wide undiscriminating grave.

Nor does the sad spectacle stop here; it points, with melancholy presage, to the clustered dwellings which swell from the opposite hills. The voice of health, and the songs of merriment, may now echo through the halls of that sumptuous city, and mingle

their notes of gladness with the hymn of the wave, as it greets the enchanted shore; but the day is not distant when they, from whose hearts these jóyous accents break, will be brought hither, pale and speechless, wrapped in the winding-sheet and shroud, to swell this crowded sail, and widen the forest that darkens the dreary domain.

Not only they who now rejoice in the light of the sun, but generations yet unborn, may continue to be sepulchred here, till the Judgment trump unexpectedly shall summon the quick and the dead. It will not be the contending Prophet of Mecca, whose insignia will then be revealed in the changing heaven, but He whose mission was one of kindness and love, and who mingled his tears with his blood! Alas for him who meets this Saviour as an injured friend, and a forgotten God!

There is a voice, which yet will thrill the grave,
  And wake the sleeper from his couch of clay;
He who this intellectual being gave,
  Will pour upon its form his quickening ray,
Call back its vital bloom, its tuneful breath,
And warm exulting pulses chilled in death.

Up-springing from their graves, the dead of ages,
  Countless as forest-leaves, will reappear;
The saints and sinners—savages and sages—
  All, who have left their foot-prints on our sphere,
And each, of every color, clime, and race,
Will at the Judgment muster, take his place.

CHAPTER V.

Through solid curls of smoke the bursting fires
Climb in tall pyramids above the spires,
Concentring all the winds; whose forces, driven
With equal rage from every point of heaven,
Whirl into conflict, round the scantling pour
The twisting flames, and through the rafters roar.

BARLOW.

NAVY-YARD AND NATIONAL SHIPS — MEMORY OF WILLIAM EXMOUTH — INTRODUCTION TO THE CAPUDAN PASHA — POWERS OF HIS OFFICE — VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS — REPOSE OF THE SCENERY — PARTY OF LADIES — CONFLAGRATION OF A VILLAGE — A GREEK GIRL AND HER BLIND FATHER — MORAL EFFECTS OF THE PLAGUE — FIRES IN THE TURKISH CAPITAL.

One of the cool and refreshing retreats which invitingly spread away from the Ottoman capital, is the valley of Sweet Waters. The most advantageous approach to this quiet and beautiful spot is by water: we chartered for the purpose a caique, with four strong oarsmen. Turning into the Golden Horn, and passing Galata, which still betrays the massive architecture of the Genoese, we soon came to Ters Hane, from the deep and capacious docks of which the naval armaments of the Porte go forth to range the Black Sea, and intimidate the Ægean Isles.

It is singular that this people, with advantages for

the construction of a navy unequalled in the world, and with every motive which their love of conquest and plunder could suggest, should have neglected, through centuries of disputed power, this most essential auxiliary. And even now their navy is little more than a floating mass of unwieldy, unorganized strength, drifting into gulfs to be stranded upon shallows, or blundering upon rocks to strew the wider wave, or tumbling into conflicts to be captured, sunk, or blown in burning fragments against the sky.

Passing under the stern of one of the huge ships which survived the battle of Navarino, we landed, and were introduced to the Capudan Pasha, by our worthy countryman, Mr. Eckford, who has since passed from his wide sphere of enterprise and usefulness; but whose virtues will long be held in cherished remembrance. The cloud that once obscured his fame has long since departed without leaving a shadow to point to its transient veil. Suspicion has blushed at the error it committed, and accusation taken the tone of eulogy.

With a mind of the widest compass, a genius of great boldness and originality, and a spirit elevated and expansive, he broke upon the eye of the Turkish nation like a resplendent star. They watched his course with an interest they rarely pay to intellect; and mourned with an untutored grief when death veiled from their sight this object of their wonder

and admiration. Alas, he will appear no more! but the triumphs of his skill will still float the ocean; and the welcome breeze will long whisper upon the ear of the mariner the music of his name.

But I must resume the story of our introduction to the Pasha. He appeared to be not far from sixty years of age, of a noble muscular formation, with a long beard and thick locks, both white as the driven snow, and a hardy countenance, lit by an eye that still flashed with all the fire of his younger years. We found him seated upon an ottoman, in one of the large saloons of his princely palace, and smoking as composedly as if all the anxieties of his perilous office had passed away with the vanishing vapors of his chibouque. He received us with an air of gratifying cordiality, ordered us pipes, and commenced a rambling conversation, which touched upon all things without penetrating any.

Having discoursed of winds, woods, and waterfalls; tides, tempests, and the moon; in short, of every thing save woman, with whom the Turk has nothing to do beyond the precincts of his harem, we sipped another cup of hot coffee, and rose to depart, the Pasha assuring us, as a farewell compliment, that the Americans were the greatest people on the globe, and we assuring him, in return, of the unparalleled magnificence of the Mussulman.

Thus we filed off through a long train of attendants from the presence of one, who, in a period of

national hostilities, has only to wave his hand from the balcony of his high window, and the heads of a thousand captives will roll in the sand; who maintains, in peace and war, the splendor of a prince; who speaks with the voice of authority in the decisions of the Divan; who wields the total force of the Turkish navy, and enforces his will as a supreme law over all the islands and maritime ports of the Ottoman dominions. Yet, amidst this frightful accumulation of power, he is so ill-informed as to believe that the East, to its utmost verge, bows to the crescent, and that America is an island recently discovered in the vicinity of Great Britain, with an emperor to govern, and vassals to obey.

The means of advancement to his high post have little connection with sound merit, or any one sober qualification. They lie mainly in the capriciousness of favoritism, the force of intrigues, and the power of bribes. Still, with all this ignorance, fanatical fierceness and daring recklessness of disposition will sometimes supersede, in a measure, the necessity of higher and nobler qualities.

Hassin Pasha, whose footstool was a crouched lion, and who filled the world with the terror of his name, expressed at Tchesmi the utmost extent of his naval skill and professional attainments, in blowing up his own ship, for the sake of destroying that of his Russian adversary. The force of his character was, like that of the battering ram, blind and destructive,

and moving with the same power against a bastion and a bramble.

We made the round of the navy-yard, where several hundred Greeks were toiling for a few paras a day; where a number of ships were assuming, on their stocks, something like symmetry and proportion; and where many more were rotting in the docks, each sufficiently rude and ancient in aspect to be identified with the hulk of Noah's ark. Rejoining our boat, we passed up the harbor, and entered the Lycus, an inactive stream, formed by the near confluence of the Cydaris and Barbysses of the ancients.

Between the waters of these classical rivulets lies an extensive and fertile plain, to which the plough is a stranger, but where the gay horses of the Sultan snort to the breeze, and prance the sod, with that innate love of motion which seems to defy the coming infirmities of years. They are brought to this spot, in the teeming freshness of the spring, with great parade and pomp; the grand master of ceremonies leading the way, the monarch himself witnessing the ceremony, and the populace invoking the blessing of Allah upon the liberated charger. The Turk almost adores this noble animal; nothing can stand higher in his affections, unless it be the claims of his Prophet, and the pleasures of his harem.

Sultan Mahmoud had his favorite steed interred in the great cemetery of Scutari, under a splendid

dome, sustained by columns of the richest marble. This, to say the worst of it, was quite as rational, and vastly less insulting to human nature, than the conduct of a Roman emperor, who conferred upon his horse the consular and pontifical dignities. Monarchs who have nothing but the gratification of pride and caprice as motives of action and principles of conduct, are frantic and foolish just in proportion to the extent of their power.

Taking the narrow channel of the Barbysses, and gliding up its reedy current, flowing through a succession of receding meadows and encroaching mounds, we reached at length the object of our curiosity, the valley of Sweet Waters. This inviting retreat lies cradled between a circling range of hills which shelter it from the rude visits of every coursing wind, and give to it an air of the deepest seclusion and repose. The outline of this natural barrier presents all the pleasing and impressive variety of easier slopes and bolder swells, the retreating nook and the obtruding bluff, the green velvet of the vale spreading up each gentler acclivity, and the dense foliage of the forest waving wildly above.

Looking to these hills, some new beauty, some yet undiscovered charm, is constantly developing itself to the eye. Here a thick shade invites to its recess the startled hare and timid bird; while there the less feathered elevation presents its smooth dome, upon which the sunlight rests in mellowed richness; and

over the whole a varying complexion constantly spreads itself, changing through a softer and richer diversity of hues than those which imbue the dying dolphin, or mingle in the magic of the bow that spans the dropping cloud. Beneath lies a carpet of thick and delicate verdure, enamelled with flowers, all wild and sweet, and freshened with the shade of the orange and vine—here clustering into an arbor, and there winding off into a tempting avenue; while the sparkling streamlet, rushing in a slight cascade over a flight of marble steps, lends beauty and music to the whole.

I could not but feel, while reposing in the quietude and green depths of this sweet valley, a disinclination ever to mingle again in the tumult and strife of the world. I felt willing to leave all its envied honors and intoxicating applause to others, only asking for myself, that here my peace might not again be disturbed, and that nothing should ruffle a dream of the early loved and remembered, that might, at least in imagination, breathe in my bower, and delicately deepen the fragrant fascinations of the spot. The beauty of her who dwells on the green banks of my native stream rose on my memory, and this heart flowed again to its sweetness, as the distant wave swells to that orb whose serene influence nor clime nor cloud can bind.

I was roused from the reverie in which my thoughts began so unconsciously to wander, by the dashing

oars of a kirlangish, gliding up the stream of the valley, and landing a number of Turkish ladies. They were closely veiled in their long caftans, and attended by a person of Numidian complexion, heavily armed, and performing the office of the most vigilant duenna, without the sympathies of either sex. They leisurely filed off from us towards the seclusion afforded by a denser group of the olive, but still as they receded, in spite of their inflexible keeper, cast frequently the furtive glance behind.

Another boat soon entered the valley, bearing a number of richly clad Turks, who, as the solemn voice of the muezzin summoned them to prayer, landed, laved their hands and arms to the elbow, and kneeling down, with their faces turned towards Mecca, prostrated themselves to the earth. The females, who at a slight distance beheld this worship, appeared not in the smallest degree to partake of its spirit. They were engaged in culling the flowers, tasting the fruits, and chatting of a thousand things unknown to us. Perhaps this impious indifference to the devotions of the hour results from a spirit of resentment towards the Prophet, for having assigned them so low a place in his Paradise; scarcely allowing them admission, and wholly superseding the necessity of their presence, by the richer charms and brighter eyes of the Houries.

I am not alone in thinking that theirs is a hard case: after submitting on earth to the rivalry of

several equally legitimate claimants to the connubial favors of the same man, it might have been expected that the author of the Koran, in the allotments of a future state, would have allowed them the blessings of an undivided love; or, if this was incompatible with the perfection of his heaven, that he would at least have installed them in their former privileges. But strange to say, he has introduced into their places a new order of beings, supposed to be endowed with superior attractions; and has left them the perilous task of crossing the pit of perdition, upon a hair bridge, into some inferior state, where the utmost they can expect is an endless widowhood, or the uninteresting companionship of some poor Christians.

I think a Turkish lady should be excused in not embracing Islamism; for it deprives her of her just rights, both in this world and the next. In solemn verity, it is among the anomalies of the human conscience, that a set of doctrines so sensual and absurd should ever have obtained its serious sanction. It can be accounted for only on the supposition, that this religious censor may be so blinded by the passions of the individual as not to discern objects distinctly, and commit the error of the dim-eyed patriarch of Tadmor, who mistook the obscene vulture for the chaste bird of paradise.

On our return from the valley, while approaching Galata, our ears were startled by a cry which here

carries consternation to thousands. Vangenvar, the terrific cry of fire, rolled from the tower of Anatasius, and gathering volume and force as it went on, drowned all other voices and sounds in the tumultuous streets. It was some time, in the universal hurry and dismay, before we could ascertain the direction of the flames. They proved to be among the dwellings of St. Demetrius, a Greek town, crowning one of the hills which lie to the north of the navy-yard. We hastened that way, and ascending an elevation which swells from the suburbs of Galata, had full in view the terrible spectacle.

The fire had broken out in the northern verge of the town, and a strong wind sweeping at the time from that quarter, the flames had already been cast over a frightful extent of dwellings. Still the devouring element, at every fresh rush of the wind, leaped further on, while in each pause the falling roof and tumbling wall mingled their crackling and crushing sounds with the cries of hundreds making their frantic escape. The whole town was soon in conflagration, and the flames, as they wound up over the summit of the hill, presented at one time, through the twilight of the hour, a towering pyramid of fire; and then again, as the eddying currents broke away in violent gusts, the less ponderous materials were carried off in burning and threatening confusion, resembling more the flaring missiles sent from the mouth of the volcano

The inhabitants fled to the open grounds which surrounded the devoted town; some of them, whose flight had been less precipitate, bringing with them a few articles of their furniture; while others had not saved a blanket to protect them from the heavy night that was now setting in. In this forlorn multitude, we saw at every few paces the wretched mother, gathering her little group about her, and calling each by name, to assure herself again that no one had been left behind; and then seating herself on the cold ground, clasp her infant to her breast, trying to protect it from the chilling dew, beneath the narrow covering of her neck, while upon its unconscious cheek dropped her silent tears.

Some of the children, too young to understand the anxious nature of her distress, or to know that they had no home to return to, were still playing with the toys they had brought from the nursery, or pointing with glee to the flame as it fringed the evening cloud; while the sister, a few years older, would try to check their playfulness, and constrain them into an apparent sympathy with their distressed mother.

At the sheltering side of a small mound, a little retired from the crowd, we met with an old man, leaning tremulously on his cane, and listening to the replies of one who stood close to him, in all the touching sweetness of feminine beauty and youth. The old man was blind, and his young daughter, in a soft, agitated voice, was telling him the story of

their escape, its difficulty, and by what means they had been able to effect it.

"I must have perished in my chair," said the father, "had you not come home just at the moment you did." "I was away," explained the girl, "with some of my companions in the burial-ground, where you know we go every Saturday to carry fresh flowers. When I heard the cry of fire, I instantly ran home, and thought at first that I should be able to get some of the men to take away a few of our goods, but they were all carrying their own, and the fire was so near I had only time to catch up this little casket, which has your purse and my gold ornaments in it, and to take you by the hand to lead you off at once, for you did not seem to know, father, how dangerous our situation was." "No," said the old man, "I knew it not, my child; I heard the cry, but did not suppose the fire was so near. I am glad you thought of the casket; but I fear, Therissa, there are but very few sequins in it, for you know the other day it was nearly empty, and the chest has not been unlocked since." "There is enough," interrupted the daughter, in a tone of the gentlest encouragement, "to get us the means of subsistence for a few weeks, and then there is my necklace, my bracelets, and earrings; these can be sold, and they will help us on some time, at least till I can find a situation where I may procure something for us both to live upon."

Here she dropped her small hand into the casket

to feel for the trifles that were to relieve them in the present emergency, and then anxiously withdrawing it again, took out each little article, one by one, to the last; but neither purse nor jewels were there! A shadow fell on her sweet face; and the tears trembling for a moment on the long eyelash fell, unperceived by the blind parent, upon her nerveless hand.

In the hurry of the moment she had brought away the wrong casket; yet she would not reveal the mistake to her poor father, for fear of utterly overwhelming a heart already prostrated by misfortune. Silently pressing upon her the few piasters which the exigencies of the day had left, we turned to depart, fully resolved—at least it was so with myself—never again to entertain a murmuring or desponding sentiment, while the craving hunger of this poor frame could find the coarsest crumb for its relief!

After an hour of severe walking we had nearly reached our home, and it was quite in the evening; but the image of that sweet girl kept recurring to me with such force, that at last I persuaded the guide to accompany me back. We found the dismayed groups much as we had left them; discovered the spot where we had parted with Therissa, but she was not there! We inquired for the beautiful girl who had the blind father; they all knew whom we meant, but no one could tell where she had gone. We searched through other quarters, among other groups—went to the

neighboring dwellings, which the flames had spared, but not a trace of her could we obtain.

The longer we searched, and the more we inquired, the more anxious I became to find her, and my solicitude increased as the probability of success diminished. At last the guide gave over, declaring the search hopeless. I could not believe it; I thought him, for once, faithless and stupid, and half accused my own eyes of a bewildering blindness. I could see her in my imagination most distinctly—still standing close to her father—feeling again in her casket for the jewels, and, amid her unobserved tears, locking up in her heart the secret of their loss!

I wished most deeply that my watch were there, and felt a strange aversion to it because it was not. It still kept the time faithfully as before, but this could not reclaim for it my regard; I would have made it now as useless to myself as it was to her: and yet it was not simply to make her this gift that made me so unwilling to relinquish the pursuit; other feelings, strange and indefinable, lent their force. But all were of no avail, I was forced to give her up! If there be such a thing as love in this world, some of its soft vibrations, at that moment, trembled over my heart!

I have seen suffering and sorrow in almost every degree and form, but never encountered a spectacle of such extended and unrelieved wretchedness as here presented itself. Not only had the hundreds

around me been deprived of their dwellings and scanty furniture, but they were suffering from the real and apprehended horrors of the plague. There was no community that would add to its own exposures by affording them an asylum; for one of the first effects of this terrible scourge is an unnatural indifference to the fate of others, and a selfish, engrossing anxiety for personal safety. It is a pestilence which most truly "walks in darkness;" and its approaches are so mysterious and inexplicable, and its visitation so fatal, that the sympathies of the human heart appear to be bewildered in the general dread, to be paralyzed in the stunning consternation.

Men become like a desperate crew escaping from a sinking wreck, where each, with frantic force, appropriates to himself the plank or oar that comes within his grasp. It was this excess of calamity, this overpowering dismay, that, in the fatal retreat of the French from Russia, induced the soldier, naturally a generous being, to leave his exhausted companion to perish in the snow, and to close his ears to those affecting cries for succor, which only the dying can utter.

Every hill and valley without the walls of Constantinople and its swelling suburbs was shadowed by tents, in which the victims of the plague had been forced to take refuge. Every breeze, as it passed over the great city, came loaded with the wail and lamentations of the survivors over their dead com-

panions: yet the multitude moved on, pursuing their individual ends, with an eagerness and directness which, so far from being disconcerted, seemed to be increased by the general dismay. They appeared to exonerate themselves from all the claims of sympathy, affection, and kindness, on the score of their own liabilities. They scarcely noticed the hearse as it went past, simply because each one apprehended that he might possibly be the next over whom its pall should be spread.

I have ever observed that a common danger, so peculiarly calculated, as we should suppose, to make the heart enter directly into the feelings, anxieties, and despair of those around, only renders it the more callous, selfish, and cruel. A man who is walking himself upon thin ice, will seldom do more than turn a glance to those who have fallen through.

It is no wonder that a fire in the Turkish capital should awaken the most intense and unlimited alarm. The buildings are usually constructed of an extremely inflammable material; their continuity is broken only by slight alleys, or streets, so narrow that you may leap over them from one projecting balcony to another. There are no engines for extinguishing the flames, and no means of arresting their progress, but the tardy process of levelling the contiguous dwellings, so as to insulate those already in conflagration.

This, however, is practicable only in the earliest stages of the fire; the opportunity is generally al

lowed to pass, and the flames roll on, as unbroken and unimpeded in their progress, as if they were careering over one of our western prairies. Thus the whole city, or that section of it lying to the leeward of the point where the fire first makes its appearance, is laid in ashes. Talk to this strange people of engines and organized companies to prevent or curtail these disasters, and they roll up the eye in utter incredulity, or shake the head in disapprobation, as if some wicked innovation upon their venerable usages had been recommended.

It is the most difficult thing in the world to effect a change of conduct in the Turk: he associates his minutest action with his religion; and looks upon every deviation from the example of his ancestors as a criminal departure from the spirit and precepts of his Koran. He will therefore take no lessons from the ingenuity and discoveries of others; no instructions from the advanced intelligence and improvements of the age; nor will he suffer even his misfortunes to make him wiser or better: he is too vain to be taught by others, and too indolent to teach himself. Like the dim bird of Egypt, whose stupid stare is taken for the glances of wisdom, he appears to be only the more bewildered by every increasing ray of light.

CHAPTER VI.

"Is it the foot of God
Upon the waters, that they seethe and blaze,
As when of old he trod
The desert ways,
And through the night
Fearful and far his pillar poured its light?"

BEAUTY OF THE BOSPHORUS—TRAGICAL ASSOCIATIONS—TOWER OF MAHOMET—GODFREY'S TENT—JANIZARY SURROGEE—VILLAGE OF BELGRADE—CIRCLE OF GREEK GIRLS—SUPERSTITION OF A DERVISH—SIMPLICITY OF RELIGION—MAN'S LAST SLEEP.

I HAVE faintly sketched a few of the charms which brighten over the valley of Sweet Waters; but what pencil can paint the splendors of the Bosphorus, as seen from the Giant's Mount, rolling with exulting force between its hills of living wildness and beauty! Looking upon this noble stream at sunset, you feel that your eye is resting upon a tide that will still be rushing on with unabated strength, when the sun shall hail the earth for the last time. You feel, that whatever changes may darken and disfigure the globe, work the ruin of cities and the destruction of nations, you have full beneath your entranced vision what no marring vicissitude can reach—an embodied power, purity, and loveliness, which time cannot impair or man deface

You experience a strange, indescribable thirst to blend yourself with a creation so pure, so triumphant, so exempt from the weariness, woe, and death, which follow fast upon all human hopes and pretensions. You long to mingle the intense elements of your being with the rejoicing spirit of these waters, that you may find an escape in this ethereal union from the vanities and ills of your mournful lot.

But your admiration is not confined to the stream itself: the banks that embrace it partake largely of your homage. They rise from the wave in a succession of forest-feathered steeps, broken and beautifully relieved by retreating slopes and fertile glens; while in each of these greener and gentler spots some princely palace or compact village gleams forth half buried in the verdure that trails the surrounding heights.

As you wind around the bold bends, or glide into the circling coves of this mighty current, objects of yet unseen and still deeper beauty constantly disclose themselves to the eye, till you imagine yourself passing through some enchanted region, where every step enhances the power of the captivating spell. It would seem as if nature, in some capricious prodigal humor, had placed here the loveliest features of Europe and Asia in close rivalry, and then, to avoid the alienations which the decision of the Dardanean shepherd created, had cast at once their charms, in mingled and mirrored sweetness, upon the bosom of the Bosphorus.

"I have seen," says Gyllius, "the banks of the Peneus, and the shady dell between the Thessalian hills of Olympus and Ossa; I have seen, also, the green and fruitful borders of those streams which flow through the rugged mountains of the Median Tempes;—but I have beheld nothing more lovely than the vale through which the Bosphorus rolls its waters, adorned on either side by softly swelling hills and gently sinking dales, clothed with woods, vineyards, and gardens, and rich with a gay variety of shrubs, flowers, and fruit-trees."

But the Bosphorus derives an additional interest from the tragical incidents of which it has been the blushing witness. It has been made the grave of suspected beauty, beneath nearly every mansion that crowns its steep shores. Hundreds, in all the life and power of charms scarcely yet matured into their fullest richness, have here been consigned, by a blind and remorseless jealousy, to an unwept and unhonored bier. Could the depths of these waters reveal the secrets that have been darkly committed to their silent trust, they would murmur up a tale that might chain the ear of millions in shuddering sympathy.

This stream, too, has been to the battling legions of the East what the fatal Bridge of Sighs has been to the solitary captive—a passage to unavailing tears and indignant despair. Over it passed the countless hosts of Persia in their suicidal invasions of Europe.

Their unburied bones, which once whitened the Thracian plains, have scarcely yet ceased to excite a ghastly dread in the benighted pilgrim. Over this stream, too, passed the Vandal and Goth to devastate the fairest portions of earth, and lay waste the most precious monuments of genius. Over it also crossed the banded followers of the Prophet to welter in the blood of the Christian, and extend an empire that is now falling asunder of its own weight and weakness.

Our excursion to the valley of Sweet Waters was followed by one of equal interest up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, with diversions to Belgrade and the Giant's Mountain. At an early hour we were in our caique, plying the stream with six steady oars, and were soon sweeping past the spot where rest the remains of the brave Barbarossa. The first rays of the sun were gilding the Mausoleum that rises in stately beauty over his dust, and each leaf and rose seemed bending towards his grave with the tribute of its tears. A short interval more, and we were opposite the Tower of Mahomet, where the standard of the Prophet secured its first strongly fortified position in Europe.

The tower now betrays the crumbling effects of time, and has nothing strikingly fearful about it, save a low and gloomy entrance, most significantly called the "Gate of Oblivion;" for none of the many noble criminals that have crossed its fatal threshold have

ever revisited their homes! A cannon has been discharged to announce the moment of their death, and this has been the only comment accorded to their bitter end. The last sting that tyranny can give, is realized by him who sinks beneath the instrument of the executioner in a solitary dungeon, without a friend to listen to his dying words, or witness his last moment.

Doubling a bold bend of the shore, we now shot into a rapid pass of the stream called the Devil's Current, and running with the celerity of a mill-race. But why the quickness or turbulency of its footstep should place it under the jurisdiction of the evil one, I could never learn. It would seem as if all the difficulties and deformities in the physical, and moral world, too, are to be packed off on the poor devil, as if he had not troubles and crimes enough of his own. This is a very easy, but a very unjust mode of ridding ourselves of blame and responsibility. Our virtues are our own, but all our sins the uncommiserated devil must answer for. Sâtan may well complain, and write his remonstrance on the burning bars of his prison.

Passing on, Buyukdere soon opened upon us, stretching along a broad and glittering strand, with a steep background of hanging-gardens and impending shade. This is still the summer retreat of foreign ambassadors: a place where they deign to lay aside a slight portion of that extreme etiquette so ridicu-

lously absurd, annoying, and senseless. Could those who insist upon these nice formalities only create a respect for them, there would be some apology for their existence; but what can be more futile when, with all the advantages of station, they cannot raise them above satirical contempt. The fop who ribands his own coat may be the admiration of children, but not of men.

Leaving our boat, we called for horses, and were soon under a ten-knot speed for Belgrade: a rapidity of motion not very replete with comfort to one unaccustomed to the clumsy construction of the Turkish saddle. I expected to leave some of my limbs, if not my head, on the road; for the plunge of the animal was like the strokes of a trip-hammer on the redoubling anvil.

We soon entered an extensive green valley, in the centre of which stands a plane-tree of the most stupendous dimensions, formed by the solid and symmetrical union of seven, some twenty feet from the ground; while nearer the root, the separate members were sufficiently apart to inclose a space that might accommodate a small tea-party. But this spot, it appears, has sterner associations than those connected with a twilight tertulia. Here rested the chivalric Godfrey on his frantic expedition to Palestine; here reposed his battling legions, full of enthusiasm, piety, and plunder. Their enterprise was, like themselves, a kindling compound of reckless

adventure, and religious phrensy. In their zeal to rescue the holy sepulchre, they forgot the first precepts of Him who there set the seal of his divinity to the meek and patient spirit of his religion. They forgot the declaration in which their own fate was strikingly prefigured, "they who take the sword must perish by the sword."

The valley gradually narrowed to a ravine; and proceeding on, we passed under the lofty arch of an aqueduct, connected with the mountain lakes which supply the great capital with water. Here, striking into a thick wood, our surrogee suddenly halted for us, whispering that he heard the snap of a rifle: muttering something about brigands, and drawing one of his heavy pistols, he instantly darted into the thicket from which the ominous sound had proceeded. But it was only a Greek sportsman and a pigeon; both of whom we frightened and sundered so far, I doubt if they ever meet again.

Recovering our path, and descending a steep hill at a rapid step, the horse of our protector tripped, and threw him over his head a good duelling distance. His turban rolled one way, his pistols another, with his yategan and pipe between. We hastened to proffer assistance, but the Janizary gathered himself up without aid, replaced his turban and weapons of death, and without uttering a word to man or beast, remounted with the composure and solemnity of one who had deliberately alighted to do homage to the

genius of some consecrated spot. How many, reared under a more moral and refined system of education, would have lost their patience and sobriety in a paroxysm of rage! The most wise and polished may gather some lessons of practical wisdom from the deportment of a savage.

We now broke within the environs of Belgrade, a small, ruinous, and half-deserted village, totally unworthy, in itself, of the pains we had taken; but which has circumstantial attractions of a high order. It is embosomed in a vast forest, and through the green glades commands a view of the bendts, or small lakes which fill the mountain glens, and so terminate the vista as to leave an impression of still continued beauty and brilliancy.

This quiet spot, in which you feel yourself far removed from the strife and clamor of the world, was the favorite retreat of Lady Montague. Over it her genius has cast a spell that will survive the last relic of its ruins. The dwelling which she inhabited has crumbled; the flowers and fruit-trees which she planted have perished; but the brook by whose melodious margin she strayed, still murmurs its music, and still attracts the listening bird to where it tells its bubbling tales. The monuments of human skill may cease as memorials of our being, but the tablets of nature are imperishable.

A circle of Greek girls, frolicking under the clustering shade of some dark chestnut-trees, now drew

our attention. We approached them carelessly, as if bound to some object beyond, and commenced our sociabilities by inquiries, such as the most honest and ignorant would put to the most child-like and timid. Thus we gradually drew them into conversation, and insinuated ourselves into their confidence and good graces, till we ventured to produce our collation and invite them to join us. The younger cast their flashing eyes upon the older for assent; which being given, we were soon seated on the green grass, and were happy to find in our wallet a number of little nick-nacks well suited to the occasion.

I have never been at a banquet that I so much enjoyed as this most simple rural refreshment: not merely that exercise and excitement had imparted a keener relish, but the place where we were, its gentle recollections, its seclusion and quietude, the stream that rippled past us over its pebbly bed, the whispering leaf above, and then the bright beings before us, so untouched by sorrow, so full of joyous life, all made that hour one that will never cease to preserve its brightness among the darker memories of my heart. But for these green spots in the desert of life, we should almost become weary of our pilgrimage, and sigh for that rest where the summons to unwelcome toil never comes.

Returning to Buyukdere, we found our caique with its strong oarsmen, and gliding up between the banks of the Bosphorus, which here present a con-

tinuous line of bristling batteries, passed into the Black Sea. This vast expanse of water derives its forbidding name from the dark storms which frequently gather over its bosom. We did not tempt the distant wave; but like Jason, our great nautical exemplar, kept near the shore—he in search of the golden fleece—we of the Symplegades; and if a huge mass of black rock, crowned with an altar-piece, and washed by the dark waves of the Euxine, could be worthy of even our adventure, then we were not without our reward.

Making a short circuit, we re-entered the ocean stream, and descending as far as the foot of Giant's Mountain, debarked, and labored up that difficult and widely commanding elevation. On its summit stands a chapel of the Whirling Dervishes; a sect who would fain make us believe that the true way of getting into heaven is to whirl round like a top, and that the quicker the motion the more rapid the advancement, and the greater the attainments of the individual in sanctity and devotion.

In harmony with the reasonableness of this whirling faith is the accredited statue of the Giant, whose stupendous attitude furnishes a befitting name for the mountain; and who is now regarded by the giddy brotherhood in the light of a patron saint. He could sit, said the principal, on the top of this high mount, and lave his feet in the Bosphorus, or step across that broad current into Europe at a

single stride; and then, as if to remove the possibility of doubt from our minds, he pointed us to his grave near the chapel, and which, though it embraced little more than his head, was fifty feet in length.

He went through this narrative and demonstration with the solemnity and decisive composure that would become one who had been forward and measured eternity, and had come back to instruct poor short-sighted mortals on the infinities of time and space. Quite a theological metaphysician! And quite as rational, too, as a thousand others who are constantly sending their vagrant theories into the uttermost recesses of heaven and hell. It is only to be regretted that human hopes and fears should, in any degree, be suspended upon such wandering fantasies. It would seem as if religion were to be made the plank upon which every drowning theorist might cast his wild conjectures from the verge of his bubbling grave.

Why not let religion be, what its Divine Author has made it,—a plain system of moral duties, coming directly home to the business and bosoms of men? The Bible itself, in every thing that concerns the obligations and happiness of man, has no mysteries; and he who turns away from its simple undisguised truths to the speculative theories cast around it, is as much to be pitied and wondered at as the mariner who should neglect the constant sun, and endeavor

to determine the position and bearings of his ship by the fickle light of a vagrant comet!

It was a late hour of the evening when we reached the house of our friends, Messrs. Dwight and Goodell, at Ortague: they received us with a warm heart and a welcome hand. They are men who will ever enjoy the esteem and confidence of those who may have the pleasure of their acquaintance. Their liberal, enlightened views, their fidelity to the great cause of missions, and the influence they are exerting in the education of the young, reflect great credit on themselves and attest the wisdom of the American Board in the selection of such agents.

We joined them in their domestic devotions—ever a delightful scene, but especially so in a land like this—and retired to rest. How mysterious is sleep! we sink calmly into it from the agitations of the day, and find its repose the deeper, for the very weariness we have experienced. What will it be when the tumult of life is over? for a sleep still more profound and impenetrable awaits man in the grave!

But on that sleep, in rending thunder,
The last archangel's trump will break;
The sinner, in despair and wonder,
From out his silent death-dreams wake!
His grave still gaping 'neath the stone
That signal-sound hath overthrown.

With fear and wild amazement smitten,
His eyes to heaven for mercy roll,

But meet, in flaming letters written,
The sentence of his ruined soul:
His only hope a frightful death,
Through the red lightnings' blasting breath!

This may not be. With sceptre riven,
Grim Death now yields his empire up;
Nor proffers more the unforgiven
The solace of his Lethean cup:
His glory, power, and trophies fled,
He stands himself among the dead!

O Saviour! when that fearful morning
Shall show thee on the coming cloud,—
The last deep trump, with awful warning,
Piercing the slumber of my shroud,
And earth and sea shall pass away,—
Be thou this trembling spirit's stay!

CHAPTER VII.

"Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful!
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away."

SULTAN'S ATTENDANCE AT MOSQUE—ROYAL BARGES—WORSHIP OF THE MUSSULMAN—ASSEMBLAGE OF TURKISH LADIES—THEIR PERSONAL APPEARANCE—SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS—EARLY EDUCATION—MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE—RULING PASSION—CONJUGAL TRAITS—THE MUSSULMAN IN HIS TREATMENT OF HIS MOTHER—IN COMMERCIAL TRANSACTIONS—IN PRIVATE LIFE—IN A PUBLIC STATION—IN MISFORTUNE—IN THE DISGUISE OF HIS FEELINGS—IN ATTACHMENTS TO ANCIENT USAGES—IN AN IGNOMINIOUS DEATH.

We went, on Friday, the Mussulman's sabbath, to witness the ceremony of the Sultan's attendance at mosque. The solemnity was to take place, as the Reis Effendi kindly informed us, in a sanctuary on the Asian shore of the Bosphorus, a short distance above the imperial palace.

We found the spot presenting a scene that would have much more interested a painter than a religious fanatic—a stately grove of luxuriant foliage, encompassed on one side by a retreating range of hills, and on the other by the ever-sparkling flow of the "ocean stream,"—in the centre a mosque of small

and delicate dimensions, with two lines of national troops, forming a curved avenue to the quay;—in one section gathering groups of men exchanging their early salutations and lighting their chibouques,—in the other, coteries of the Fair alighting from the araba, or stepping from the caique;—in the background a display of prancing steeds gorgeously caparisoned—the whole forming a mingled pageant of pomp and prettiness, gravity and gayety. It was a miniature representation of Mahomet's heaven, save that the Houries are to be more lovely than their mortal sisters, and the re-embodied Mussulman more majestic than in this perishable mould.

The eyes of those on the strand were now turned down the stream, for around a projecting bluff of the shore a barge came sweeping up, rivalling the sunbeams in the splendor of its decorations. Thirty-two strong-limbed men, dressed in white, and so as to expose the muscular formation of neck, arms, and chest, with their close caps of red, were at the oars, an officer of rank at the gilded helm, while beneath a pavilion of purple and gold, and on a sofa of flashing gems, with wandering eye and easy attitude, sat his imperial Majesty.

This barge was followed by two others, impelled each by twenty-four oarsmen, displaying like the first an airy lightness, a rich profusion of gilding, a canopied stern, and bearing the highest dignitaries of the court. The royal barge came slowly and gracefully

up to the pier, when the monarch, in a dark, flowing robe, and with that air of solemn dignity so natural to the Turk, stepped forth: the multitude received him with a low submissive inclination of the head, the troops by presenting arms, and the priesthood with a burning censer that filled the grove with its fragrance.

The beautiful Arabian to be honored on this occasion was now led near, with his jewelled bridle, and glittering saddle swelling from its embroidered housings, with a Pasha at each golden stirrup, and another at the bit; and thus his Majesty mounted, moving on through the military lines that walled each side of the winding path to the mosque. Here he disappeared from us; for even the Reis Effendi, who had assigned us the most advantageous position on the ground for witnessing the ceremonies to this point, could not presume upon the forbearance of those around him so far as to invite us, during the time of worship, within the pale of the sacred edifice.

The members of the court, and then an assemblage of officers of different ranks, followed their sovereign. The service must have consisted of little more than a succession of silent prostrations and inaudible prayers; for though we approached close to the mosque, not a sound or voice was to be heard from within; a heart that had despaired of mercy could not have been more silent. It was as if the dead

were slowly rising in their shrouds, and bending to the stern Majesty of death.

Nothing, as I have had occasion to experience, can be more impressive than this wordless worship of the Mussulman. There are, with him, no affected tones of humility, no confident accents of Pharisaical assurance, no irrepressible ecstasies over cancelled sin, no smothered agonies over unforgiven guilt. His emotions are all calm, concentrated, and deep: he kneels and prays as if there were no being in the universe, save the high and inscrutable One, whom he addresses. When the hour of prayer arrives, he permits no embarrassments connected with the presence or dispositions of others, to deter him from his devotions; he asks no permission to be devout, offers no apology for his creed, proposes no compromise with levity or prejudice; but immediately withdrawing his mind from all visible objects, bows himself to the earth, and breathes forth his supplications from the silent depths of his absorbed spirit.

Let the Christian who stands in such awe of the opinions of others, or whose piety so nicely consults occasions, that he can never be devout except in the church, look at the Mussulman: his unfaithfulness and pusillanimity must be put to the blush by the deportment of one who acts under the impulses of a mistaken but consistent and firm faith. And yet, to the dishonor of Christendom, it must be confessed,

that were a follower of Christ to be as punctual and uncompromising in the discharge of his religious duties as a disciple of Mahomet, he would scarcely be tolerated—he would be regarded as a stern fanatic.

But what is it that makes religion in a Mussulman fanaticism in a Christian? Can a sentiment change its character by changing its name? Does it forfeit all claims to tolerance and esteem by a transition from the turban to the cross? Let those prone to denounce, as a feverish enthusiasm, the little earnestness sometimes found in the Christian, answer these questions.

The religion that came from heaven, to be *popular* in this world, should be divested of its sanctity, life, and sternness; it should be represented as a young and beautiful female, softly yielding up her life, the composure of a dying dream on her sweet face, and her angelic person already dressed in flowers for the grave! There would then be a romantic affection for her innocence, reverence for her virtues, and tears for her gentle worth. Even Satan might, perhaps, half forget his antipathies. And to tell the truth, some of our preachers appear already to have nearly attained this exquisite method of giving popularity to their themes.

This vein may be good, but it is bearing me too far from the objects and incidents of the occasion: we will come back to the Sultan, whom we left de-

voutly engrossed in the mosque; and who, the short service being concluded, returned to his barge in the same solemn pomp that he had left it, and then descended the Bosphorus to his serai. The troops filed off towards their barracks, in the vicinity of the palace; the men soon disappeared, some over the water, and others through the green glades of the encircling hills, so that only the ladies remained.

To be thoroughly credited, I should now send off these fair, romantic beings, in little groups, as they came; but this would not be as the facts occurred, and I prefer being distrusted in a truthful, than believed in a mendacious picture. I say the ladies remained, and a more gay and light-hearted assembly than they presented seldom meet

"In field or grove, by river, fount, or fell."

They were chatting, laughing, sipping sherbet, casting their flowers and arch looks at each other, while the rallying pleasantry and repartee went back and forth, quick as the glance they had kindled.

Here a group might be seen listening to some merry tale, and constantly breaking its light thread by some pertinent, facetious, or totally disconnected thought. There a less gleeful circle, sprinkled with a touch of sentiment, might be seen beating time with their small taper fingers to the soft airs of a guitar, in the hands of a young Circassian, and responding, in every look, to the light or troubled tone

of the trembling string. Yonder another group might be seen gathered around one, their superior in years, who was telling to each her inevitable fate, in the flowers she had brought. You might see the young enthusiast, as her happy destiny was declared from the symbolled oracles of the mystic leaf, look up as if this vision of future good were already within the ranging rapture of her eye.

Sometimes the enchanted leaf spoke only of evil, misfortune, and sorrow; and then the gentle interpreter, touched with pity for the broken hopes of a heart yet so young and confiding, though unable to work back the spell or unwind the fearful thread, would yet extend her counsels into other leaves, till she detected some better promise, that would come up like a bright bow on the dark cloud. While in another circle still, one might be seen negligently permitting her unfolding caftan to display some costly and rare article of dress, which her innocent vanity could not conceal: another discovering, as if by accident, her necklace, the richest gift in her marriage dower: a third, with the same apparent absence of intention, revealing the sprig of diamonds that glowed on the glossy fulness of her hair, as it lay coiled up over a sunny brow, unshadowed by years or care: a fourth, without seeming to know it, affording to those around a curious glance at some slight singularity in the shape of her costume, and which she knows will apologize for its departure from

the sanctions of long and fixed habit, by more fully betraying the rich graces of her form.

Here a group of children might be seen among the shells and pebbles on the rippling verge of the great stream, hushing their laughter and holding their breath, as a white gull came floating near them—for they are taught to regard this bird with a sort of religious reverence; but as the aquatic visitant departed, their merriment would break out with a greater freshness and force for this temporary suppression. The old female domestic, whose duty it appeared to be to preserve them from harm and improprieties, seemed to care but little how loud they laughed provided the gull was not near; but the moment this mysterious bird made his appearance she shook her head, and all were hushed again. Sometimes one of the younger ones would neglect her signal, but instead of getting angry, she would whisper something in its half-attentive ear, so full of meaning, that the little fellow would be among the last to renew the sports.

But what surprised me more than this infantine superstition, or any of these harmless rivalries in an exhibition of personal ornaments, or even the fond credulity inspired by the sibyl, was the general indifference shown towards those concealing appendages, which I had supposed formed the first and last requisites in the costume of a Turkish lady. The visor was not worn, and even the white veil, as if

unfaithful to its trust, refused at times its partial protection, so that the rapid limner, especially if unobserved or permitted by others, might have caught the conscious face, with all that nature had harmonized and kindled there.

The unlawfulness of my presence appeared to be covered by the presence of Mrs. R., and two other American ladies; without this protection, I should never have ventured on such forbidden ground; and consequently this sketch, to the infinite loss of the gentle reader, would never have been written! But knowing the curiosity of the ladies under whose eye this page may some time or other fall, to be such that they would excuse a temporary sacrifice of dignity for the sake of a few novelties, I consented on this occasion, to act in the capacity of a servant; and followed my queenly mistresses about with the most unqualified submissiveness and obedience. Never did a shadow follow a substance with a nicer docility and exactness of motion. You would have said I was formed but to obey—to live in the happiness which my meek and unhesitating devotedness of disposition might secure to the heart of another—and that if only a married man, my hearth must be the very shrine of domestic quietude and harmony.

Yet I consent that ladies govern, for they do it so gently, so sweetly, so unperceived by those whose submission is the most entire, I would not exchange their dominion for that of any other order of beings.

It comes upon us, though in the substance, yet not in the shape and color of authority, and is so blended up with affection and endearment, that it seems more like a charm than an absolute control: it is all softened and mellowed down like that tender power which belongs to the Queen of night, serenely ascending over the swelling bosom of the enamored ocean.

I fully recognize and defend the supremacy of woman, and I hold it much better to be frank on this subject, and acknowledge ourselves at once at the feet of beauty, than like some, to deny the position till openly detected in it, and then, with awkward grace, start up, brush the dust from the knee, and to the amusement of every spectator, assume the self-sufficient air that would become one who had never knelt.

I was sketching a few of the little diversions, in which the lightness of character in a Turkish lady makes its escape. Her amusements, though in themselves frivolous, are yet covered with a freshness of feeling that gives them an interest beyond the more studied pastimes of her sex. It is like childhood among its flowers before higher and less attainable objects have fevered the mind. She is sportive, but her sportiveness has heart in it; she is capricious, but her caprice is dear to her, at least for the time being; she is imaginative, but the visions that float through her mind cast their light or dark shadows upon the very current of her life.

She connects a mystery, a meaning and force with the slightest incident that crosses her path, her feelings, or her fancy. Were a flower that she has nursed to drop untimely from its stem, she would see in its withered leaves the perished beauty of some fond hope; or were a bird to light at her lattice, and carol one of its sweeter lays, she would hear in its music the whisper of some event that is to brighten over the flow of her coming years; or were a form of youth and manly beauty to advance upon her dream, she would trace in this pleasing visitant the lineaments of one destined to bless her with his permanent love.

All the delicate phenomena of mind, and all the slight variations of the changing year, have for her a significant language. The dream that soothes her pillow, the vision that breaks her rest,—the streamlet that moves with its silver voice, the current that rushes with its shaking footstep,—the spring, breaking the chain of winter, and summoning forth the diffident flowers,—the autumn, blighting their beauty, and gathering them to the tomb,—the light zephyr that scarcely wakes the strings of her slumbering harp, and the heavy wind that comes loaded with sighs from the deep bosom of the forest—are all, to her, tokens and oracles; they are the interpreters of events that betide her future experience; for her unlettered and unpretending philosophy ranges but little beyond the simple persuasion, that

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

These slight indications all point to one object, and to the good or ill of which this object must be the source. This single, engrossing, and eventful object is Love. Aside from this she has no solicitude, no fears; beyond it she has nothing to anticipate; and short of it there is nothing to desire. It is to her the sole charm that makes the earth lovely, that lends music to its thousand voices, and fills the face of nature with light. Break this single spell, and her existence becomes a blank!

It is no wonder, therefore, with these sentiments, that she should train herself to the caprices of her idol; that she should mould herself to the very shape of the passion existing there; and that this devotedness, so earnest and entire, should at length render her own heart as vivid and ardent as the object of her worship. The mirror, held to the sun, collects not only its light, but its heat.

In all the perplexities and promises of this devotion, in which her heart trembles like a star betwixt night and day, she has essentially no teachings but those of nature. She has no philosophical analysis of the sentiment she must awaken, no practical exposition of the means she must employ; she has never, perhaps, once read the early history of an attachment, or pondered for a moment the circumstances that give it maturity and strength. She is left entirely to the instincts of her untutored heart;

she moves upon the force of her own feelings; she obeys each impulse from within. If these bear her wrongly, she casts the failure upon her destiny, and reconciles herself to the calamity—as the dying do to death—because it is inevitable.

The seclusion to which the habits of her nation consign her, deprive her of all those opportunities through which, in other lands, youth and beauty obtain their triumphs. She never openly encounters the face of the one upon whom her fancy or affections may have lighted; she never meets him at rout, or ball, or masquerade; she never breaks upon his presence in the frequented way, or timidly crosses his solitary path. She may never exchange a word, a glance, or smile with him at the hearth of her father; she may not even betray her feelings through the attentions of a younger sister; nor once touch her harp to those notes upon which affection would linger —and prolonging, linger still.

Yet she will not despair: the rose which she intrusted to a confidential hand may perchance reach his breast; the rich face and overpowering eye, which she stealthfully unveiled at her lattice as he passed, may have sunk into his heart. If she wins the object of her credulous regard, and can succeed in confining his ranging affections to herself, she repays his fidelity by a devotedness the most intense and entire—a devotedness which station cannot dazzle, or poverty chill, or rival undermine—a devoted-

ness which lives on through all changes, and is still green and fresh amid the frosts of years.

If she becomes a mother, her offspring engrosses her solicitude from its birth. She nourishes it at her own breast, lulls it to sleep with her own soft voice, bends fondly over its cradled rest, suppresses the pulsations of her own heart to listen again, and ascertain if its breathings be clear; and when it awakes, hers is the first face that its young eyes meet. She watches in it each expression of dawning intelligence; garners up in her very soul each tender growth of thought; exults as she views it catching a knowledge of objects around; and when it stretches to her its little arms, and smiles up into her face its look of infant love, she clasps it to her breast with that yearning ecstasy which only a mother can feel.

If a change betide its playful spirit—if sickness comes, she is near to watch its first tokens of approach, to ward off or allay the weight of its visitation: she trusts this difficult and delicate office to the patience and fidelity of no one; she pours the simple cordial, or applies the soothing application with her own hands; never remits her assiduities through the wearisome day, and continues her anxious vigils through the livelong night.

The color may fade from her cheek, her spirit droop, and her strength fail amid these watchings, but she still clings to the side of her stricken child, forgetting her own life in her tender solicitude for

that of one to whom her maternal anguish has but just given existence. If the dread event which her fears foreboded finally steals on apace, and the pulsations, scarcely perceptible now, become still fainter and fewer, and the mortal change spreads itself so coldly over that once warm face, she presses again its unbreathing lips; doubts for a moment if it be death; and then yields to her bursting, irrepressible grief!

Her child is borne by friendly hands to its short and slight grave in the cypress grove: she soon follows in loneliness to linger near it, to think over what it was, what it might have been to her, and to weep. She plants the aromatic shrub, with the earliest and latest flowers of the year, about its nest; and, by the gifts which she brings, tempts the birds to hover there, and lighten with their songs its lowly sleep. Oh! tell me not of that mother, Christian though she may call herself, who is a stranger to these feelings; who can read her Bible, hear its lessons of maternal obligation, and then abandon her helpless infant to the care of one who has no interest in it if it lives, and no grief for it if it dies. Give me rather the simple, the uneducated wife of the Osmanlie, who at least has this virtue—she nurses and rears her own offspring; she will not desert it from any suggestions of pride, personal ease, or selfish gratification.

And the son whom she thus rears into youth and manly promise, repays her solicitude and care in the depth and fidelity of his filial affection. He can never

be happy while she is wretched; he can never smile, and she be in tears; and if misfortune comes upon his father's house, he places her, so far as it may be in his power, above the reach of its evils. He becomes to her what she has been to him—a kind, assiduous, and devoted guardian; and when she is called to pay the debt of nature, and his willing offices can go no further, though forbid by his stern creed to wear the demonstrations of woe, yet there is a grief in his heart which all the sable symbols of sorrow can never express.

Ah! the human heart will always leap kindly back to kindness! This bereavement may occur, as it often does, in childhood: time may allay the sensations it awakens, and other objects enlist the sympathies of the individual, yet in after years the affections may travel back to the event, and seem to realize afresh the irreparable loss. Cowper felt it in all its fulness of sorrow, when he apostrophized so tenderly the picture of his idolized Mother:

"My mother! when they told me thou wert dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss!
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee far away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!"

The affection of the Mussulman, especially for his mother, is a most amiable and redeeming trait in his character; and it the more surprises us, that a plant of so much sweetness and beauty should be found in such an ungenial and unfavored soil. It might be expected where the Sun of Righteousness had cast his benign beams: we might justly be shocked not to find it in a disciple of Him who, as he hung on the cross, bent his last look of love to her who had yearned over his infant slumber. Alas! how changed the scene to Him from all that it then was! Instead of those fond encircling arms, an agonizing cross! Instead of that soft and soothing hand, a crown of thorns! Instead of that cherishing caress, the bloody nail and spear! Instead of that meek, maternal kiss, vinegar and gall! Instead of that deep and overflowing heart, the coldness and bitterness of mockery! Instead of that countenance filled with tenderness, light, and love, a departed God, and a darkened world!

Yet in the very extremity of this change, when the last pangs of its cruelty and agony were upon him, the sufferer forgot not the future condition and happiness of her whose cares once so sweetly availed him. But this transcendent example of filial piety and attachment has, perhaps, never been unfolded to the Mussulman; he is devoted and constant, even without the sacred incentives which it conveys—it is for those who call themselves Christians to ponder and admire, walk away and forget.

But that callous being, to whatever creed he may belong, who can forsake his mother, who can forget the sorrows and anxieties of her who gave him birth, and nourished his unrequiting infancy, is a dishonor to his name, a burning blot upon human nature: the earth which he treads and disgraces, might in justice deny him the sanctity of a grave.

Another redeeming trait in the character of the Mussulman, is that spirit of honesty which pervades his commercial conduct. His naked word is as safe as a bond, though guarantied by penalties severe as those exacted by the mercenary Jew of Venice. If reverses defeat his just intentions, and he becomes unable to meet your full demand, he lays his last farthing at your feet; and should fortune smile upon him again, he considers your claim, at whatever distance of time, still obligatory and paramount; any other conduct would, in his eyes, be fraudulent and base.

If situations are reversed, and *you* become his insolvent debtor, he will not shut you up in a prison, and deprive you of the means of supporting your dependent family, as we do in our Christian land; he will exonerate you for the time being: but if you subsequently acquire, or inherit the means of liquidating his claim, he expects it at your hands; and if, in your abundance and his penury, you refuse it, it will not be safe for you to dash past his *hovel* in your gilded carriage.

If you purchase a horse of him, which he warrants to be sound, and free of vicious habits, you may confidently rely upon that animal's taking you to your journey's end within the reasonable time contemplated, and without a broken limb. And if you sell him an animal of the same noble species, as unexceptionable, and he finds him otherwise, he returns him to you, and expects you to take him back —not as an act of gratuitous kindness and consideration, but as an act of mere justice. And if you refuse to do it, you may expect from him the treatment which a knave deserves from the hands of an honest man. He will look upon you much as Adam may have looked upon the devil, when the fatal fruit had opened his eyes.

Or if you enter his bazar, to purchase any particular article it may contain, instead of deluging you with an ocean of words about its excellent qualities, he simply says, *good;* and it is ordinarily safer for you to rely upon his declaration than the decision of your own eyes. I speak now of the pure Osmanlie, pursuing the rare vocation of a merchant, unsustained and uncorrupted by station; for, place this same individual in power, intoxicate him with ambition, and, though he may not then defraud you in a bargain, yet, to meet the exorbitant demands of a superior, or to secure some darling object of personal aggrandizement, he may oppress you; he may levy upon your property, till your patience and ability

are both exhausted. Ambition and State necessity appear to confound his vague, moral distinctions, and to deprive him of those restraining checks which in private life he recognizes and obeys.

Nor is this surprising, when we consider the texture and source of these restraints. He is honest in his dealings, not mainly because a want of this uprightness would involve a moral culpability, but because it would imply a sordid meanness of soul, beneath his dignity and self-respect. Pride, self-esteem, and a regard for his reputation, take, with him, essentially the place of a moral sense; and secure from him, in his private relations to society, the practice of many important and commendable virtues.

Far be it from me to condemn an action that is good in itself, because its motive is not the purest offspring of conscience: my simple object is to exhibit the true character of the Mussulman, and to show why this same individual in one situation is humane and upright, and in another cruel and unjust. It is owing, mainly, to the practical substitution of secular and self-regarding motives, for the stern, unvarying decisions of a quick, enlightened moral sense. The man who invariably listens to this voice from within, is the same, whatever changes may occur in his outward condition. No apologies of station, no exemption from the censures of others, nor even the ability to set the opinions of mankind

at defiance, can exonerate him, in his own eyes, from the sacred obligations of virtue, humanity, and justice.

But the Turk does not act under these imperious restraints, he does not recognize their existence: his morality springs from a different source; he is governed by motives which fluctuate with his condition, and seem to lose their force as he ascends in the scale of despotical power. He will practise, as a general, what he condemns in the humble subordinate; and applaud the Sultan for an act which, if committed by a private citizen, would curdle his blood with horror.

He is prone to believe, when an action, highly criminal in itself, flows from high irresponsible authority, that there must be some great end in view, by which it is redeemed and sanctified. In this spirit, though naturally humane, and averse to the infliction of what he may deem unnecessary pangs, he justifies the massacre of a thousand citizens in a revolted province, to overawe and intimidate the rest, and prevent, perhaps, a still greater effusion of blood. In the same spirit he justifies that inpenetrable duplicity, especially in public men and their agents, to which he may, perhaps, himself fall the first victim. He regards it simply as the means of effecting a result that may cancel its turpitude.

This power of dissembling is one of the most prominent and fearful traits in his character. It is

so profound and entire, that the greatest adept in it frequently finds himself in the very snare, the intricacies and meshes of which he has spent his life in studying. The perfidiousness through which Ali of Yanina came to his death, is a forcible illustration of this fact. He had a hundred times successfully concealed his dagger beneath a kiss, and was at last blinded and betrayed by the same artifice.

You may bring a Turk before his superior; he may there be loaded with the most heavy and unjust accusations; flayed with the most cutting invective; scorched with the most burning sarcasm; yet not a word or look betrays the indignant conflict within. He is as meek, silent, and patient as the most submissive martyr; or rather, he seems to stand in statue-like insensibility: but when the day of change and retribution comes, he will reveal upon you the vengeance of a deep and cherished wrong!

You may scale his harem, dishonor his house, wound him in the very quick of his sensibilities, and he may meet you the next day at the caffena, quietly smoke his pipe at your side, and perhaps solicit you to walk with him; but if you consent, you go out never to return! And the yielding object of your criminal passion, equally unwarned and unapprised, will follow your lifeless body, in a sack, to her grave in the Bosphorus.

Or suppose, in a less exceptionable shape, you should induce him to accompany you to Naples;

and you introduce him into the theatre, into the very centre of its magnificent architecture and gorgeous decorations—a place of which he has not the slightest conception—and now the curtain that conceals the ballet suddenly rises; the orchestra bursts into full harmony; and two or three hundred young females, with only the apology of drapery upon their soft forms, float in concert to the swelling richness of the music. Though a revelation of all the houried beauty of Mahomet's heaven could not surprise him more, yet not a muscle moves, not an emotion disturbs the saturnine gravity of his countenance.

This ability to veil the feelings, so powerful in the working of good and evil, so essential in avoiding the mistakes of momentary embarrassment, and the committals of unconcealed anger, is not entirely the effect of education; for it has never been manifested in any nice degree of perfection, except by Orientals, with whom it has become, whatever it may have originally been, in a measure constitutional. It is a trait of character that may justly interest and amuse the innocent, and alarm the guilty. The serpent rarely coils himself for the timid heel of the passing traveller, but for that presumptuous foot which comes rustling and trampling too near his solitude.

The equanimity with which a Turk bears misfortune is a lesson to many who may be his superiors in every other kind of wisdom. He may be reduced at

once from affluence to poverty; the tempest, the flame, or a plundering edict of his emperor, may strip him of his last piaster; but instead of looking around for a halter, or sullenly sitting down to madden over his destitute condition, you may find him perhaps in a few days selling the bowl, the stem, or the amber mouth-piece of the pipe; carrying the whole of his little capital in one hand, and with the other adjusting his consolatory chibouque.

Yet he is the same dignified, uncringing being that he was before, and considers his claims to respect not at all affected by his new and humble occupation. He connects no reproach with his poverty, and will not tolerate the contemptuous look which is prone to follow the frowns of fortune. Let those who dispute the good sense of his deportment, take to arsenic, leave their families to the charities of strangers, and go the fearful journey before their time! They have not the resolution and fortitude of men on whom heaven has set its highest impress. They are examples of that weakness and vanity from which our nature is not entirely exempt. But the man who thus wickedly sneaks out of the world, deserting his responsibilities, and betraying the trust reposed in him by the Author of his existence, is unworthy of being sepulchred in company with those who have struggled with adversity, lived with respect, and died with honor.

There are more of the crimes incident to large,

populous towns, committed in one of our Atlantic cities in a single month, perhaps I might say week, than are committed in Constantinople in the whole year. And yet in the Ottoman capital there is no municipal police as with us, extending its vigilance through the city. There is no night-watch; the streets are never lighted, and but few of the shops or dwellings are guarded by bolts. And yet crimes in the shape of theft, lewdness, personal violence, or arson, are comparatively rare.

It will be said, perhaps, in explanation of this, that Constantinople is occupied almost exclusively by the Turks,—that domestic affinities, a community of interest, the obligations of a common religion, and exemption from foreign vices, supersede in a measure the necessity of legal restraints, and those checks to crime imposed in other lands. But then Smyrna has, perhaps, the most mixed population of any community on the globe; there is hardly a nation or tribe that has not its representative in that city. And yet Smyrna is almost as free of the crimes which infest large towns as Constantinople. Yet both are under the same laws, the same penal code, the same provisions of justice. The latter has no advantages in these respects over the former.

How, then, shall we account for the comparative absence of crime in these great cities of the Porte? Have the subjects of the Grand Seignior fewer wrong propensities than those who live in other lands? Is

the Moslem a more upright man at heart than the Christian? Is the Koran, in the power of its moral precepts, superior to the Bible? None will subscribe to such absurd suppositions as these. Nor will we admit that the moral influences of education are less efficient with us than in Turkey. Indeed, the system of education which prevails here, and which reaches all classes, is unknown there. How, then, shall we account for the difference which exists in reference to crime, and in which we appear to such disadvantage?

The certainty of the law in Turkey is one great source of this difference. The penalty seldom fails of reaching the offender. He has no escape through a loop-hole of the law, the ingenuity of his counsel, the misapplied sympathy of a juryman, or the unmerited clemency of a judge. His only escape, when arraigned under a charge of crime, is through his *innocence*. No informalities in the process can rescue him; no interference of private partiality or popular whim come to his relief. He makes up his mind to this from the first. He anticipates it all before he commits the offence. It is this inevitable result, foreseen, and forefelt, that deters him when tempted to crime. He sees not the law, it is true, nor the formalities which attend its execution in other lands. The cloud is out of sight, but this only gives the more mystery and terror to its lightning. He knows that the bolt is there, and that it will strike him, if he comes within its range.

There is not in the Turk, as many have been led to believe, a real contempt for learning. He has been induced to discourage it, from a just apprehension of the innovations it might introduce upon his ancient and venerated customs; he looks upon these transmitted usages as something sacred; he connects them with the highest splendors of his nation, the loftiest triumphs of his religion, and submits to a departure from them with clinging reluctance.

It is not the elegance of the fez, or the richness of the coiled cashmere, that makes him love the turban; it is because his ancestors wore that turban, because they fought and bled beneath it, because they bowed with it upon their venerable, toil-worn brows towards Mecca. He still wears his belt, his yategan, and pistols, not because they are mounted with jewels and gold, or for fear of surprise from an assassin, but because his forefathers wore them; because those great men, who have now gone from the earth, and whom he is left to represent, appeared at the hearth and on the field, at home and abroad, in these weapons of pride and trust. He refuses to relinquish his flowing robe, not that a simpler and less ample habit would not answer its purpose, but it is the mantle that fell from the prophet-spirit of his father.

With these feelings, it is not surprising that he should wish to avoid coming in contact with those nations who have not this filial reverence, and with

whom every novelty has a new charm; that he should watch with a jealous eye the spirit of change that is abroad; that he should discountenance the arrogance of untried experiments; that he should discourage the innovating tendencies of impatient knowledge; that he should wish to keep the orb of science upon the dim horizon of his mind, if in its bright and burning ascent it must melt away the chain that binds him to the graves of his ancestral dead.

The violations committed upon these sacred attachments, by the innovations recently introduced under the royal signet, have shaken the Ottoman throne to its base; they have disturbed the confidence of the Mussulman in the piety and wisdom of his sovereign; and it will be an unexampled exhibition of forbearance or weakness in the nation, if this representative of the Prophet does not yet pay, with his life, the penalty of his presumption.

You may trifle with the good man's property, and even sport with his reputation, but you must not touch the sanctity of his respect for those who have it no longer in their power to make their own defence. There is no affection so deep as that hallowed by the grave; no attachment so profound as that on which death has set its seal; for all that we there discover, remember, and mourn, is goodness without its faults, wisdom without its errors.

The calmness with which a Turk makes up his mind to die, the composure with which he bows to

the hand of the executioner, though innocent of the crime alleged, are among his distinguishing characteristics, and may be traced to the evenness of constitutional habit, and those sentiments of submission instilled by his education. He is taught from his earliest years to suppress, or at least conceal his emotions—to preserve a calm exterior, whatever may be the agitation within; so that ere long he resembles a stream moving on with a bright, unbroken surface, though gloomy and pointed rocks darken and disturb its bed.

He is taught to consider his personal services, in peace or war, in the discharge of a civil trust, or in the perils of the tented field, ever at the call of his sovereign, and that the preservation or sacrifice of his life is submitted to measures which he must not arraign, or to events upon which fate has set its unalterable seal. When, therefore, death presents itself, whether in the burning breach, or on the sinking deck—whether in the shape of disease, or the firman of the Prophet's vicegerent, he submits, like one who feels that his days are numbered, and that tears, regrets, and dismay are alike unavailing.

When charged with a crime of which he is utterly innocent, and he is required to make restitution with his life, he breathes no angry remonstrance, no humiliating supplication; he may whisper of a mistake, and ask a delay: if that be denied, he casts an appealing look to his God, and submits. And there may

be no one feature in the circumstances of his death calculated to inspire him with fortitude, or a spirit of submissiveness.

There may be no responsible tribunal, as in other lands, to sit in judgment upon his alleged offence—no jury, bound to render an impartial verdict, and ever disposed to the side of mercy—no witnesses with whom pity nearly melts away the stern obligations of an oath—no counsel, whose professional ambition lies in the acquittal of his client—no solemn and formal delicacy of the fatal sentence—no prison of preparation and possible pardon—no prints promulgating previous virtues, and deprecating the rigors of inexorable justice—no lingering visits of unweaned friendship and affection—no consolatory assurances of the pitying priest—no gathering and breathless multitude around the last scene—no reconciling tears of sympathy, or half-formed threats of deliverance—none of those preludes and appendages which, with us, smooth the way to a death of ignominy, and make the obituary of the hapless victim to be read and wept over by commiserating millions.

He meets his death comparatively alone—none to counsel, none to console. The headsman comes to him in the street, or the field, as the chance may be, and presents the fatal firman; asks him if the name on that dark scroll is his. He can only see enough to discover that it is; for his eyes are with his bewildered thoughts, and they are at that home which

is to see him no more; with that devoted wife who will long look through her doubting tears for his return; and with those children now to be left without a father.

The executioner, knowing nothing of the guilt or innocence of his victim, but knowing that he acts under orders that admit of no delay, tells him to kiss the mandate of his sovereign and submit. He brings it to his lips, kneels, and bares his neck; the scimetar flashes through its quick circuit; the sinking body and severed head fall together; the countenance, for an instant, betrays the parting pang; the eye twinkles a moment, then closes in everlasting night! How sudden, how appalling this transition!—life, light, and all the busy promises of hope exchanged, at once, for the silence and perpetual darkness of death!

Were life a taper, that, if quenched, could be relit, we might with less dread undergo the darkening change; but there is no Promethean spark that can rekindle, if once extinguished, this vital flame. Henceforth only remain the shroud, the winding-sheet, and the worm; we are never more to be what we have been—never to come back to this varied world.

It is this *unreturning* thought that fills us with dread; the thought that we shall never come back to those whom we left here, so faultless, so beautiful, and young! that we shall never again revisit this

green earth—never stray among its founts and flowers—never hear the glad voices of the waking grove, or the sweet dirge of the murmuring shore—never see the fresh morn break forth in breathing beauty from its purple pavilion, or the evening star go up upon its watch. It is this that strikes a saddening chill to the heart, and makes us shrink from that untried hereafter. Happy he, who, in this hour of final and lonely departure, hath the presence of Him whose countenance lights up that desolate way; who, in the earnest of his own triumph over the powers of darkness, and in the assurances of his unfailing love, hath taken

"from Death its sting,
And from the Grave its victory"

CHAPTER VIII.

WHO thus disturbs the tide near the seraglio?
'Tis no dark cormorants upon the sea that float,—
'Tis no dull plunge of stones,—no oars of Turkish boat,
With measured beat along the water sweeping slow:
'Tis heavy sacks borne each by voiceless eunuch slave;
And could you dare to sound the depth of yon dark tide,
Something like human form would stir within its side.

VICTOR HUGO.

E LIFE COVETED BY A MUSSULMAN—STILLNESS OF A TURKISH TOWN—IN-FERENCES OF THE STRANGER—LOVE OF SHOW—CAPABILITIES OF THE TURK—HIS CONJUGAL HABITS—INCONSISTENCIES IN HIS CHARACTER—DESTRUCTION OF THE JANIZARIES—MEANS EMPLOYED TO EFFECT IT—THEIR FINAL DEPORTMENT—FEATURES IN THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF TURKEY—CHARACTER OF SULTAN MAHMOUD—SPIRIT OF HIS REFORMS.

LIKE the undisturbed quietude of his last sleep, is that life most coveted by the Osmanlie. He delights in a state of perfect quiescence; he loves to lounge upon his ottoman, sip his mocha, trifle with his chibouque, and let the world without wrangle and rave as it may.

Whatever may be his vocation, this inertness of disposition is seldom overcome, or forced even into a temporary activity. If he is a merchant, and there are fifty customers at his counter impatient to be served at the same moment, he will attend to them, one at a time, leisurely, as if there were but a single

person there, and as indifferently as if it were of no interest to him whether that individual purchased any thing or not.

If he is a mechanic—a cordwainer, for instance—he will drive the last peg in the heel of a boot, for which you may be waiting, just as deliberately as he took the first stitch; or, if he is a boatman, his oars will dip the wave just so many times in a minute, and no more, though your business may demand the most pressing haste; or if he is a physician, and your child is dying, he will still finish his pipe, then perfume his beard, then direct respecting his dinner, and then, with a slow, measured tread, walk forth in quest of his young patient, who, probably, ere this, is beyond the reach of human assistance.

These measured and indolent habits are so prominently characteristic of a Turkish town, that the stranger half persuades himself of his arrival in a community exempted, by some benevolent provision of nature, from the necessity of labor. He walks through the streets—they are all silent, save now and then the slow stroke of some smith's hammer, or the nodding blow of some carpenter comes upon his ear; but these sound strange and out of place as the mattock of a sexton breaking among old tombs the close mold for some new grave.

He finds, at the frequent coffee-houses, whatever may be the hour of the day, large and numerous groups of bearded men, sitting slumbering, or smo-

king in the shaded courts; so composed, so wordless and still, that only the lulling note of the fountain prevails over the whisper of the light leaf above. And if he joins them—yielding to the infection of the quiet spot—he may be the better able, on his departure, to decide between the comparative merits of those who, in his own land, assemble to exchange thoughts, and perhaps high words, and those who here meet to exchange sleepy, good-natured looks, with here and there a dissatisfied flea.

If he walks into the country the same air of solitude and stillness prevails: not a ploughman's voice or a huntsman's horn disturbs field or grove; the bird sings unmolested on its native tree, the green earth lies unfurrowed, and even untrod save by the Tartar Janizary, who moves between one town and another lonely as a ghost between its sepulchre and the deserted house where it once dwelt.

He returns to the city, looks about him again, finds that the inhabitants eat and drink as in other communities; asks whence they obtain their bread, meat, and fruit; is told they are brought from a distance; but observing as few evidences of capital as of industry, he inquires for the means to purchase these: the Mussulman rolls up his eye and says, God is great.

This is the only reply his question wins, the only solution he can obtain for his perplexing problem: and he begins to think, in spite of Malthus and every

one else, who has written on political economy, that mankind might subsist without labor, or at least that one half the toil which now wearies the world, might be advantageously escaped. In this latter opinion he would not be so very erroneous, for if our wants were to be nicely and impartially examined, it would be found that a major part of them are artificial; and that neither their existence, nor gratification is essentially promotive of our dignity, virtue, or happiness.

The truth is, we are the slaves of our own pride; the drudges of our own greatness; the valets of our own vanity. We are constantly brushing and polishing furniture for others to look at; collecting fardels, which others are weak enough to envy, and we foolish enough to transport; like a tortoise, we carry our house upon our back, strutting and staggering under its weight. That poor animal, however, carries his as a protection from the elements or his enemies; we carry ours to show what a huge building we have got. We leave nothing behind that can swell our present importance, whether the future may have any want of it or not; resembling a snake, who should be found carrying along his last year's skin—a thing that is never seen: the wiser serpent has left that glittering, but now useless envelop at the brier, bramble, or brake, where he cast it off.

The tadpole, as it becomes a more respectable frog,

casts off the incumbrance of its tail; but we are so in love with every thing that has once touched us, that we should still be wearing our swaddling bands, were it not that our bodies had swelled beyond their dimensions; and some of us might be seen carrying about our cradles, as they would no longer be able to carry us, were it not for the wants of the little fellows who have come into the world since. I do think, of all the animals that move on two legs, or four, or no legs at all, man is the most vain and ostentatious. I will not except even the peacock: that bird simply displays the beauties conferred by nature; but we frizzle, frounce, and paint!

I ask pardon of the fair painter, to whom nature has been so niggardly in the bestowment of charms, that she must resort to these artificial attractions; and I promise, if she will excuse me this once, not again to give offence, even in the most distant insinuation, though her rouge rival the blood-gushing cheek of the doll:—*En passant*, they bleed this little infant of the nursery-miss in Paris. I passed a shop in the *Palais Royale*, in which they were applying the lancet to one of them at the time: a young belle standing near declared she thought the dear little thing would faint. I did not think so, but I thought there was as little affectation in her apprehensions as there is usually in the alarms of a lady of fashion.

She shrieks if a cricket stirs from its crevice, and if a mouse were to make its appearance, she would

scramble to the top of Babel, and drown half its languages in her screams! But I am offending again, notwithstanding my promise to be silent. Be careful how you confide in a person, who has once deceived you; for he is like a lake, that has worked a passage through its sandy barrier; you may repair the breach, and think the element safe, but it will probably work its way out again.

But what have lakes and lies to do with Turks and their towns? Nothing, I thought when I began that sentence, but upon reflection, nothing is more common among them than both. They are fond of the water in every shape, from the puddle up to the ocean, and practise deception so adroitly, that the deceiver himself is often the fool of his own falsehood. There is no species of vice or villainy among them, the secret knowledge or successful practice of which is long confined to a particular class; it soon becomes public property, like a newly-invented method of ensnaring game, among savages.

But a wicked artifice, whatever may be the morals of a community, to avail its inventors, must be a covert and extremely limited monopoly; for a general knowledge and privilege will either destroy it by exposure and rebuke, or defeat its advantage by competition. The thief now seldom solicits at your door, in the character of a poor houseless stranger, the boon of a night's lodging, because other mendicants of his profession, to whom you may have ex-

tended the charity of your hearth, have preadmonished you of a remarkable proneness in the fraternity to depart in the night, and leave your money-drawer, or chest of plate, grievously deficient.

I was sketching, if my memory serves me rightly, the indolence of the Turkish character. This appears to pervade, with a leaden, listless effect, his whole being, like that deep drowsiness which overtakes the weary and exhausted. Yet he is capable, when a great emergency demands, of shaking it off, and of undergoing incredible fatigue and hardship. The man who to-day appears only equal to the task of moving his idle person from one lolling sofa to another, may perhaps to-morrow be seen mounted on his impatient charger, dashing through night and storm, over desert wastes, to meet an enemy, where the vigor of his right arm must cleave his way to victory.

Or if he has some private wrong to be redressed; if some object of personal revenge appeals to him; if the suspected person who profaned his harem has fled, he will pursue him over burning plains, through pathless forests, by the frowning precipice and the darkened torrent, with an enduring, unwearied impetuosity of spirit, at which the very tempest might pause and wonder.

The capability of this great and sudden change shows that he is not the effeminate, enervated being that his calmer hours would indicate. It evinces

also his temperance in those indulgences which undermine constitutional force; for excesses of this nature leave nothing upon which energy can rally or sustain itself; the man becomes like a piece of intricately organized machinery with its main spring broken.

A libertine squanders the summer and autumn of life while it is spring; and with suicidal folly digs a grave between himself and the only object which, in his estimation, makes existence a blessing. One of the first fruits of his darling passion is this precipitancy, which makes him overleap his own enjoyments; which makes the past with him a delirious dream, the future a blank; and which brings over him the chilling night of his days, while his morning star still sings upon its first watch.

But the Turk, notwithstanding the licentious sanctions of his creed, is yet comparatively temperate in his pleasures. He is cool and calculating in his indulgences; his noble constitution is a capital; he spends the interest freely, but will not encroach upon the principal. He is not therefore a sensualist to the extent that many suppose, who draw their inferences from the polygamous features of his social condition.

The Koran allows him all the variety to be found in a fourfold state of wedlock; but he very seldom avails himself of this quaternary indulgence. His means may not permit it; or his affections for one already his own, may render him indifferent; or, if

he has married into a powerful family, the fear of giving offence, and thus forfeiting an expected inheritance, or defeating some scheme of personal preferment, restrains him. So that with all these restricting agencies, and the politic suggestions of a passion that seeks to preserve its strength, he may not perhaps be as much given to excess as many who live under a system less latitudinarian in its matrimonial and moral code.

The character of the Turk is like his own beloved Stamboul—a mass of singular incongruities. There is scarcely one feature of a meek or gorgeous beauty that is not approached by some countervailing deformity. He loves and venerates his mother, and strangles his wife upon a whisper of jealousy. He tolerates you in the exercise of your religion, and bowstrings a convert from his own; he is magnanimous in the forgiveness of one enemy, and implacable in the persecution of another equally deserving his generosity. He loves his children when young, and forgets them when they have grown up. He relieves a stranger in distress, and turns a deaf ear to a brother in misfortune. He washes his hands, kneels and prays, and then, like Pilate, delivers up the innocent. He plunders a province, and then goes on a pious pilgrimage to Mecca.

He liberates a caged bird, and dungeons a human being. He is honest and upright in the bazar, and a deep dissembler in the divan. He is a republican in

private life, and a despot in power; submissive to those above him, and arbitrary to those beneath He kisses his death-sentence, and charges his very bones to rumble their remonstrance in the grave.

He is temperate in the indulgence of his appetites, and yet lives mainly for their gratification. He believes in destiny, and yet beheads a general who has lost a battle, or an admiral who has been driven by a tempest on the rocks. He believes in amulets, charms, and the fascinations of the evil eye, and stoically puts on the apparel of one who has died with the plague. He prides himself on the stateliness of his person, the dignity of his carriage, the taciturnity of his lips, and then goes to the deformity of a natural cripple for medical counsel, and to the battology of an idiot for a divination of his dreams.

Such are a few of the incongruities which disfigure the character of the Mussulman; and they are mainly traceable to defects in his social and moral condition. He lives under an economy of accident, caprice, and blind impulse. There is no enlightened conviction, no paramount obligation, no philosophical test, no pure and lofty principle—such as the Bible furnishes—restraining, elevating, and binding into one harmonious whole the wishes, resolves, and conduct of the man. He is like a ship at sea without an indicating shore, without a polar magnet, and holding her course by the fickle light of every wandering star.

Such will ever be the condition of individuals and nations where the Bible does not shed its pure and constant light. The past is an evidence of the future. Greece banished and recalled, murdered and immortalized, her best sons. She reverenced the dictates of philosophy, and obeyed the impulses of vanity. She disdained the protection of foreign alliances, and neglected to preserve a systematic organization of her own strength. She despised the power of her ruth less invaders till they were already trampling on her shrines; and then rose, like one in a dying delirium, only to betray her desperation and despair.

Rome decreed her victors a triumphal arch to-day, exile or death to-morrow. She execrated tyranny with her lips, and wove with her own hands the shroud of her liberties. She plundered the world of its dearest treasures, and then, like the huntsman going to the jungle of the cubless tigress, proposed terms of perpetual amity. She fluctuated between her own duty and valor, and the fidelity of the mercenary—between the stern obligations of patriotism, and the suggestions of effeminate ease, till she found too late that her sceptre had departed, and even the possibility of retrieving her errors had gone forever!

The Ottoman power, by the same fickleness, blindness, and passion, is now falling in ruins. It has not the harmony, the inherent energy, or auxiliary aid that can long preserve it from dissolution. It is like an enormous raft afloat upon troubled waters, and

fastened by ligaments too slender much longer to hold together its tossing and wrenching parts. It will fall asunder, and Russia will be the strong flood-man to gather up the drifting spoil.

The present feeble and distracted condition of the Turkish empire has not resulted, as many have been led to suppose, from the sudden destruction of the Janizaries. Had that body retained the patriotism and vigor which once animated and nerved them, their absence might truly be deplored by every honest Osmanlie. But they had ceased to possess these commendable attributes; they had become insolent and refractory—a terror to the throne and the hearth of the quiet citizen. Yet there was an unsparing precipitancy in their fate, that must awaken sentiments of commiseration. Nor can we help feeling a bewildering respect for the daring and defying spirit that flashed through their despair.

They had long stood the firm refuge and defence of the empire; they had impressed the terror of their arms upon the dynasties of Christendom; they had won a thousand victories, and as often dictated the conditions of peace; they had displaced Viziers, deposed Sultans, and set aside the Pashas of the provinces at will. They had recently consigned Selim to a bloody shroud, and given the present monarch to understand that he owed his inviolability to the simple fact of his being the last of the Othman line, of an age sufficient to reign.

Occupying this position, and sustained by these proud recollections, they were naturally intolerant of any innovations that infringed upon their privileges, or diminished their consideration. Mahmoud saw clearly that he must raise the quick hand of ruin against them, while he had the power, or submit to become the passive instrument of their caprice. He preferred his own life and independence to their domineering sway; and planned their destruction with a true Machiavelian policy.

He thinned their ranks by sending them, in small detachments, into the Morea; expeditions in which they were intentionally unsupported, and from which they never returned. To the remainder he addressed himself in a different form: to the avaricious he proffered gold; to the ambitious, preferment; to the refractory he applied the bowstring; till, by these well-adapted devices, the commander-in-chief, and a number of the master spirits of the order, were brought firmly into his interest.

The fetva for the organization of a new and distinct army, now made its appearance, and produced the expected result. The Janizaries instantly rose against it, denouncing the spirit of its provisions, and demanding the heads of those who had counselled their sovereign to this disrespectful act; and threatening, in the event of its not being immediately rescinded, to force the gates of the seraglio.

But Mahmoud was prepared for this alarming

issue. The forces which he had been secretly collecting, in anticipation of this event, now surrounded the At-meidan, in which the Janizaries were assembled. An order for the death of the insurgents, under the sanction of Ulema, was issued; the standard of the Prophet unfurled from the dome of the imperial mosque; and all faithful Mussulmen called upon to support its sacred cause against the violence of impiety and treason.

The Janizaries soon saw that their condition was hopeless, their mistake irretrievable: yet they determined not to disgrace the memory of their fathers by any relenting tears, or unavailing supplications. They forced their way, over many of their dead companions, to their barracks, where they shut themselves up, sternly resolved to abide the terrible issue. From this retreat they could not be forced; and at evening orders were given to fire their last refuge! The burning pile sent up its fitful flashes through the long night; and the next sun dawned upon a smouldering mass of embers, bones, and blood!

Those who had escaped the tumult and carnage of the At-meidan were hunted down in every section, street, and alley of the city. They were betrayed, overwhelmed, cut to pieces, and their mangled bodies cast into the Bosphorus, till that mighty current became literally choked with the dead!

Thus perished, in a day, one of the most formidable orders of men known to this or any other age.

Their achievements are interwoven with the highest splendors of the Ottoman name. Their watch-fires were kindled from the mountains of Asia to the centre of Europe; and their war-song seems still to echo from every torrent and steep. Their chivalric valor, their unshrinking hardihood, and contempt of death, will long disturb the sober pen of history, and furnish themes around which the spirit of poetry will hover, and catch the romance of its wildest flights.

The more sanguine among those who joined in anathematizing and overwhelming the Janizaries, believed that their absence would diminish the system of corruption that had begun to assume an alarming aspect in every department of the government. But these expectations have proved illusory. Injustice, venality, and extortion have never been more rife than at present. There is not an office in any branch of the administration, from that of Grand Vizier down to that of the most petty cavash, which may not be purchased; and when thus obtained, be converted into an instrument of oppression and fraud.

Nor does the monarch encounter any considerable risk of loss in this universal auction of places; for if the incumbent fails to meet his contract, it is an easy thing to send him the bowstring. Or, if he is able, by grinding the face of the poor, to liquidate the exorbitant obligation, it is equally for the interest of

the Sultan to strangle him into heaven, and sell his place to another, who is to pay for it, like his predecessor, with his gold and his blood. Yet, even on these terms, there is no want of bidders: hundreds of the highest talents and deepest sagacity in the realm aspire to the situation of Vizier; though this office is worth but three years and a half of life, that being the average time between the instalment of the aspirant and his violent death. In Turkey, at least, the path of ambition lies up a perilous steep; he who climbs is sure to fall, if not in gaining the elevation, yet in his first look from the summit.

The whole revenue of the state is secured upon a system of legalized oppression. Every agent of the government, civil and military, retains his situation by his capacity at intrigue and extortion: he systematically plunders those beneath him, to bribe those above. This system of violence and fraud has reduced the fairest portions of the Ottoman dominion to barren wastes. It has withered agricultural enterprises, and driven the hopeless husbandman in despair from his fields. It has made the village that once thronged with a busy and happy population, a ruin and a grave-yard. It has left to hills and valleys that once rang with the song of the corn-reaper, only the flapping wing of the owl, and the desolate cry of the hyena.

The pilgrim pauses on his solitary way, and doubts if man ever dwelt there; but the remains of a cy-

press grove, still gloomily guarding the dead, tells him that his foot presses a sod once trodden by thousands more cheerful and contented than himself. Such are the fruits of tyranny; such the results of a despotism established by conquest, and upheld by cruelty and corruption; such the condition of a nation whose leaders blind themselves and their subjects to the loftier light and influences of the age—who suspend civilization, arrest the human mind, and seek to repose, in self-complacent stupidity, upon the summit of their power.

There was a time when the present Sultan might have essentially ameliorated the condition of his subjects. The destruction of the Janizaries left him at liberty to prosecute those wholesome and efficient measures of reform, in which the wise and benevolent Selim perished. But Mahmoud is evidently deficient in the higher and nobler qualities which befit a sovereign.

He is, seemingly, incapable of comprehending, with vivid force, the real position, interests, and resources of his vast dominion; and much less is he capable of moulding its temper and energies to the spirit of the times. His policy is far behind the age in which he lives, and immeasurably short of the exigencies which now press upon his distracted councils. His reforms, if they are worthy of the name, have effected little more than a partial and obnoxious change of costume. He has been shaping the

shadow instead of the substance: he has disguised the hectic flush of the patient, instead of eradicating the vital disease.

It is of no moment whether a man fights beneath a turban or a helmet—whether his standard be the soup-kettle of the Janizary, or the more graceful folds of the waving banner. The speed or distance of the ball is not determined by the exterior polish or rudeness of the ordnance. The genius and habits of a people are not revolutionized by any change in the drapery that conceals their person. The moral and intellectual qualities of a nation may remain unaltered, through every variation of costume, from the effeminate robes of a Persian prince, to the blanket and moccasin of the American savage.

The capital error of Mahmoud has been, in directing his reforms to the garb and outward conduct of his subject: the great fountain of character and action has remained untouched. This source of sentiment and impulse is beyond his sagacity: his magical wand cannot reach it. He may chase away the spectre that hovers about the grave, but he cannot go down and tranquillize the disturbed sleep of the pale occupant.

The lights of science, and influences of education, which alone can change the character of a people, have only flitted across his dreams. They have never entered vitally and deeply into any plan that he has proposed, or formed even an essential append-

age to that system which he has pursued with an indiscriminate, unrelenting rigor. His great scheme appears to have embraced but little beyond the consolidation of an absolute unrelieved despotism. And it is a singular fact, that just in proportion as he has lowered the rights and liberties of his subjects, he has descended himself, in the awe, respect, and fear of foreign princes. Tyranny in an enlightened age carries down the oppressor with the oppressed.

The day has passed when the blind dictates of irresponsible power can be rendered palatable, even to the Mussulman. He begins to ponder over the absolute tone in which he is addressed from the imperial pavilion; and he will, ere long, begin to question the authority under which the Capijee acts, before he permits his head to roll from his shoulders, like an idle top from the hand of youth. But when he once begins to respect himself, and dares to assert the rights instinctive in a rational and responsible being, consequences of indescribable magnitude must follow.

He is not the tame and submissive being that easily retraces a step once taken; or overlooks an irreparable wrong, that the impenitent offender may have an opportunity of repeating the enormity. When he has once risen in defence of his lofty and aggrieved nature, no threats, perils, or tortures will be able to break his resolution, or drive him from his purpose. He will stand, if surrounded and over-

mastered, unshrinking, like an Indian chief among his tormentors, leaving no recanting word or look to dim his stern memory.

Not only will the tyranny that weighs him down be shaken off, but with it must pass the onerous chain of ecclesiastical authority. The sanctions and obligations of his religion are indissolubly connected with temporal power: this is the root from which they derive their life. This power has never existed but in an absolute form; it can accommodate itself to no other mode of being; its very genius is to be supreme and irresponsible; so that the same effort which lifts the Mussulman above the broken fetters of his despotism, will place him on the ruins of his religion.

The sceptre and crescent, the altar and throne, will sink together. It would not, perhaps, be a matter of regret, were this catastrophe to occur without delay. For out of this chaos some new system might perhaps emerge, in which the rights of human nature would be respected, and the precepts of Christianity not wholly forgotten. Islamism is the grave of inspired truth and rational liberty.

CHAPTER IX.

Flocks still are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;—
That mighty heap of gathered ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,
By nations raised, by monarchs crowned,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow!

Byron.

DEPARTURE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE—PLAIN OF TROY—ANCIENT REMAINS—OPINION OF TRAVELLERS—ARGUMENTS OF A LADY—VIGILS OF A NIGHT ON THE PLAIN—VISIT TO HELEN'S FOUNT—RUINS OF ALEXANDRIA TROAS—A GLOOMY GREEK—MENTAL TORTURES.

It is natural for us, on leaving a place to which we may never return, to pay a farewell visit to those objects that have struck most deeply into the heart; and to experience, at the parting moment, some of those feelings, so tenderly told, of the poor criminal who gave his wife and children a last embrace—

Then fitted the halter, then traversed the cart,
And often looked back, as if loth to depart.

But never went a dismayed culprit from his cottage, under the stern mandates of law, so hurriedly as we left the shapeless city of our short residence. We had scarcely time to catch a glance of its min-

arets, as they sunk behind us in the bosom of the Marmora. A case of the plague had occurred in the very house in which a portion of us were residing. We had been, for some time, narrowly and nervously dodging death; and we now determined on flight, notwithstanding the admonition of Horace—

Mors et fugacem persequitur virum.

Casting our effects, and a few such edibles as the nearest huckster's shop could furnish, into a little Levantine brig that lay idle at Galata, we jumped on board ourselves, and made all sail to a stiff breeze, fortunately prevailing from the north. Our passage through the Propontis, and down the Dardanelles, was too quick and palpitating for note or comment. It was like the speed of the flying-fish, striking from wave to wave, in its escape from the pursuing dolphin. But as the most violent grief is usually the shortest, so the most sudden and paling panic is generally of the least duration.

The sight of Achilles' tomb, Ida, and the plain of Ilium, seemed to make us forget the fatal contagion which we had just been shaking from the suspected folds of our garments. No one examined again the state of his pulse, felt under his arms for the frightful bubo, or sought the fuming antidotes of the sulphur match. Our consternation was changed into an antiquarian rapture; and, I really believe, if the Scamander had been a solid stream of plague, we should,

nevertheless, have tracked it to its source. Such is the spell cast on the soul by that dim spirit of romance which wings its way through the voiceless twilight of ages.

Think me not, reader, threading my way along the reedy banks of this classic stream with the vain purpose of locating anew the city of Priam, or of giving reasonableness and force to the localities assigned to it by the conjecturing fancy of others. I would as soon follow up the course of the Euphrates, with the expectation of determining the site of Eden. That garden of innocence smiled forth, the fairest feature of the infant world, and then, with the hopes of man, passed away! At half the mighty interval which stretches between that primal hour and this, the towers of Ilium rose and fell; the splendors of their perished pride have been embalmed in the verse of Homer; but the harp of a holier inspiration hath hymned the fragrant beauties of man's first abode.

There is not now to be found on the plain of Troy a single relic of art that can be satisfactorily identified with the ancient city; not the fragment of a column, arch, or frieze of its architecture; not a hewn block of marble or granite, that has any evidence of so high an antiquity. How, indeed, can we expect to find what was utterly lost to the learned more than two thousand years ago? The imperial Roman sought in vain for the slightest vestige of the Trojan city. He could subdue the world, bend the strong

and intractable things of earth to his purpose; but he could not detect, with certainty, one stone that once reposed in the walls of the Phrygian capital.

The victor of Macedon could drive his triumphal car from Balbec to the Rhine, and survey, with self-appropriating pride, the monuments of Egyptian strength and Grecian skill; but in his devoted pilgrimage to the reputed tomb of Achilles, was forced to doubt if ever rested here the ashes of that heroic Greek. The learning and curiosity of that acute, inquiring age, were exhausted in a futilè search after one relic of all the objects over which the blind minstrel had cast such a bewildering charm. Troy was then, what it now is, and what it ever will be, a splendid uncertainty!

The island of Tenedos, the mount of Ida, and the waters of the Scamander, may narrow down the range of the localizing conjecture, but they cannot designate the exact positions. The curious traveller will never be able to certify himself that his present footstep presses the consecrated spot; that here stood the palace of Priam, and there rose the impregnable wall.

A self-confident La Chevalier may, perhaps, be able for a time to persuade himself, and many others, that Bournabashi has actually usurped the site of the ancient citadel; that the fount which springs near it is the same in which Helen was wont to gaze upon her fair image; that the mound which he burglari-

ously entered, is the very one that entombed the bones of him who drew Hector, chained in death, to his chariot wheel. But then some less credulous Bryant, or investigating Hobhouse, will spring up to dissipate this satisfactory illusion, and restore objects to a more reasonable ambiguity.

Or perhaps a Lady Montague may come along, with a loose translation of the great Poet in her hand, and be able to discover at a glance, not only every topographical point exactly as delineated by the heroic muse, but the utter absurdity of a doubt or belief that deviates from her own convictions. But her imagination, like that of her sex generally, will be found extremely impatient of her lagging facts, and her conclusions so far in advance of her investigations, that an ocean might roll between with either verge unbroken.

I beg pardon of the fair reasoners for this insinuation; it was not intended. For after all, nothing so much diverts me, as the argument of a lady. She never wearies you with a long train of closely connected sequences, but springs at once to her conclusion, like a bird to its tree, not caring whether substance or shadow, fact or fancy, fill the interval. And if you are not able to see exactly how the grand inference flows from what precedes, she will not drill you back through every link of the ratiocinative chain, over which her imagination has darted, but resting in her quick conclusion, kindle it up with

such a play of bright thought and enthusiastic feeling, that you determine to forego all doubts and disturbing questions, and nestle there with her in the same delightful conviction.

Now and then her fond mistakes may perhaps be the source of impolitic conduct and subsequent regret. But happiness lies so much in the mind, so much in the uncertain promises of hope, so much in the persuasion of being what we are not, and in a partial blindness to our real condition, that generally this acquiescing belief in her pleasing and visionary opinions, is the more felicitous course. We thus avoid the darkness of a thousand doubts which could not have escaped a more investigating spirit, and derive pleasure from a vast multitude of objects, which a less credulous philosophy could never have detected.

This unfailing disposition to rise above present calamity, to promise a day of better things, to strike out rays of light from the hard and flinty realities of life, is one of the most precious and endearing traits of the female character; and is more deeply promotive of domestic contentment and cheerfulness, than all the pondering, prying, and investigating dispositions that ever entered the human mind. The nursery-tale, which teaches the child that he may find silver spoons at the glittering base of the rainbow, if he can only overtake its fleeting form, has caused more happiness in this world, than any one sentiment broached by the astute schoolman.

But what has the logic of the ladies to do with the present aspect of the Troad? Nothing, I thought at the moment; but upon reflection it is the sole cause of this beautiful blank in nature. For if Helen had looked deeper into consequences, she would never have forsaken the hearth of Menelaus to follow the fortunes of Paris. The princes of Greece, in that event, would not have risen in arms, and consequently,

Trojaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta manaret.

Our visit to the Fount of Helen involved me in an accident sufficiently serious to endanger the continuation of this journal. My companions had mounted the indifferent steeds which the cavash of the Pasha of the Dardanelles had *pressed* into our service—for this subaltern enforces his master's will without the least regard to the inconvenience or injury it may inflict. To escape the heavy plague of these animals, and move in a manner more in keeping with the classic associations of the spot, I procured an araba, a car resembling that of Achilles, as represented in ancient sculpture; to which were harnessed—but here the parallel ceases—a pair of buffaloes, recently taken, as I should think, from the woods.

Having secured around the interior of the araba several baskets of provisions, consisting of boiled fowls, bread, and salads, with a jar of Hybla honey, a few flasks of milk, and a dozen of London porter,

I attempted the construction of a covering, which was easily effected by means of osiers and evergreens, bent and interlaced into an embowering canopy. Seating myself in this little movable arbor, I invited Capt. R. to take a seat at my side, but he preferred the quarter-deck of his own saddle; I then addressed myself to Mrs. R.—

"Will you come to the bower that I've shaded for you?"

But this agreeable lady, though rather fond of adventure, hesitated this once, for there was a wildness in the look and bearing of my *steeds* that boded no good: so I was left alone to the silence and solitary romance of my condition.

The company had started, and were soon out of sight on the way; while the buffaloes, running this way and that, had gone in almost every direction save that in which the celebrated fount lay. The Turk who was attempting to drive them had come up with his team once more, when some huntsmen, chasing a wild boar, dashed past us, frightening the animals, and putting them to the very top of their speed. They rushed over a spot covered, for some distance, with modern ruins; the araba bounding like a ball, from one fragment to another, till the pedestal of a column striking the centre of the axle, the whole flew into a thousand pieces. My first look, on recovering my senses sufficiently, was for the Turk: he soon came up; and, seeing the utter wreck

that had been made, lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "God is great!"

Gathering myself up from the ruins, and ascertaining that no bones had been broken, I looked round for the provisions which were to sustain my confiding companions, who had gone ahead, but only scattered fragments. remained—the rocks were flowing with milk and honey, and over all foamed the porter in liberated life. Only one bottle of this rich beverage had escaped the wreck; and, being thirsty from excitement and the heat of the sun, I applied a stone to the neck of this (the corkscrew having been lost in the catastrophe); but it broke, as all bottles will in such cases, in the wrong place, and every particle escaped! The Turk gave another exclamation, and started for horses.

Having procured them, we deposited the fowls and bread in panniers, and at evening reached our companions at the spring. They were sad at the tale of our disasters; not so much, perhaps, for my narrow escape, as the loss of all the good things confided to my care. But this afflictive bereavement was at length forgotten, as we sat on the marble steps of Helen's Fount, and gazed on that wave which once mirrored back the sweet face of this excelling type of female beauty. Only a few willows now guard the spot; and they were sighing, as the evening breeze stirred their branches, as if in memory of one who should not lightly

pass away from the bright and beautiful things of earth.

But the plain now presents only an undulating surface, covered with the olive and velaney-oak. We spent two or three days in wandering over it, studying its more prominent features, and canvassing the contradictory opinions of our learned predecessors; and finally thought it advisable, as our conclusions might create a great sensation among the antiquarian fraternity, to defer them, in the hope that something more decisive might recur; in the vague expectation that some spirit of earth or air might yet point its unequivocal finger to the exact spot; or if not, that some inborn earthquake or bursting volcano might cast into light and certainty those sources of conclusive evidence, over which have gathered the dust and silence of centuries.

Yet we did not come to this deferring determination till after one night's sleep on the plain. We thought it possible that in some dream with which we might be blessed, a leading intimation would, perhaps, be given by some mysterious intelligence that dwells in subtle essence. But our vesper prayer was not answered either by vision, omen, or voice.

Through the soft night Ida still lifted itself into the clear face of heaven, unvisited by any of the divinities that once dwelt there: the Scamander flowed on, without a murmur in all its waters; and the wave, as it came from Tenedos to the strand of Ilium,

seemed to have fallen asleep on its way; nor was there the slightest whisper in the grove or on the hill. Never was nature so voiceless, breathless, and like a tomb as on that night.

But, notwithstanding the advantages of this intense silence—so very still that you might have heard the dewdrop stealing down into the bosom of the violets, and even the footsteps of a spirit, moving on a path paved with liquid light, might have been audible—yet not a phantom moved, not an intimation came; every thing seemed insensible and dead, as if Greek and Trojan had never fought and fell there. Not so with us; for we were keenly sharpening every sense, to catch the first tokens of the nocturnal visitant. But, alas! instead of this, we caught a violent ague; after being through the whole night restless as Achilles—

> Αλλοτ' επι πλευρας κατακειμενος, αλλοτε δ' αυτε
> Υπτιος, αλλοτε δε πρηνης.

We had scarcely worked our limbs into pliancy from the chilling effects of the night, when we encountered a large caravan, in which were fifty or sixty Mussulmen, returning from their pilgrimage to the grave of their Prophet. As the first rays of the sun tipped the surrounding trees, they dismounted, and, kneeling towards Mecca, chanted their early prayers. The stillness of the hour, the motionless attitude of the caravan, with the deep and solemn tones of the worshippers, produced a very pleasing

and impressive effect. A person whose impressions of Islamism should be confined to occasions of this character, would scarcely believe that its spirit could seek an alliance with the sword, and that tears and blood had steeped its path to conquest and power.

My enthusiasm for monumental remains had been so quelled by the exposures of the night, the fatigues of the day, and the deprivation of all life's essential aliments, that I strode, at last, through the relics of Alexandria Troas with more of the indifference of a savage than the sensibility of a scholar. I walked past a huge sarcophagus, with its stirring inscription, as if it had never been sanctified by antiquity and death. I hardly think I should have stopped to gaze, though the most manly form or fascinating beauty of the Troadenses had there found a refuge from corruption. Indeed, I seemed to exult, not only in the ravages of time upon these sacred remains, but in the Vandal stoicism that had been converting them into clumsy instruments of destruction.

I stopped complacently beside a cannon ball, of astounding dimensions, shaped from a portion of the marble column that lay near, and now only waiting the gaping gun to go on its errand of ruin. Go, I exclaimed, as if impatient of its delay; go, split the globe asunder, make of it one half thy grave, and I will heave up the other for thy monument!

This ebullition of spleen over, my worn and exhausted frame sunk into an inclined posture beneath

the shade of an olive that stood near. Here I fell asleep, dreamed that the world was a dungeon filled with darkness, tortures, and tears; and, awaking, perceived, very near me, a serpent of enormous size, with his glittering eye fixed steadily on mine.

Not being in the humor to die, though sorely disgusted with the world, I determined to extricate myself, if possible, from the fatal fascinations of this new foe; and, gathering myself slowly up, moved silently backward, keeping my eye unwaveringly on that of the snake, till my distance enabled me to turn and fly. But my speed had nearly been fatal to me; for my blind footstep rushed within little less than its length of another serpent, coiled in the very act to spring. Horrors! I exclaimed, on escaping from this new peril; is this world given up to vipers? Is there nothing here but ruins, graves, and the scorpion's sting? has the curse of the fall left no refuge for poor mortals? must man taste, before his time, the bitterness of death?

And here, again exhausted, I sunk against the crumbling pedestal of a broken moss-covered column. I was so overcome by a nervous weakness and the dark thoughts that rushed upon me, that it was some time before I stirred sufficiently to discover the old man who sat in gloomy silence on the other side of the column, and who seemed wholly unconscious of my presence. His dark and soiled robe hung negligently around him, a few white hairs strayed

from beneath his dimly ornamented headdress, while his wan and worn features of Ionian outline, were in melancholy harmony with his fixed and mournful eye. He glanced not to the right or left; noticed no object beneath, above, or around; his steadfast gaze seemed to penetrate some distant, obscure vista, as if there the last object of affection that linked him to the earth, had just disappeared.

> "He looked as if he sat by Eden's door,
> And grieved for those who could return no more."

Being unwilling, querulous and ill-tempered as were my feelings, to disturb one whose attitude and aspect were so despondingly in keeping with the spot, I turned away; and, proceeding a short distance, met a Greek carrying, among several less potable articles of food, a bottle of milk, with which, upon the force of a few paras, he was induced to part. This revived and sustained me till our little craft, anchored several miles above, came drifting down, and enabled me to get on board.

I left the shore, strewn with the architectural magnificence of other times, without a regret. The spacious theatre, the sumptuous palace, the stately portico, rent, ruined, and consecrated by time, had no power to detain me. I had been walking over the obliterated foundations of a city upon which a higher antiquity had cast its spell. I had been searching for memorials that were a marvel and a

mystery, when the originals of these were not shaped or conceived; and I could not reconcile my distempered feelings to relics of a comparatively recent date.

Thus it is ever with man. He aims at objects beyond his grasp, and forfeits the pleasure to be derived from those within his rightful possession. Lucifer aimed at the Infinite throne, and lost Heaven; Adam, at a knowledge of the tree of life, and lost Paradise; Cesar, at the empire of the World, and lost his laurels and his life; Napoleon, at the sceptre of dismayed Europe, and sunk to an exile's grave in St. Helena; I, to bathe in the Scamander, and am now in the delirium of a fever that may terminate in death. My conduct may have been less wicked, but not less foolish, than that of my renowned predecessors. I belong, unfortunately, to that class of men, whose wisdom comes most conspicuously into play when it has been rendered wholly unavailing by some irretrievable mistake.

Perhaps that preternatural intelligence which sometimes flashes up in the last hour of the guilty and dying, may be ascribed to the very helplessness and despair of his condition. The past, which has rendered the future hopeless, cannot be recalled, re-enacted, or even relieved: it is a sealed book, beyond the reach of his regrets, remorse, and tears; and which, with all its dark, ineffaceable pages, must be opened at the judgment bar. O God! who can re-

count his errors, and not tremble and weep? Who can realize what he *is*, and what he *might* have been, and not hide his face in the dust? *Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.*

CHAPTER X.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

BYRON.

GULF OF ARGOS—REPORTED LOSS OF THE FRIGATE—STORIED FEATURES OF THE ARGOLIC PLAIN—TRAIT IN WOMAN—TOMB OF AGAMEMNON—FORTRESS OF NAPOLI—LOVE OF THE MARVELLOUS—DISCOVERY OF EVE'S MONUMENT—INSCRIPTION—ANTIQUARIAN RAPTURE.

BETWEEN the last sentence of my journal and the one I am now penning, the reader will allow a lapse of time and incident sufficient to bear us from the shore of Ilium to the gulf of Argos. What, in the order of our movements, could be more natural, and classically proper, than for us, after having walked over the arena of Agamemnon's valor and generalship, to visit his capital and his tomb? Yet it was not merely this beautiful harmony of events that brought us to Mycenæ.

We had rejoined our ship, recovered from all apprehensions of the plague, and, save myself, from the effects of our exposures on the Troad; had come down through the Arches to look after a few cruisers,

too freely floating under their own flag: but finding, among all the Cyclades, no corsairs to kill or capture, and having suffered in our lighter spars from the violence of a recent storm, we floated into this harbor, to effect the necessary repairs, and again break the monotony of a sea-life, by a survey of ruins.

The storm which we experienced terrified us much less than those whom we had left at home; for the first report of it which reached the United States by the way of Vienna and Paris, sunk us all in one engulfing grave! And it was several weeks before an authentic counter-statement relieved our friends from their deep consternation and grief. Whether this stunning report originated in malice, or a wicked spirit of trifling, has never been ascertained; but whatever may have been its source, no accredited disaster, of such a melancholy magnitude, ever had a less plausible foundation. And I can only say, if it was an act of wantonness, its author should be chained in a dungeon, where only the spider, that weaves its web on his walls, can be affected by his reckless, malevolent dispositions.

Our ship is now riding at anchor in the bay of Argos. This is a broad and brilliant sheet of water, partially defended from the action of the sea, a green and fertile plain extending widely beyond; while around the whole ascends a wild mountain range of forest-feathered steeps. The eye rests at first on the lake of Lerna, still breaking with its

bright face the rich continuity of the valley; it then follows up the exulting waters of the Erasinus, still bursting as of old from its caverned hill; then rises to the lofty and permanent cliffs, where the frequent bastion and fortress still frown in massive strength.

No language can convey the deep and subdued emotions of the spectator, as he gazes on these storied streams and monumental remains. They carry the mind steadily back through the dim and unrecorded disasters of three thousand years. They bear the feelings up the long stream of time midway to its fount. They present forms of magnificence and beauty that were themes of thrilling romance when the minstrels of Greece first swept the wild untutored lyre. They present themselves as memorials of generations whose graves swelled from the mold of the infant world; as memorials upon which an unheeded procession of centuries have chronicled their silent flight; as memorials above the reach of ruin, exempt from decay, immortal in death!

It is not so much the form and complexion of these objects, as the associations they awaken, the times and beings they bring forth, that interest and impress the spectator. The fount of Canathos gushes to the free air like other springs; but around its sweet margin the graceful Naiads once dwelt, and in its crystal depths the Queen of heaven was wont to renew her virgin purity.

The Lernean wave ripples or sleeps like the surface

of other lakes; but on its bank grew the demolishing weapon of Hercules, and along its reedy shore strayed the hydra which tested that hero's valor and strength. The citadel of Mycenæ is like other gigantic remains of the heroic ages; but there Orestes and Electra hung in suspense and agony over the justice and severity of their parricidal purpose; and there still stand in marble sternness, as if perpetuating their fierce watch, the lions to which the eye of Agamemnon turned, as he departed to the Trojan war.

The Acropolis of Argos is like the materials found in many other monuments of antiquity; but in its deep shadow lay the cradle of primitive empires; around its unmoldered base wealth, wisdom, and power prevailed, beauty triumphed, and genius unfurled its seraph wing, when the wolf in wandering wildness howled over the seven hills of Rome.

Over these surviving relics, and the beings they call up, Homer, Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides have cast the kindling raptures of their verse, and have bound us to them by the powers of a fascination which time can only render the more thrilling and intense. The beings who smiled, wept, and worshipped among these triumphs of art and nature, share their immortality. They still live by the fount, the fane, and fortress, where they once gayly forgot the waste and weariness of human life; they still people the grove, move on the rushing stream, and shout from the shadowy cliff:

"Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame forever."

But the more curious reader will not, perhaps, be satisfied with this intimating outline of the antiquities which distinguish the Argolic plain. Yet the allusions in which I have unintentionally indulged, have touched upon so many of these objects, that it would require more than the graphic force of my pen to impart freshness and life to a minute delineation. I have committed the error of the painter, who indiscreetly presented to the lady whose beauty he was endeavoring to transfer to the canvas, his leading sketch, which fell so far short of the original, that the distrustful fair one turned away at once from the future promises of his pencil.

Woman is ever impatient of the careful and anxious advances through which perfection is attained. Her imagination mounts at once to the summit of excellence, while slowly ascending improvement labors up the steep alone. Her love and hatred reach suddenly their elevation; and will as quickly descend, unless sustained there by sympathy or opposition. Her affection, if unreciprocated, will ere long change its nature, or strangle itself: her anger, if unresisted, will soon weave its own shroud, and be itself chief mourner at the hearse. I should reluctantly vote to dispense with her kindly offices. And I some-

times think, if a decree of banishment were to be passed against her, I should, through some by-path or other, find *my* way to the place of her exile.

For who would remain in a garden from which the flowers have departed; or in a grove which the birds had forsaken; or beneath a sky without one star to smile through its blue depths! No, let cynics prate and prattle as they may, our existence here, without the presence of the other sex, would be only a dark and cheerless void. The light, the smiles, and affections of woman, are the bow of beauty and promise that spans the life of man, from his cradle to his grave.

But I am wandering from the associations and monuments of Mycenæ; especially the tomb of Agamemnon, where I was standing. This sepulchral edifice, swelling but very slightly from the surface of the plain, affords no idea of its subterranean dimensions; and might be passed, as it has been by thousands, without a lingering glance of admiration or curiosity. But as you enter it at the low archway, recently discovered, your eye ranges up through the vaulted gloom of a stupendous dome, reared of the most massive and enduring materials.

You know not whether most to admire the huge conception of the architect, or the colossal power of those who piled the ponderous rocks. The same sentiment of indestructibility and strength impresses you, if you ascend to the Acropolis; you are there

surrounded by architectural remains, which would seemingly require an earthquake to displace them; and which, with great apparent propriety, have been ascribed to the masonic skill and energy of giants.

The rock of Napoli, lofty and precipitous, required but little aid from art to render it impregnable. It has been for ages the Gibraltar of the Archipelago; and though in that period the standards of different nations have been successively unfurled from its summit, yet its surrender has been effected more by famine than force. In its recent capture by the Greeks, it sternly held out till want and weariness had reduced its garrison to a mere handful, and rendered even those incapable of further resistance.

In the foundations of the fortress, which is mainly of Venetian origin, are a few polygonal remains, which I leave to the investigations of the more curious and learned. It is not my object to discover or discuss relics; my ruling passion does not move in that channel; if it did, I would bear the indulgent reader back with me to the ruins of Argos, Mycenæ, and Tiryns; and there, by some mechanical force, possessing the heaving power of Archimedes' lever, roll over the Cyclopian blocks of Breccia, detect each corroded unintelligible letter, imagine a few that never existed, and add several of my own; and so make out an inscription, rivalling in interest and verity the chronological discoveries of the Arundelian marbles.

Or if the earth anywhere sounded hollow beneath my mattock, or yielded an echo to my charger's hoofs, I would decide, with Chateaubriand, that the cavern beneath could be none other than the sepulchral mansion of the Argive queen; and exclaim over the singular destiny that had brought me from the wilds of America, to discover, in monumental Greece, the classic tomb of Clytemnestra!

It is strange how easily mankind, through their credulous vanity, are imposed upon. Any thing, the most frivolous and absurd imaginable, that claims a remote antiquity, or has about it a touch of the marvellous, is greedily received and anxiously sought after; while a home truth, affecting the happiness of millions, meets with a cold and skeptical reception. Were the moon to come so near this earth, as to dispense with the necessity of reaching it through the adventures of something like a balloon, few people would go to measure its mountains, or wander by its streams.

It is only the difficult and mysterious that captivates our nature: render any thing plain and practical, and it comes upon the warmth of our enthusiasm like an avalanche into the sunny depths of an Alpine hollow. Were you to persuade mankind—and it might easily be done—that a descent through the centre of the Atlantic would take them to heaven, you would see them shoving off in their little canoes by thousands.

But when you tell them that future happiness is the reward of a man's every-day conduct, they turn away with the most imperturbable indifference. There is no mystery, adventure, or romance, in reaching the blessed world in such a form; so they wait till some fanatical Quixote shall come along, who can convert devils into windmills, and heaven itself into some Dulcinean fortress.

As for antiquities, I shall be satisfied with nothing except the *ne plus ultra* of curiosities in that form; nothing short of the very monument which Adam set up over the dust of his beloved Eve. And I have recently obtained a clue to this primitive memorial, which I think must ultimately lead to its possession. An Arab, possessed of more scientific and literary information than is usually found among the members of his tribe, wandering up the banks of the Euphrates, a long distance beyond the ruins of Babylon, discovered in the heart of a valley that opens to the east of this noble stream, a porphyry obelisk, of delicate dimensions, still standing upon its pedestal of the same precious material, and bearing the original of the following inscription, which he carefully copied on the spot.

This child of the desert had never heard of our great progenitor, of his excelling consort, or the beauties of their first abode; and was so ignorant of the value of his discovery, that it was with great difficulty I could persuade him to accept a small

amber pipe, as a slight acknowledgment of my indebtedness for the inscription. He detailed all the circumstances of the discovery, with that unstudied minuteness of description which forbids a disturbing doubt of his sincerity, or the genuine truth of his tale. The inscription is obviously an epitaph, expressing the grief of Adam over his bereavement. It is in that most smooth and poetical of all languages, the Arabic; and I only regret my inability to express the beauty of the original in the translation which I have here attempted.

Mother of mortal being, matchless Eve!
Sole partner of this heart thy beauty blest,
More than for Eden's early loss, I grieve
To close the earth above thy narrow rest:
What now were even Paradise to me,
With all its founts and flowers, bereft of thee?

I cannot blame thee, that thou didst partake
The fatal fruit: it was not thy intent
To tempt my weakness, and much less to break
A righteous law of Heaven, in goodness sent:
Thy love of knowledge, and thy guileless years,
Prompted what thou hast cancelled with thy tears.

When I think o'er again the first sweet hour
I saw thee standing near Euphrates' stream,
And led thee, meekly blushing, to my bower,
The ills that we have felt appear a dream;
So deep and blest the memory of the time
When thou wert faultless, I without a crime.

There's not in this surviving world the meek,
Devoted being thou hast been to me;
Nor, were there, would this heart such solace seek;
It were a dearer lot to mourn for thee,
Till near thy side I seek my native dust,
And wait, with thee, the coming of the Just.

The face of the obelisk opposite that on which this epitaph appears, contains, as the Arab informed me, a basso-relievo representation of a beautiful female, holding a book in one hand, a rose in the other, and with an eye in a partially rolled-up posture. The third side contains in the same relief, the representation of a needle, a distant star, and several pieces of bent plank, drifting about a rock; while on the fourth appears, as in the atmosphere, the resemblance of a barge, with vapor above, and small objects piercing the sides. The inscription, with these representations, settles most conclusively a number of *important* questions, which of late have been greatly mooted by the curious and learned.

First. The inscription shows that Adam lived longer than Eve—how else could he have written her epitaph?—and that consequently it was the original intention of nature that a man should survive his wife.

Second. The inscription shows that Adam did not marry a second time; for he expressly declares it a dearer lot to mourn for his first consort. It would therefore seem that second marriages are contrary to

the original institution of society, if not subversive of a becoming respect for the dead.

Third. The inscription shows that Adam did not cast the responsibility of the fall upon his fair companion; for he does "not blame" her. Hence we may infer the correctness of those theologians who believe, with Dr. Green, that not in Eve's, but—

"In Adam's fall we sinned all."

Fourth. The inscription shows that Adam found a greater happiness in Eve than he lost with Eden; for he grieved more at her loss. Hence the miserable mistake of those who avoid the marriage state; they have neither wife, Eden, nor any thing else!

Fifth. The inscription shows that Adam found Eve lingering by the waters of the Euphrates. Now, as there was nothing to induce or detain her there, aside from some instinctive partialities or aptitudes for that element, it is not improbable that she was originally a native of that stream—a beautiful Naiad of the sparkling wave; hence a clue to the fabled birth of Venus.

Sixth. The inscription shows that Adam was a poet; and as he was without the advantages of an education, possessing nothing that is not common to our simple nature, we may justly infer that every man has, naturally, a certain quantity of poetry in him, which love or grief may at any time call forth.

Seventh. The inscription shows that Arabic, and

not Hebrew, as many have contended, was the original language spoken by man. Now, as every thing in this world tends to a circle, from the bent rainbow to the round globe itself, ever ending where it begins, there is good reason to believe that the universal language to be spoken here, at the consummation of all things, will be Arabic.

Eighth. The book in the hand of the female figure, represented upon the opposite side of the obelisk shows us that the art of *printing* was understood at this early period; while the half-dreaming countenance, the upward cast of the eye, and especially the rose, ever, in oriental lands, the emblem of love, more than intimate that this book was a Novel.

Ninth. The needle, pointing steadily towards the star, as represented on the third side of the obelisk, may have been emblematical of the constancy of Adam's affection for Eve; but the broken planks and spars about the surf-beaten rocks being, doubtless, the remains of a shipwreck, would rather favor the position, that the needle was designed to represent the *mariner's compass;* and that it was placed here, in connection with the wreck, to exhibit its value in the most striking light; just as an engine for extinguishing fire is always advertised in connection with the picture of a building in conflagration. This establishes the fact, that the properties of the polar magnet were well known to Adam; and that, in all probability, our illustrious progenitor was himself a sailor as well as a poet.

Tenth. The elevated and still ascending position of the barge, represented upon the fourth side of the monument, shows that it was designed to navigate the air. The vapor escaping above indicates the presence of steam; while the small cylindrical objects protruding from the pierced sides, have no meaning, unless they represent guns. Hence it is evident that Adam was acquainted with the properties and uses of gunpowder; that he was no stranger to the application of steam to the purposes of navigation; and that, by some principle of balance and buoyancy, unknown to the naval architecture of these times, he was able to move through the atmosphere as we do through the ocean. It is therefore not improbable that he was in constant habits of communication with all the nearer planets; while some of his more adventurous children may have visited worlds now beyond the utmost range of our telescopic vision.

I am aware that the more distrustful reader will receive, with some hesitation, all my statements respecting the discovery and properties of this primitive monument. It may, perhaps, be incumbent on me, if I would secure his implicit confidence, to produce the original. This shall be done as soon as practicable; and, in the mean time, I assure him, there is not, in all I have said, a less scrupulous regard to truth and rational probability than is usual in books of travel, and especially those that treat of antiquities.

I am amazed myself at the discovery. It appears that we are, in these last days of the world, as far short of the aborigines of the earth in practical wisdom, as we are behind them in years. The utmost we can expect is, to recover what has been lost—to make the two ends of time harmoniously meet.

When I think of my own agency in the discovery of this memorial, that but for me it would never have been known beyond the breast of the ignorant Arab; when I think, too, of the change it will bring upon the face of society, of the impulse it will give to those instantaneous convictions which flash beyond all the slow advances of knowledge—the enthusiasm with which it will be spoken of in the circles of the learned—the vitality it will send down among the bones of the antiquarian dead,—when I think of these things, I seem to stand on some eminence, distinguished from my fellow-beings by a destiny all my own—I seem to hear my name everywhere repeated, everywhere dwelt upon with wonder and admiration. Even the tongue of posterity is not silent; the voice of its homage comes up through the depths of time like a pæan from eternity. And well may this homage be rendered; for no discovery that man has yet made can equal mine, save that of Hudibras—

> "That oft a fly, going to bed,
> Sleeps with his tail above his head."

CHAPTER XI.

Rome,—Athens,—Carthage,—what are they?
Spoiled heritage, successive prey;
New nations force their onward way,
And grasp disputed reign:
Thou changest not; thy waters pour
The same wild waves against the shore,
Where liberty had breathed before,
And slavery hugs his chain.

CHÉNENDOLLÉ.

TOWN OF NAPOLI — APPEARANCE OF THE PLACE — GAYETY OF THE INHABITANTS—PAGANINI OF GREECE—ISLAND OF HYDRA—WILDNESS OF ITS FEATURES — HABITS OF THE MEN — COSTUME OF THE LADIES — RELIGIOUS SERVICES ON BOARD SHIP — QUALIFICATIONS OF A CHAPLAIN OF THE NAVY—PASSAGE TO EGINA—SOFTNESS OF ITS SCENERY —TWILIGHT RAMBLE—ASPECT OF THE TOWN—COLLEGE AND MUSEUM —VISIT TO THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER PANHELLENIUS—SITES OF SACRED EDIFICES—ONE'S NATIVE VILLAGE—"MAID OF ATHENS"—OFFICER OF THE GREEK ARMY.

I MUST crave the indulgence of the sober reader for the whims which occasionally visit me. I trust he will not permit these fanciful guests to forfeit me his continued esteem, or weaken the credibility of my narrative. My pen, unworthy as it may be, moves under the eye of many witnesses from whose presence it cannot escape, and from whose verdict there is no appeal. A sentence, whether written in a

spirit of seriousness or satirical levity, must be acquitted or condemned, by the truth which it utters, and the motive which it obeys. Were human nature exempt from vanity, pride, and affectation, there would be little occasion for ridicule, irony, and sarcasm.

And yet it must be confessed that those who resort most frequently to these weapons have, usually, themselves the most reason to dread them. No men are so keen-sighted and successful in detecting certain faults in others, as they who have the same faults themselves. Even the lunatic discovers the mental malady of his new companion. But enough of this: I return to incidents of a fresher reality.

The arrival of our ship in the bay of Napoli was greeted by its inhabitants with many tokens of affectionate regard. They cherish a grateful recollection of the partial relief afforded them by the benevolent of our country in their famishing extremity. This gratitude, at least, evinces that the heart of the Greek is not yet so utterly degenerate as some of his detractors would represent. His sentiments are not of that high, heroic order, that flash through the imagination of those whose conceptions are derived more from the remote past than from the present. He is a versatile, thoughtless, inconsistent being, fond of parade and excitement; and little given to that provident forethought which foregoes a present enjoyment, in the anticipation of a future evil.

It was a gala-day when we arrived, and youth and years were forth, indulging in their rural pastimes. There were the rivalries of horsemanship, and the challenges of the wrestling ring, on the field; the game, the song, and the witty tale, beneath the shaded court of the locanda; while the laughter of girls, gay as when Greece was young, gladdened the cliffs that look upon the sea. How soon a people forget their misfortunes! The rain had yet scarcely washed away the blood that crimsoned the streets of Napoli, and not a flower had grown on the graves of the dead, and yet the survivors were gay and happy, as if sorrow were a fiction, and death a dream!

The most interesting individual we encountered on the shore was a blind musician, celebrated for his skill upon the violin. He was in the centre of a large group, gathered apart from the moving crowd, and listening with riveted attention to his captivating strains. This was itself no slight evidence of his power; for the Greek is of so restless a disposition, that you would suppose it impossible even for an angel's lyre to charm him into more than a momentary quietude.

This blind master of the melodious string is regarded as the Paganini of Greece. He may not equal the Italian in delicacy of execution, but he scarcely falls short of him in compass, force, and distinctness of expression. Though homeless, friendless, and blind, he was to me more an object of envy than

pity: his musical gifts would reconcile me to most of the calamities which afflict our outward condition.

How singularly nature atones for her bereavements! If she takes away one sense, she quickens another: if she deprives us of our hearing, she enables us, by an improved power of vision, to gather from the motion of the lips, the expression of the face, and the gesture of the hand, the meaning of our friend, and to return our own through signs little less rapid and intelligible than those of speech. Or if she veils one eye, she proportionably strengthens the other; or if she wraps both in night, she renders our touch so delicate, that we can even detect by it the difference of colors; and she makes the ear so acute that it can catch even the fine and subtle harmonies which float from an insect's wing.

And then, as in the case of this blind minstrel, she will sometimes confer upon the bereaved a power over the magic of sweet sounds, which no education can impart; or, as in the case of Ilium's heroic bard, and of him whose thoughts wandered back to Paradise, she appears only to close the eye to this outward world, that she may render more vivid and intense the colorings and developments of that within. She casts a veil over her own works, that she may lift a curtain which reveals mysteries of a higher order, creations of a less perishable mould.

Napoli is rapidly recovering from the disasters of the revolution: wide and convenient streets are

taking the place of narrow, choked-up lanes; the commodious dwelling is rising on the ruins of the hovel; the shops are extensively supplied with articles of foreign and domestic fabric; the market abounds with the substantials of the table; and a number of elementary schools have been established, in connection with a liberally endowed institution, for the higher branches of education. These evidences of enterprise, of intellectual and moral improvement, attest the value of the fostering care once extended to them by Capo d'Istrias, and form a redeeming feature in the aspect of that despotical rule which shortened his days and cast a blot upon his memory.

Leaving Napoli under a light land breeze, we came to Hydra, a small rocky island, shooting up in towering wildness from the sea, and appearing as if it had risen there only to be a stern sentinel over the Ægean. Its history is in keeping with its uncompromising looks; for, when Turkish vengeance had covered every neighboring isle and shore with dismay, Hydra perseveringly maintained its self-relying confidence, and became the refuge of freedom, the rallying post of the brave.

The Ottoman squadrons, filled with burning threats, would come sweeping down through the "Archies" with a demonstration of force which, apparently, nothing could withstand; yet, when Hydra showed its castled crags, they were off, as one who has already

come too near the jungle of the lion. From its small, but well-protected anchorage, the little fleet of Miaulis frequently went out to strike consternation through the overwhelming strength of its adversaries, and show the superiority of valor, nerved by patriotism, over the bustling pretensions of tyranny. Thus it will ever be with men resolutely contending for their rights: they may, perhaps, experience many reverses, but, ultimately, they must prevail.

> "For Freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

The town of Hydra is not less singular in its position and aspect, than the island itself. It ascends so steeply from the quay that the streets are necessarily cut into a regular series of steps, and you mount to the top as you reach the belvidere of a mansion. No enemy would be able to climb the summit, while a rock remained there to be loosened from its position, for it would sweep down with a destructive force that never yet accompanied ball or boom on its burning path.

The dwellings, which are extremely white, stand out in bold and beautiful relief from their dark and precipitous background: they are universally well constructed, and not a few of them possess something of the stateliness and splendor of palaces. Among these, first and foremost, must be ranked the mansion of Conduriotti, which stands upon a lofty table-rock,

of sufficient surface to afford space for a small court and a slight parterre.

We were introduced to it by the worthy possessor, a man highly esteemed for his public virtues and private worth. He is a living evidence, among a multitude that might be named, that the heart of the Greek is yet capable of the most generous and devoted sentiments. Though the success of the revolution could by no possibility promote his personal interests, yet he cheerfully furnished eight or ten ships in aid of its cause, well armed, and manned by Albanian courage and skill.

Our limited time would not permit us to avail ourselves of his intended hospitality, or even indulge those lingering feelings which we experienced in turning away from his two beautiful daughters. They were just at that age when a parting glance will awaken even in the stranger an emotion of affection and regret. Why this emotion should exist towards one whom we never met before, and may never meet again, and with whom only a few broken sentences have been exchanged, is a question that I can never satisfactorily explain.

There must be some mysterious chord of sympathy in our nature, so sensitive to youth and beauty that a word or look may make it thrill. We do not experience this towards childhood, or those whose years are greatly in the advance of our own; it is sacred to those who have just reached that period of life when

the heart becomes more devotedly earnest, when every thought, feeling, and sensation have the greatest freshness and depth, when every impulse that would seek concealment is timidly betrayed, and is full of soul.

I never leave one of these sweet beings, however brief the acquaintance, under the expectation of never meeting her again, without a sentiment of mingled love and sadness. The less susceptible reader may perhaps be disposed to treat this declaration with satirical levity; but I can assure him that he who has never had these feelings, is a stranger to the most refined sensibilities of our nature, and has never yet experienced the most delicate sorrows and enjoyments of life.

The costume of the Hydriot ladies would not exactly suit the taste of our more fashionable fair ones. It consists of a green silk petticoat, very deeply plaited, and falling not so low as to embarrass the light foot, or wholly conceal the well-turned ankle. This is met at the lowest and narrowest point of the waist by a spencer of the same material, but of a dark chestnut hue, richly embroidered in front, and fastened with double rows of pearl buttons up to the breast, where it rolls open towards each shoulder with a full and graceful curve, leaving the white elastic muslin of the chemisette to conceal the swelling outline of the bosom. The hair, always black and of glossy length, is rolled round the head, and

tastefully interlaced with the folds of a jewelled turban.

There are no stays in this dress, no stiffenings, no supplements or invasions, even at the bosom, upon the endowments and positions of nature; yet one of our laced ladies, whose heart never beats, except against a barrier of steel, would predict, that if put into this dress, she would inevitably fall to pieces. I wish she would make the experiment, and I pledge myself, if such should be the disastrous result, to gather up all the delicate fragments, and with the skill of a Medea reconstruct her with a more perfect symmetry, youth, and beauty.

If this be not a sufficient inducement, I promise her, in the loveliness of her fresh organization, the highest encouragement a bachelor can offer. Yet, strange to say, ladies usually regard even this proposal merely as a compliment due to their sex, or they coolly speculate upon it as an additional claim to the attention of others; while he, broken in heart and hope, is perhaps seeking the solitary wood, gazing at the melancholy stars, or shedding his tears, with the drops of night, into the silent bosom of the flowers.

The Hydriot men are uncommonly well-formed, tall and athletic, while every look and motion betray the wild spirit of their mountain birth. Their dress, combining the freedom of the Asiatic with the chaste convenience of the European costume, sets off

their form to the best advantage. There is nothing they are so solicitous about as their personal appearance: here rests no small portion of their pride and ambition; even their notions of liberty derive their shape and fire from the physical degradation they connect with a state of slavery.

They solicit no benefactions from the stranger, and would not accept them if proffered; they rely upon their own strong arms and enterprising spirit for the means of subsistence. They cannot wrench this from the naked rocks of their isle, and consequently take to the sea—that great element, which ever yields up its choicest treasures to the most skilful and daring.

Here, it is said, they sometimes use their trusty blades in piratical adventures against the growing insolence of wealth and power. In this they merely imitate nations, who differ from them only as they conduct their operations on a larger scale: they act upon the same principle that now moves all Europe, and has for centuries past; a principle, Christianly called a preservation of the balance of power, but which, in reality, means little else than an assumed right to plunder and humble those who are becoming too rich, and consequently too strong.

The French are ready to march their armies into Russia; and why? because she massacred the Poles? Not simply that; but because she is extending her limits further than they wish to have her; she is building a house of larger dimensions than their

own: therefore they determine to pull it down, or, at least, knock away some of its stretching wings. Jealousy is at the bottom of this; or, if you like that term better, a garnishing plea for taking spoils; for taking them, too, without the instigations of poverty; whereas a Greek is generally forced into his predatory conduct by the pressure of want. Yet, we applaud in the one case, and hang in the other!

Let us be consistent. If we allow monarchs and nations to plunder whom they please; if we allow a Bonaparte to rifle one half the world, and fill the whole with the splendors of his name, why pursue, with such unforgiving rage, a poor Hydriot, who merely seeks in this form to secure bread for his starving children? Away with such blind partialities and invidious distinctions; there is neither justice, humanity, nor good sense in them. What is morally right in a prince, is so in a peasant: conduct that is just among the courts and armies of central Europe, cannot be otherwise among the rocks and corsairs of the Ægean Sea. But to return from this piratical episode.

Another Sabbath had dawned, bringing with it, not only a bright sky, a temporary quietude, but an opportunity of more publicly confessing our indebtedness to that great and good Being whose mercy is over all his works. The men, cleanly apparelled, were called to the quarter-deck of the ship; the band played Old Hundred, with all its sacred and

endearing associations; prayers were offered, a portion of the Scriptures read, and a short discourse delivered by the chaplain.

'Whatever may be said of the manner in which these services of the Sabbath were performed, they were ever listened to with a serious, attentive disposition; no officer manifesting a spirit of impatience, or absenting himself under any assumed excuses; and Capt. Read, the commander of the ship, ever affording, in his own presence, the best evidence of the light in which he viewed these services. And if, on these occasions, the tone of moral and religious sentiment was strengthened, bad habits checked, and good resolutions fortified, the objects of the chaplain were not wholly lost.

Could those who are prone to regard as futile all efforts to improve the moral condition of seamen, be present at some of our services, they would, at least, discover a degree of attention, and a solemnity of manner that would not disparage the most devout assemblage of the sanctuary.

They who connect the services of a chaplain in the navy exclusively with the concerns that await us after death, who sever from his sphere of effort all the relations of time, and send him among the shadows of the grave and the dim twilight of a futurity, do not recognize the full duties of his office. Though the soul were to perish with the body, yet it would be scarcely less important to the country that those

who go down upon the "great water," and form the links of communication between us and foreign nations, should be men who may commend the moral worth of that nation which they thus virtually represent. Even the most thorough skeptic in religion cannot, therefore, dispense with those lessons which it is the duty of every chaplain to inculcate.

There is no situation more wretched and unprofitable, than that of a chaplain without the friendship and confidence of his associates, and few more inspiring than that of one whom all can esteem, and none reproach. He should, undoubtedly, have a thorough knowledge of human nature. He encounters a vast variety of character, and must, when it can be done without a sacrifice of principle, accommodate himself to the tastes, habits, and dispositions of those around him.

He should be able to discover, at a glance, the manner in which different men are to be approached, and not endeavor to *force* his way to their hearts over those obstacles which an unfortunate education or untoward habits of life have cast around them. He must not be too refined and subtle for the rude conceptions of the sailor, nor too abrupt and uncultivated for the more learned and polished officer. He must not be too unceremonious and compromising for those who regard with reverence the sacred symbols of his office, nor too sanctimonious for those who respect less the forms than the substance of religion.

To escape these errors, and accomplish the good intended, nothing is more indispensable than a thorough knowledge of mankind.

He should also be a man of decided talent and finished education. The great principles of morality and religion, and the duties which grow out of our relations to God and our country, are obviously too momentous to be intrusted to weak or ignorant hands. Moral virtue is the basis of national as well as individual happiness and honor. But this great truth, lying at the foundation of public and private worth, sustaining all that is noble and excellent in man, and inseparable from his present peace and future hopes, needs, nevertheless, to be advocated, to be enforced, by those who are able to comprehend its sublime nature, and secure for it a living and practical respect among men.

He should also be a man of consistent piety; for, however deep may be his insight into human nature, and however eminent he may be for talents and learning, yet, without this sacred qualification, his services would be little less than a solemn mockery. No class of men are more quick-sighted in detecting character, than those connected with the navy; and none, with all their generosity, less tolerant of an assumed character. While they deeply respect a sincerely devout man, they regard, with utter detestation, that religion which is made an article of convenience. They will not listen to a man who does

not practise what he inculcates; who does not manifest, in his conduct, the sincerity of his profes sions.

His piety should not be of a distant, austere character, but of a warm, generous, and social cast. It should be a piety, full of benevolence and forbearance; not disposed to cavil, but ever ready to advocate those higher and holier principles which have their foundation in the human conscience. It should be his object, not so much to hunt up delinquencies, as to correct their source; not so much to oppose a temporary barrier to the threatening stream, as to reduce the secret springs which supply the fountain-head.

A man possessing this knowledge of human nature, with a mind vigorous and cultivated, and a piety ardent, social, and tolerant, must be useful as a chaplain in the navy. His services will have not only a tendency to promote a sense of man's higher responsibilities, but to deepen that respect and deference which are due to the wholesome rules and regulations of the navy: they will, in a measure, divest the severe discipline of a ship of its arbitrary cast, and shed over it that more conciliating aspect which is connected with social and moral obligations.

There is no obedience so prompt and willing as that which flows from the higher sentiments of our nature; and it is evidently the tendency of a chaplain's instructions to quicken and sustain these senti-

ments. A chaplain is the only commissioned officer on board that does not speak in the language of implicit authority. It is his province to reason men into what is right, and to dissuade them from what is wrong. He appeals to motives, to conscience, and sober judgment. He thus relieves, in a measure, an absolute authority of what is odious, and an unquestioning submission of what is degrading. His instructions form a medium where these extremes meet, and are vested in a reasonableness and moral necessity.

In these remarks, I am only echoing the sentiments of every humane and considerate man who is acquainted with the habits and dispositions of seamen. A deep interest in their behalf has of late expressed itself in efficient action. The American Seamen's Friend Society has risen with a majesty, zeal, and energy, equalled only by the purity and benevolence of its intentions. The effect has been the adoption of measures eminently calculated to improve their condition and prolong their usefulness.

The Bethel Flag now floats, through the quiet Sabbath, over thousands that would otherwise be revelling in the haunts of dissipation and crime. It is just and becoming in the Government to countenance and sustain these efforts of philanthropy; the result will be more efficient seamen, an increase of individual happiness at home, and national honor abroad.

The evening came sweetly in, as we weighed an-

chor from Hydra, and spread our canvas to a light breeze that soon died away, leaving us becalmed at a short distance from the harbor. I never knew an inland lake, in the silence of a summer's eve, so still and waveless as the waters lay around us that night. They had that deep composure, that death-like tranquillity, which the melancholy mind of a sculptor sheds over his breathless creations. But the aspect of the town would at intervals lift our eyes from this ocean-grave. Its white dwellings, gleaming in the clear moonlight from their steep position, shone like the waves of an Alpine torrent frozen in their wild leap.

The morning at length came, and brought with it a breeze that took us past Paros, on our way to Egina, without affording us a visit to the temple of Neptune, which there still stands like a divinity in ruins. This, I think, was in extremely bad taste; for, being ourselves sailors, we might at least have paid the homage of a passing glance to that shrine to which the eye of the ancient mariner, in triumph, peril, and death, was ever turned.

But the Trident, and he who shook it over the obedient ocean, have passed away: the reverence and trust of mankind have also passed; and now even the altar and fane crumble to the earth, unmourned, save by the wind which, more constant than man, still sighs among its broken columns. All have perished like that pyramid of fame which

ambition rears to its memory, and which posterity forgets.

The breeze to which the morning had given birth, continued faintly to fan us on, till we let go our anchor on the bright and beautiful shore of Egina. The face of this sweet isle is at perfect contrast with that of Hydra; no barren steeps, no thunder-scarred cliffs disfigure it; it smiles up from the caressing wave, with a warm sunny aspect. It is just such a spot as Love would seek, flying with its cherished treasure from the tumult and strife of the world. The happy pair would here find all outward objects harmonizing with the hue and shape of their quiet, devoted feelings.

Even the early sun, which usually puts on too fierce a look of flame, here comes up out of the eastern waters with that softened splendor which cannot pain the most delicate eye. Its light is full of strength, but it is mellowed down from a dazzling effulgence, into a milder richness and depth. The happy pair would find, too, the music of the early birds, instead of breaking on them with the abruptness of a bursting orchestra, softly stealing upon their waking sense, and bearing their spirits up with its gradually increasing and swelling harmony.

This, you will say, is fancy: it was not so to me on waking from a night's repose in a green valley which occupies the centre of this small island; and in which this pair might find a still deeper seclusion;

and where they might wander, discourse, or braid their flowers, beneath the commingling shade of the olive, almond, myrtle, and oleander. I have seen many valleys justly celebrated for their verdure and fragrant shade; but I have seen none that can vie with this, in composure, freshness, and picturesque beauty. There is nothing in it which reminds you of the stiff lines and formalities which ever accompany the works of man: every thing in it and about it is easy, varied, and possessed of hidden charms, that seem unintentionally to betray themselves to notice, just like the virtues of one's own love.

But of the whole island, perhaps, its shore, especially at twilight, may be considered as the most enchanting. Here, at that still hour when daylight melts into the softer hues of evening, the unwearied pair might wander without a fear, without a care, without a thought, save what should spring from their mutual affection. There would be no jealous eyes to circumscribe their steps, no censorious tongue to mar their peace, no obtrusive curiosity to create distrust; they might gather the shining pebbles, wander on, or linger, as each gentle impulse suggested.

There would be above them the radiant night, with its dewy stars and separate clouds afloat, as islands in a golden atmosphere; there would be before them the slumbering ocean, with a dream of the full heaven upon its face; there would be about them the

glittering sands and shells of the broad beach, with the dirge of the dying wave on their ear; and they would be to each other as if there were no beings in the world besides; and they would feel the full force of that encircling fondness which would blend heart with heart, and life with life. Oh! ye who seek the delights of a reciprocal affection among the heartless professions of the gay saloon, come to this sweet isle of Egina; wander through its shades, and along its star-light shore! An hour's communion here, even with the imaginary being that dwells so warmly in your fancy, were worth an age of such affected devotedness and truth.

The first object that attracts the eye of the mariner on approaching the town of Egina, is a solitary column of the temple of Venus. It stands there like the last representative of a ruined race. It is a beautiful beacon, and dates up the lapse of time to a period when the ocean-wanderer had no light, on mound or cliff, to guide his devious barque, unless it were the watch-fire which love had kindled.

The town, occupying the site of the ancient city, created an agreeable surprise, by the neatness of its dwellings, its airy streets, convenient quay, compact harbor, and above all, its orphan asylum, constructed on a scale of munificent liberality. Here five or six hundred boys, whose fathers perished in the struggles of their country, are not only rescued from the disastrous effects of utter destitution, but are receiving the

elements of an education that may one day raise them to stations of influence and honorable fame.

The institution is graced with an extensive library, selected with classical taste; and a cabinet, embracing among other objects of curiosity, several choice specimens of ancient sculpture. Among these, a statue of Cytherea's peerless queen particularly engages the eye. Her personal charms are chiselled forth with touching effect. You fondly trace the symmetrical proportions up to the curve of the neck; and there, like one who has heard only half the response of the oracle, are left to conjecture; for the head, alas! is gone. Probably some Turk knocked it off for a temporary seat. I fancy I can now see the turbaned barbarian sitting upon it, twirling his rosary, or smoking his pipe, composedly as if it were some shapeless stone from the common earth or worthless wall.

It would seem as if this world, so far from advancing harmoniously, as a whole, towards some high state of intellectual and moral perfection, is ever to be fatally retarded by the intractable perverseness of some of its elements. If one nation, by any superiority of genius, or a wiser application of its powers, strikes forward in advance of the rest, there is sure to be another close upon its track; not to rival or surpass it, in its career of improvement, but to trammel its limbs, diminish its trophies, and drag it back to its pristine weakness and obscurity.

Thus perished Egypt, Greece, and Rome; and thus will eventually perish the pride and hopes of the most aspiring nation upon earth. What the great world has been, it now is, and will essentially continue to be, till the bitterness of its curse is cancelled in its final extinction. No! religion can exalt it, and will: Christ has not died in vain!

Perhaps the solemn and the ludicrous, the chaste and the grotesque, were never found in closer connection than they were in our visit to the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. We were mounted on jacks, the most stupid animal alive, with a knotted rope for a bridle, two bits of board, uniting in a sharp ridge, for a saddle, and goading our way onward to a relic sanctified by genius, time, and death! It was like an Esquimaux, in the slouching skins of his polar clime, coming to pay his adorations to a Venus of Praxiteles.

The heart of the island through which we passed was full of varied beauty, but the most expressive charms were lost upon us, for as soon as an emotion of delicate delight began to diffuse itself over the mind, one of our graceless animals was sure to set up a bray, which seemed to be a signal for the rest to strike in; and such a chorus of dying and distressing cadences as they all produced, was never before heard in or out of Greece. There is something in the braying of this brute that sets my whole nervous system in a shake. He begins at the very top of his

whistle, and then, as if overstraining in an effort to heighten the pitch, breaks down through an agonistical succession of abortive efforts, till he finally drops his ears, as if ashamed himself of his utter failure! He is just such an animal as a young man should ride home on, after having confidently addressed a young lady, and received her absolute refusal! I think he must have been especially intended for the use of those, who are thus taken all aback in their matrimonial enterprise.

Passing by the old Venetian capital, hung around the apex of a high conical mountain, we came to the Panhellenian Temple, which occupies itself an elevated position, commanding a view of the sea on both sides of the island. The location was eminently happy; so were all the selections made by the Greeks as the site of their sacred fanes. They fixed upon some conspicuous, unfamiliar spot, one to which the eye of the distant pilgrim might turn without an intervening object to break the vision, or darken his devotional faith.

I am not singular in my predilection for separate and elevated positions as the site of religious edifices. A sanctuary in the depth of a village is ever encroached upon, and made to partake of the secular character belonging to its busy neighborhood. But situated apart upon some gracefully swelling hill, it seems to stand above the noise and prattle of the street, the contentions of the mart, the aims of mi-

serly ambition, pointing to heaven and leading itself the way.

The last thing to fade from my memory will be the simple, unpretending church, which, standing sacredly by itself, overlooks the green hamlet where I was born, casting the twilight shadow of its spire beyond the last closed grave, and bearing its chanticlerical vane as true to the course of the wind as a needle to its pole. Then there was the good pastor, reverently dressed in black, but indicating more in his deportment than in his attire, the sacredness of his calling: with a countenance sober, yet full of kind, endearing sentiment; with a word on his lips that would reprove sin, without exciting anger, and encourage piety, without creating presumption.

As he crossed my father's threshold, we were instinctively called in from our sports; when, taking each upon his knee, that now trembled with age, he would connect with our pastimes, of which he always spoke, some thought that would look earnestly up, as if in anticipation of less perishable delights. Then blessing us, he would bid us remember our Creator in the days of our youth. My mother's eyes would fill with tears as he spoke, and my father, at his parting, would press him to repeat more frequently his paternal visits. These were moments inadequately appreciated then, but God grant they be the very last to which I may become indifferent. The lessons of early piety, unlike all other elementary in-

structions, lose none of their value in their gathering years.

But I have quite forgotten the temple that enticed our steps into this section of the island. It is the most ancient monument in Greece that can be found in so high a state of preservation. Twenty-three of its thirty-six columns, surmounted by their architrave, are still standing. They are cut from a light free-stone, indigenous to the soil; and though so soft as scarcely to impede an instrument more than the porous substance of the forest tree, yet they have preserved their erect posture and delicate outline through a lapse of years, in which the structures of impervious marble have crumbled.

A shepherd's boy led us to this ruin: no human habitation rises near it; no other remains dispute its pre-eminence, or divide the stranger's gaze; it stands alone in melancholy grandeur, as the sole relic and representation of a race whose habitations have perished, whose very graves are forgotten! The day will come when this, too, must pass away; for Time bears down to the dust slowly, but inevitably, man and all his memorials. The great Author of nature only survives, and such of his works as he has stamped with a portion of his own immortality. This seal he has graciously set upon our spirits: death may destroy these cherished forms, but this divine image and superscription will remain unbroken. I return to other themes.

The deepest charm of which Egina, with all its beauties can boast, is in the presence of one poetically known to the reader as the "Maid of Athens." She resides in a little cottage, in the borders of the village, with every thing around her mildly partaking of the romance sprinkled through her history. In her person she is slightly formed, hardly reaching the medium stature, and yet presenting all the graces of a rich symmetry. A very small foot and hand give a lightness to her attitude and motions; while a deep blue eye sheds softness over the expressive and delicately harmonized features of her face.

Her dress is simple and native, betraying no vanity or even solicitude, if you except the care with which the glossy fulness of dark hair is made to assume the beautiful form of the turban. The bridal flowers which once adorned those locks, have now been often renewed from the blossoming gifts of the year. The bloom and vivacity which once colored in her cheeks, and gave a childlike sprightliness to her manner, though still at times half surviving and betrayed, have yielded to a paler aspect, and a more subdued air. Her countenance, which appears to reveal the undisguised flow of her feelings, has a mingled expression of diffidence, tenderness, and sorrow.

You would think, from her look, that some portion of her life had been darkly overcast; that some hope fondly cherished had been broken; or that some memory clung to her heart, still pointing to one that

had now passed beyond the reach of her sympathy, and a perception of her grief. Yet there is a tone of cheerfulness in her conversation, a playfulness in her fancy, that leads you at times half to doubt if there be any permanent weight upon the delicate wings of her spirit.

In speaking, she becomes instantly animated; her eye dilates, her countenance lightens up, her voice, without losing any of its sweetness, becomes more assured, every look and tone is full of soul; when suddenly, as if some thought to which you are a stranger had swept through her breast, she appears to struggle between a current of emotions wholly new, and those to which she had partially given utterance. And yet, the blushing delicacy with which she escapes from this momentary embarrassment, touches you more than the most eloquently turned period.

I do not wonder that one so alive to beauty and the romance of sentiment, as Byron, should have breathed with deep grief and love his final adieu to the Maid of Athens. If so youthful and attractive in the summer of life, what must she have been among the buds and mysteries of its May? If her eye still swims in its melting beam, how soul-inspiring must have been its light, when that brow was yet unshaded by care, and that heart unacquainted with the coldness and hypocrisy of the world!

I have ever lamented the blind necessity which so

early separated the minstrel and her who drew forth his most tender and impassioned lays. Beings so congenial in their sympathies, impulses, and desires; so alike in their tastes, pleasures, and susceptibilities, should have met but once, and then never to have parted. He, perhaps, would have experienced, of the two, the more benign and salutary effects from their union. Her devotedness, forbearance, gentleness, and truth, without contravening his disposition, or coercing his freedom, would have twined him forever to her heart. Her empire over his affections would have been entire, yet soft and untroubled as the spreading moonlight over the bosom of the hushed lake.

But they were not thus to be united; it was for him to wander on, to encounter strange and familiar faces, to be falsely allied, to seek again the scene of his former exile, to bind the wreath of his lyre upon his sword, and flashing it in the eye of exulting Greece, drop into an untimely grave! He sunk alone; but, like a resplendent star, that kindles with its own effulgence the clouds that would darken its descent. She, the object of his early fondness, was not there to witness his departure; but she heard, through the forest tops of her distant isle, the moaning winds conveying onward the sighs of a dismayed nation, the regrets of a bereaved world!

I have parted with few places, after so brief an

acquaintance, with so much regret as Egina. It is so unlike the islands that rudely rend the bosom of the sea,—so soft in its outlines—so brightly beautiful in its full face—so removed from the strife and turmoil which agitate the great world,—that I watched its receding shore as the captive dreamer pursues the fleeting vision of his slumber, and wakes again to his dungeon and his chain!

If any thing so lovely as this can have survived the convulsions that have rent and disfigured the globe—if any thing so truly fair can have escaped the blighting effects of the fall—what must that "land of promise" be, where no such disasters have come, and where no sin has cast the taint of its shadow!—that land which awaits the good when they shall have crossed the Jordan of death! Happy he who has a title to an inheritance there; the ills that may afflict him here will only render more dear the anticipated possession, and even the last stern messenger will come without his wand of dismay.

Before leaving Egina, we visited the Beacon Cliff, which an incident connected with the late revolution has invested with a melancholy interest. A young officer attached to the Greek forces, which were to make, the next morning, a decisive and desperate attack on the enemy, for the relief of the citadel of Athens, had come over from the main land to Egina the day previous, to be for a few

hours with that young devoted being who, next to his country, had the largest share of his hopes and affections. She accompanied him, on his return, to this cliff, where he lingered long and devotedly at her side.

The sun's last ray had lit the cliff
On which the warrior stood:
What star shall rise to light his skiff
Across the faithless flood!
For he must ride the darkened wave,
And, ere the morrow's light,
Be foremost of the few and brave
That gather in the fight.

But these were words that had no dread
For that young warrior's breast;
He had been where each burning tread
His sabre's strength impressed.
It was not fear of death that swayed
In this dark hour of grief;
No lingering love of life delayed
The young heroic chief.

But there was one, whose pleading eyes,
Whose speechless tenderness,
Betrayed the yearning strength of ties
Her lips might scarce confess;
She clung around him, as the vine
That, trembling in the storm,
Will nearer come, and closer twine
To that which lifts its form.

Another pledge—a last embrace!
He hastens down the steep:

Say, will that gallant youth retrace
His footsteps from the deep?
There is a maid on that high cliff,
Whose watch-fires never wane;
But, ah! they burn to light a skiff
That never comes again!

CHAPTER XII.

"Through Grecia's plains, with silent tread,
I wandered, and, on every side,
O'er all the glorious soil, I read
The nothingness of human pride.
Where reared the Capitol its brow,
Entranced I gazed on desert glades,
And saw the tangled herbage grow,
And brambles crawl o'er crushed arcades."

FIRST VIEW OF ATHENS—STRAITS OF SALAMIS—STRAND OF THE PIRÆUS — TEMPLE OF THESEUS — MARS HILL — PAUL BEFORE THE PHILOSOPHERS OF GREECE—PRISON OF SOCRATES—MALTESE HOTEL—TESTY TRAVELLERS — STREETS AND DWELLINGS OF THE MODERN TOWN — SCHOOLS OF THE MISSIONARIES.

The Acropolis of Athens, crowned with its white and gleaming temples, now became the beacon of our course. We saw it through our glasses, and held our helm to its bearing, steadily and almost enthusiastically, as the mariner was wont two thousand years ago. How must his eye have kindled, and his heart swelled within him, as the peerless Parthenon broke slowly upon his steadfast vision!

And is this Athens? Are these the monuments of Pericles, the triumphs of Phidias? Was it here that Socrates and Plato discoursed of the human soul? that Eschylus strung the tragic lyre, and the

daring denouncer of Philip poured the thunders of his eloquence? Was it by these streams that Praxiteles encountered the original of that statue which enchants the world? Are these the mountains to which the eyes of those who fell at Marathon were turned? Was it to this spot that the proud Roman came on his pilgrimage of veneration and grief? And was it here that the great Apostle proclaimed the mysteries of his faith? These and a thousand other impassioned inquiries rush on the mind at the sight of Athens.

We let go our anchor close to the shore of Salamis; through the very wave that was once crimsoned with the bravest blood of Persia. The Eastern despot, as he watched from his rocky throne the breaking light of that eventful day, believed that its evening shadows would close over the breathless corse of Greece. Nor was his confidence without a reasonable foundation; for, if numbers could have prevailed against the courage of despair, his desolating hopes would have been realized.

But Themistocles and his dauntless associates had determined not to survive that conflict, or survive it in the ruin of the oppressor. They provided no escape; they left for themselves no refuge; triumph or death was on each lip, and in each arm. And when the sun went down, it left no cliff darker than the fallen countenance of Xerxes. But the victors and the vanquished have now alike passed away;

the rock retains no trace of the imperial throne; and the marble mound which sanctified the hero's dust, has been washed away by the perpetual wave.

The silence of the shore is broken only by the complaining billow, and the shriek of the sea-bird, hovering over some relic of corruption. To stand here, where millions once thronged, to gaze upon the same objects which once fixed their eyes, and filled their breasts with exultation, and to find no trace of their existence remaining, makes the heart sink back upon itself in bereaving despair. It is like a naked echo returned through the voiceless solitude of a cavern. Were it possible for one to return to this earth, after the desolations of the last day have passed over it, he would invoke even death as a refuge from recollection and reality.

But though the shore lay untrod, and the harbor of the Piræus, through which we were now passing in our boat, slumbered, with scarce an oar to break its rest, yet busy memory would still keep recalling the time when a thousand keels pressed this strand; when the welcome and farewell broke from countless lips; when the ships of battle and of commerce mingled here the harvest of their enterprise and valor; and when the city to which we were bending our steps, sent out on either hand to the tributary sea its lofty and impregnable walls.

Passing through an extended grove of the olive and fig-tree, over a plain rich in soil and neglected

in cultivation, over the obliterated graves of men whose memories have survived their monuments,—we entered a part of the town broken into open spaces, and found ourselves, as if borne from our anchorage upon some stream of the closest associations, beneath the Theseum—a temple erected in commemoration of the eventful victory gained over the pride of Persia on that very wave over which our flag was flying. We had come from the spot where the patriot nobly perilled his life, as if to witness the immortality which genius conferred upon his devoted conduct.

The architectural characteristics of this temple are in sober harmony with the solemnity of the worship of which it was the shrine, and with the sacredness of that remembrance due to departed worth. No ambitious, fantastic display of ornaments impairs its entire impressiveness: it stands with self-relying composure, in the pure Doric order, simple, massive, and majestic. Its material was not unworthy its purpose, or the perfection of its design; for the finest Parian marble prevails throughout; and so resisting has it been to the corrosive touch of time, that only the sombre tinge of years is apparent upon its form; except in one of its angular columns, which the lightning has visited, and where it has left the traces of its scorching energy.

The frieze on which the achievements of the hero whose name the sacred edifice bears, are successively

represented in beautiful sculpture, is still nearly entire. It was too high for the reach of the casual visitor, and too difficult of access for the cupidity of the indolent Turk; and to these it is indebted, more than to any sentiments of reverence, for its inviolability.

You gaze on this temple without any ravishing amazement or electrical emotion; yet on attempting to leave it, you turn round at every step to take another parting look, till at last you resolve to retrace your steps, and come again into its full presence. You feel irresistibly attracted, chained to the spot; and yet if asked by one, strangely destitute of this gift of perception, what there is in the object of your regard that so deeply charms, you could give no satisfactory, or perhaps intelligible answer. You could not point to this or that feature, or give a pre-eminence to any particular combination, without, in your opinion, doing injustice to the indescribable impression which it has produced as a harmonious whole.

You are as free of separate and detached emotion as a sculptor in the presence of the animated countenance and richly endowed form of the sweet being selected as the model of his Cytherean statue. It is not the eye, the lip, or brow, the small ankle, or graceful waist, that he lingers upon; it is the symmetry, life, and perfection of the whole, that fixes his eye, and makes his hand unsteady.

But I must now break away from this most excelling relic of Grecian taste and skill. It has long survived the worship of the imaginary divinity to whom it was dedicated, passed to the quiet possession of the Christian, been forced again into the service of the false Prophet, and has reverted once more to the follower of the Cross; and long may the voice of grateful prayer be heard within the veil of its sanctified beauty.

Proceeding on in the direction of the Acropolis, through a line slightly inclining to the right, we ascended the Hill of Mars; where the most learned and venerable court in Athens held its sessions; and where Paul, under color of an altar inscribed, "To the unknown God," disclosed the supreme attributes of Him "in whom we live, move, and have our being."

The appearance of the Apostle before this august assembly involved an exhibition of moral courage that has seldom been equalled, and, perhaps, never surpassed in the history of our race. He was in the presence of the statesmen, philosophers, orators, and poets of the most intellectual and refined nation upon earth. He was there to humor no popular sect, to flatter no national vanity, to move upon no springs of ambition or future fame. He was there to unfold, to fortify, and rivet upon the judgment and conscience of his enlightened auditory, doctrines at variance with every previous conviction and present

impulse; doctrines totally subversive of that faith in which they were born—in which their fathers died, and which they wished to bequeath to their offspring.

He had no splendid and imposing forms of worship, or mythological mysteries, to aid his arguments, or conciliate the pride of his audience. He had no temples, statues, or altars to substitute for those which he would make desolate. He had no divinities peopling each hill, and vale, and grove, and fount, to take the places of those whom he disclaimed. He had only the pure abstract conception of the one supreme, holy, and self-existing God; his universal providence, and man's final accountability.

He delivered his message as one raised by his mighty theme above the frown or the commendation of his hearers. He was too clear and discriminating for the subtle sneer; too earnest and impressive for the skeptical jest, and too cogent and massive in thought for the dialectical evasion. And though no corresponding results were immediately obvious, yet convictions were planted there which struck at length into the very heart of Greece; and which finally enthroned a forsaken God upon the affections and allegiance of a repentant nation.

Leaving Mars Hill, which has now little that can interest the stranger, independent of its historic associations, we wandered to the prison of Socrates, a cave cut in the steep face of a rocky elevation that

rises between the Acropolis and the sea. The cavern is small, low, and gloomy; its shadows relieved only by a few scattered rays that struggle through the thick foliage of the olives which shade the entrance; and even these few rays seem pale and tremulous, as if conscious of revealing some spot of ingratitude and guilt.

It was here that this sublime sage spent the last thirty days of his life, under sentence of death for having discovered, without the lights of revelation, some of those sublime truths which embrace the divine attributes and man's highest dignity. These dark walls may indeed have confined his person, but not that

> Intellectual being,
> Those thoughts that wandered through eternity.

Cato watched their flight; and when he from whom they sprung was under the darkness of the grave, gazed at their brightness, as the benighted pilgrim watches, on the evening cloud, the lingering light of the departed sun. There was a patience, a meekness, and forgiving magnanimity in the death of this martyr to truth, to which no heart can be wholly insensible.

I wonder not that the servant, in reluctant obedience to orders, wept as he handed him the fatal hemlock; and that the disciples of the philosopher, in the energy of their veneration and grief, resembled the followers of Him who closed, on the cross, his

mission of love. The most sublime spectacle in the world is a powerful mind vindicating truth in the presence of its foes, and a martyr calmly sealing his faith with his blood.

Leaving the prison, we descended through masses of modern ruins and ancient remains, to the locanda, kept by a Maltese, where we found accommodations not remarkably elegant or ample, but sufficiently so to meet every actual want. One accustomed to the hardships and privations of a sea life is not apt to be troublesomely fastidious upon shore. Give him something to raise his head a few inches above his body, and he sleeps as soundly as if the straw or plank beneath him had been converted by his dreams into down.

The most captious, fault-finding traveller is usually one who has got the least distance from home. He quarrels with what few comforts he meets, in consequence of being ignorant of the still fewer that await him. He denounces his hotel, because it has not all the little conveniences and nice arrangements of his own private house: he abuses its inmates, because they do not care a thousand times as much for him as he cares for them; because he cannot find there his old faithful servant, who understands, to a drop and grain, the relative proportions of sugar and brandy that should mingle in his toddy; because there is no sweet child to climb his knee and kiss him before retiring to its early rest, and no devoted wife

to bathe his temple if it throb too quick, to soothe the rheumatic twinge that distorts his face—and in the frosty night, to go to bed just enough in advance to diffuse a gentle warmth through the cold linen.

It would be of vast service to such a man, just to take a voyage at sea; to hear, in the thick night, the tempest breaking down his spars, the wave howling, as if eager to get at its victim; to live on salt junk, till he would hanker for the bones of a gull, buzzard, booby, any thing that had not been steeped in brine! But this is not a theme befitting the atmosphere of Athens: I return to objects of a less famished and querulous nature. Let the complaining traveller and owl mingle their lugubrious notes together; their plaints shall be music to me, while there is a ruin or khan through which they can hoot and sigh.

It is extremely difficult, as we have already experienced, to thread the narrow, irregular streets of the modern town of Athens: they are choked up, and in many places impassably obstructed, by the walls, roofs, and turrets of dwellings thrown down in the frightful disasters of the revolution. But few of the buildings are sufficiently entire to protect their unfortunate inmates from the elements; and yet you not unfrequently meet, from these wretched retreats, a countenance filled with light and beauty.

Only the apology of a dress conceals the symmetrical shape, while the unconfined tresses float over shoulders that swell in rich relief from their coarse

drapery. The ankle is without a protection, but the small foot is full of bounding life; while the face, a stranger to the delicate shades of the veil, has yet a transparent freshness on each feature. She is here like a violet among bleak and barren rocks, or like a bird singing and snapping the dew from its wings on a blighted tree; or rather, perhaps, like the graceful dolphin that has lost its way among the fleshless bones of some stranded leviathan.

The removal of the seat of government to Athens will eventually work mighty changes in its features. Already the foundations of many commodious houses have been laid, and wide, convenient streets begin to stretch themselves through the ruins. The curiosity of the scholar, and the capital of the merchant, will aid its prosperity; while the numerous and judiciously conducted schools of our missionaries will contribute to its moral dignity.

These schools embrace, in many cases, the children of the first families: I have seldom met with so many bright eyes and intelligent faces. Captain Read very justly remarked, while listening to their recitations, that we could not yet despair of Greece. Professor King, an excellent oriental scholar, has a circle of Greek lads, whose attainments are the best testimony to the value of his instructions. Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who have a faculty for teaching that very few possess, are literally surrounded and taken captive by the young. Their school-room is a little amphitheatre,

where you witness, through the silent and thronged seats, an interest and play of intelligence that no game for mere amusement ever yet excited. Mr. Robertson has been engaged in superintending the publication of several works in modern Greek that will greatly aid the cause of learning as well as religion.

Let those who deny or distrust the utility of missionary efforts look to Athens! Let them look also to Constantinople, into the schools of Messrs. Goodell and Dwight! If to enlighten and elevate the minds of those whose conduct is one day to affect the happiness of thousands, and perhaps determine the destiny of a nation, be objects worthy of human regard, then these men do not labor in vain, and spend their breath for naught.

We were again at our hotel, forgetting its restricted accommodations in the attentive courtesies of the host, and the anticipated pleasure of seeing the next sun rise from the Acropolis! And yet our company was of a character that might make time, under almost any circumstances, pass agreeably. Here was Petarches, brother-in-law of the Maid of Athens, a fervid antiquarian, and custodor of the Attic remains; here was Dr. M., the surgeon of our ship, a gentleman of classic attainments, and imbued with the spirit of the past; here was Mr. H., the secretary of our legation to the Porte, and familiar with the languages and customs of the East; here was Mr. C.,

who supplies us with funds, and whose only fault is that of being too generous to others to be just to himself; and here was also the writer of this, who has no doubt Nature had some wise intention in bringing him into being, though he has not yet ascertained precisely what it was.

We discoursed of Athens as it was, and as it is; of her monuments and her men; of philosophy, sculpture, and poetry; and finally settled down with a greater earnestness on the subject of letters—the comparative capabilities of different languages. And here I could not refrain from putting in a word for my own mother-tongue.

I love the English language—its energy, its copiousness, its versatility. For variety of expression, strength united with ease, and general united with definitive powers, it has, perhaps, no equal. There is no subject, the most vast or minute, the most refined or rude, that it cannot appropriately reach. It conveys the subtle distinctions of the metaphysician, and the coarse sentiments of the street wag. It embodies the lightning of the poet, and the cold calculations of the mathematician. It thunders forth the passions of the orator, and whispers the mild accents of subdued affection. It furnishes a becoming vehicle for the most gigantic conception, and an appropriate conveyance for the sylph-like thought, whose carriage should be "airy nothing." It reflects the glittering hues of unclouded hope, and the deep shadows of

blank despair. It conveys the fervid blessing of passionate love, and the chilling curses of unqualified hatred. The rhapsodies of heaven may kindle along its numbers, and the wailings of hell howl through its broken sentences.

And it is as much at home in the natural as the moral world. It can represent the most trifling and the most magnificent of nature's works. It exhibits the dew-drop, trembling from the leaf of the violet, and the avalanche, crushing, with wide ruin, its way to the earth. It gives us the sweet notes of the laughing rill, and the sullen roar of the fierce cataract. It mirrors the sparkling surface of the sunny fountain, and the terrible aspect of the ocean when she frowns at the gathering tempest. It spreads the sweet bow of promise, when it has heaved around us the wrecks of the storm.

A language of such energy and versatility is of no easy acquisition; and he who means to bring it within his grasp has a task before him which requires his undivided efforts. A few leisure hours, indifferently applied, is a mere mockery; years of patient toil are demanded; long and assiduous attentions, with minute and profound investigations, are requisite.

He may write a coarse homily, or familiar epistle, without these; but he cannot pour forth a torrent of pungent, harmonious sentences. He cannot arouse the passions, or charm the ear of the multitude. He

cannot spread out his thoughts in glittering attire before the mind of the public. He cannot weave his feelings into a broad, bright chain of language, and cast the radiant web, in a glowing belt, round the great firmament of letters. He is cramped, confined, cut off from the world around him; and the fire of his soul dies within him, as lightning in the isolated cloud, unless its fuel be constantly supplied by earnest study, and habitual access to the springs of power, in the writings of the best English masters.

When I consider the genius of the English language, its beauty, versatility, and copious power, I exult in the thought that it is my own vernacular tongue. And when I think of those who speak this language,

Ταύτης τοι γενεᾶς καὶ αἵματος εὔχομαι εἶναι!

"For though my ear is all unstrung,
Still, still, it loves the lowland tongue."

CHAPTER XIII.

THESE dark, these perishing arcades,
These moldering plinths, these sad and blackened shafts,
These vague entablatures, this broken frieze,
These shattered cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
These stones—alas! these gray stones, are they all,
All of the proud and the colossal left?

EDGAR POE.

ASCENT OF THE ACROPOLIS—THE PARTHENON—BEAUTY OF ITS ARCHITECTURE—PRESENT CONDITION—IMPRESSIONS IT MAKES ON THE SPECTATOR—ERECTHEUM—DELICACY OF ITS PROPORTIONS—VIOLENCE IT HAS SUFFERED—THE PANDROSEA—SINGULARITY OF ITS ORIGIN—HOROLOGIUM—FAILURE OF THE ARTIST—LANTERN OF DEMOSTHENES—ELOQUENCE OF THE ORATOR—TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS—CELL OF AN ANCHORITE ON ITS ARCHITRAVE—RUINS OF THE STADIUM.

THE night passed away, and the next morning, while the dew was yet fresh on the flowers, we were ascending the steep way which leads to the Acropolis. The first object that arrested our steps, by the force of the feelings which it inspired, was the Propylæa. We paused before it, as one reaching suddenly the gate of some palace, which, with all its reputed magnificence, he had not supposed could possess an entrance so superbly rich. Its double colonnade, consisting of twelve Doric columns, with portions of their capitals and architrave, is still in preservation. The flutings of the shafts have been injured, and the

expression of the whole impaired by the solid masonry with which the intercolumniations have been filled to sustain a terrace and battery.

This is the work of modern barbarism and bloodshed. We seem to live, in these days of the earth, merely to destroy what our predecessors have left! I sometimes think that the world, instead of advancing, is falling back into some dark unknown period of rudeness and crime, when there was not skill and honesty enough even to leave a record of its vices.

The flight of marble steps which wind up from the Propylæa to the temples beyond are nearly entire, and exhibit on their smooth surface the polish anciently given them by the sweeping footstep of Athenian Beauty. Alas! that footstep so light and elastic will never be seen passing up this ethereal way again. · Death has cast on it his cold, nerveless chain, and bound the form that it delicately buoyed in the pressing recesses of the grave. All that once smiled and throbbed here have gone down beneath the unconscious clod. Their loveliness, youth, and animation have been sepulchred together in darkness and corruption. And we, who now mourn the frailness and brevity of their being, will soon, like them, be where the regrets of the passing stranger and the sympathy of the surviving world cannot come. May the grave, dear reader, be to you and me the portal of a better world.

Passing the Propylæa, we proceeded onward and

upward through a circuitous ascent, till we emerged within a few steps of the Parthenon! There stood in broken beauty the most finished monument of classic taste, the highest triumph of Grecian Genius, the world's warmest wonder! Never shall I forget the sensations of that moment; it appeared as if my life had been only an anxious pilgrimage, that I had reached at last the object of my deferred hopes, and could now willingly yield up my breath.

The reader may, perhaps, be disposed to regard this as the language of affected reverence, or the confession of a morbid enthusiasm. But let him, from the cold contemplative solitude of his closet, come into this storied and stirring portion of the earth; let him float around the islands that gem these bright waters; let every object that meets his eye, every sound that accosts his ear, be the talisman of some being or event, calling up youth, beauty, genius, and valor from the grave, and restoring the images of self-sacrifice and patriotism which slumber in the dust of a Marathon!

Let him leave the wave and approach this sacred soil; let him wind his way over the ruins of temples, palaces, and tombs to this height, and, filled with the strange and mingled emotions which these relics of a ruined race inspire, come into the overpowering presence of the Parthenon! And though it may be a weakness, yet he will kneel and weep. He cannot interpret his feelings, he cannot explain satisfactorily

what it is that so unmans him; yet he is like a child returning, after a long absence, to the hearth of a desolate home—to the grave of a venerated father.

If there be one sentiment on earth that partakes less of its sordidness than others, it is that we experience in contemplating the achievements of those who have now passed beyond the reach of our homage, and the advantages of our friendship. This sentiment is pure and unmixed, above the faults and frailties of our nature; vanity cannot taint it, for we had no participation in the objects from which it springs; envy cannot blight it, for they to whom it points are beneath the sanctity of the shroud. Death hallows alike the respect of the living, and the virtues of the dead.

But I must turn to that which is more immediate. The Parthenon, though now a magnificent ruin, has suffered less from the constant visitations of time than the casual violence of man; years have not materially darkened its aspect, they have only in this pure clime imparted an autumnal tinge to the whiteness of its marble. But the Venetians, who should have been the last people to injure so precious a monument of genius, were the first to overthrow, with their burning balls, in their attack on the Acropolis, a portion of its columns; and travellers since, who should have appeared here only as admiring pilgrims, have expressed their veneration in detaching fragments, and transporting them to their ambitious

cabinets. They knew and felt it sacrilege; yet, as the mourner will cut a lock from the pale brow of his deceased friend, they must carry away some slight relic of this fading temple. We censure less the feeling that moved them, than the action in which it resulted. It is too much like a devotee—weeping, praying, and plundering the shrine of his saint!

The depredations committed by a late English nobleman on the statuary treasures and sculptured ornaments of this sacred edifice, were enough to have startled Phidias from his grave, and made poor Ictinus sigh in his shroud. Yet these predatory achievements were dictated by a profound reverence; but it too closely resembles the affection which the robber bears your purse; he loves deeply and devotedly the gold which it contains, yet you do not like to surrender it simply on that account; you choose to have him show his love for the sequin in some other form.

The man who attempts to elope with your wife, loves her, perhaps, more than any other woman upon earth; but you cannot for that reason quite consent to have your children made orphans, and yourself a matchless vagabond. You choose to have him look out in some other quarter, to go to some Christian who is about applying for a divorce, or to some Mussulman whose harem is stretching beyond his means. You never can exonerate a man from the injury or guilt of a bad action, whatever may have

been the feelings in which it originated. The *deed* is what the law and the judgment of mankind look to, and by its good or ill effect the man and his motive must stand acquitted, or condemned.

But enough of this: it is a subject upon which men have ever disagreed, yet not more widely than the conduct of the two celebrated pilgrims from the British Isle to this spot. Byron came here, and with the sympathy of a true poet, shed a fresh charm over the immortal beauty of these remains; Elgin came, and like a weeping Vandal, mingled his tears and the strokes of his pickaxe together!

The Parthenon still presents thirty-nine of its columns, in unshaken and uncrumbled integrity. The two colonnades of the pronaos, and the outer one of the posticum, are entire; while a solitary member of the inner mourns its absent brethren. The tympanum from which the colossal statues were taken that now adorn a distant museum, was so weakened by the removal of these ornamental supports, that it has since fallen, but the corresponding one is sufficiently perfect to afford a vivid conception of both in their unmutilated state.

The entablature of the peristyle has suffered more than any other portion of the edifice. The metopes in the frieze, each a finished piece of sculpture, have been removed; while the alternating triglyphs stand there as if to betray the extent of the Gothic plunder. The exquisite sculptures on the inner frieze of the

pronaos, casting into life, around the whole cell, the splendors of the Panathenian festival, would have shared the same fate, but, fortunately, they were less accessible. They exhibit still the delicacy and fire which ever followed the chisel of Phidias; and may death unnerve the arm that shall strive to wrench them from their places!

On whatever portion of the edifice your eye rests, you can discover no evidence of haste or wearied interest. The smooth fluting of the columns, the scarcely perceptible jointure of the blocks which compose them, the astragal and cornice of the capital, the varied ornaments of the frieze, with the breathing statues of the pediment, all betray the same solicitude and finishing perfection. Though rent and mutilated by violence, yet enough of the temple still remains to afford an intimating and vivid outline of its original magnificence and beauty.

As you gaze, it stands at length complete in your imagination, and you are as deeply impressed by the harmony of its proportions, and the grandeur of its main conception, as you probably would be if no capital had been displaced, no column overthrown. Perhaps the injuries which have marred its material form, by the melancholy sentiment of regret which they inspire, tend rather to render more deep, solemn, and composed, the impression it might make as a glorious whole.

When my last hour shall come, when the fever

and tempest of life shall be passing away, may this divine relic linger, in bright relief, on the cloud of the departing storm. Let me die with those deep, subdued emotions inspired by strength and beauty in ruins; and let a hope, untouched by decay, sustainingly lead this spirit upward to its exalted, unchanging source. And may the same hope, dear reader, hover over thee in that last moment of dismay, and bring thy undying soul, kindled with a Saviour's love, to that Temple, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

At a short distance from the Parthenon, stands the Erectheum; a temple of small dimensions, purely Ionic in its style, and possessing all the delicate graces which belong to that order. As you look upon it, your regret is doubly deep, that any thing so truly beautiful should have been exposed to the severe misfortunes by which it has been visited. You think you could endure to see a monument of stern strength and gigantic proportions contending with adversity, even though it must finally fall; but to see one so lightly reared, so tastefully planned, so exquisitely finished, so trusting and dependent in its bearing as this, exposed to rudeness and violence, touches your feelings more than you had supposed it possible for any sculptured charms of marble to do.

This sympathy is truly most strange and deep: you know that the object which calls it forth can

neither perceive its own calamity, nor the emotions of your grief; and yet you linger near it, as one committing to earth the bright and beautiful being that first touched and chained his heart. There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall, without some sentiment of regret.

This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us; she ever comes more nearly to us in our sorrows; and, leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain, into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points us to that home where decay and death can never come.

Nature—it is the saying of Wordsworth, and he never wrote more truly—

> "—— Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform

> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings."

Leaving the Erectheum, we stopped a moment to survey a little temple dedicated to Pandrosea, one of the three daughters of the first Athenian king. Minerva, it seems, had intrusted these three sisters with a casket of flowers, and forbidden them looking into it. But curiosity was too strong for two of them: they took a sly peep. Pandrosea, however, was faithful to her trust; and, as a reward for her fidelity, the goddess decreed her this graceful chapel, which still bears her name, and memorializes her truth.

Few ladies, I fear, would now-a-days be able to perpetuate their trustworthy virtues in this form: they could not long withstand the temptation of curiosity, and many, I apprehend, would not be able to sleep till they had cast a furtive glance into the casket. I have seen them take the shocks of an electrical wheel, to ascertain the force of its stunning effects, and pass over the bosom of a thinly frozen lake, to see how low its surface will bend before it breaks; and I have seen them stand upon a giddy

cliff that overhangs the Falls of Niagara, to see if the sunbows in the spray be actually, as reported, nearer a circle than the same phenomena on the cloud. This is no fiction; for I discovered one there which, to my amazement, formed an entire circle. It rose unbroken, brilliant, and tenderly serene over its gulf of agony and thunder:

> "Resembling, mid the torture of the scene,
> Love watching madness with unaltered mien."

But no rainbow on the dropping cloud, or the tempest's darkened form, or the cataract's distorted visage, ever appeared more sweetly calm and brightly beautiful, than the marble relics which gleam up from among the grosser ruins of the Acropolis. It is the light and loveliness of life, lingering among the shadows of death. If so bright and impressive now, what must they have been as forming a portion of those unrivalled structures which once crowned this whole elevation; when portico rose over portico, temple over temple, and the Parthenon, pre-eminent over all, shone in its marble whiteness, like a glittering edifice cut in the ice of the eternal avalanche! But they are now only the broken links of a magical chain; the charm still faintly clings to them, but the enchanter is dead. We can only cherish, remember, and mourn.

Descending from the citadel, we turned to the Horologium, or temple of the winds, which interests

the stranger more by the singularity, than the classic merits of its architecture. It is a wild, fantastic conception, and rudely executed, as all monuments will be that have not a chasteness and sobriety of design that can enlist the more deep and solemn emotions of the artist. Genius is in itself essentially earnest and passionate; a mere fanciful conceit cannot rouse it and call it into action; it requires something in serious harmony with its nature, something that can enlist its profound sympathies.

A sanctuary that is to embosom the presence of a Divinity, or a monumental pile that is to perpetuate the memory of exalted virtue, or a statue that is to betray the nobler attributes of life, is such an object; and it is for this reason that we see, in the execution of each of these designs, the warmest expression of its enthusiasm, the highest evidences of its power. But a conception of the winds is too vague and varying to be represented in the proportions of a temple, and the seasons are too subtle and undefined to be embodied in emblematic sculpture. Hence, the Horologium is an unintelligible mass of extravagant conceit and baffled skill.

Winding around to the street of the ancient Tripods, which descends from the eastern extremity of the Acropolis, we came to the Choragic monument of Lysicrates. It is a small peripteral temple, with a conical dome sustained by light Corinthian columns, and bears throughout a vivid evidence of its delicate

conception and elegant finish. The slight walls, which now fill the intercolumniations, impair the beauty of its effect. Still the original design of the artist is distinctly evident, and impresses the classical spectator nearly as it would without these modern appendages.

It is so arranged as to present, aside from its associations, the most tempting accommodations to the stranger. It was the residence of Byron during his visit to Athens:—here he mused, pondered, and penned that mourning protestation of his affection:

> "Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
> Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved."

It has subsequently been the abode of an opulent Osmanlie, who renounced his faith to gain the hand of an Athenian beauty.

The lovers here passed that nuptial moon which wanes seldom to wax again. Little thought had they that the green leaf of their affection would ever wear the autumn tinge of decay; nor, indeed, was it to be blighted in this form; a quicker doom from the hand of aggrieved Islamism awaited the loving pair; he dropped into a bloody grave, and she, whose charms had made him false to his Prophet, went in grief to a hurried shroud.

This temple is now called the Lantern of Demosthenes, though for what reason I know not. But the blaze of that orator's genius, in the stormy period of

his existence, could never have been aptly represented under so doubtful and circumscribed an emblem.

flashed through all Greece, exciting the desponding, nerving the timid, and rallying the strong. The passions, hopes, and fears of the countless multitudes over whom his voice went, shook to the force of his eloquence, like the tops of a mighty forest to the strength of the mountain wind.

His was the triumph of mind; he had no bayonets or dungeons to back his appeals; he could only hold up the pride and splendor of the past, the perils and threatened degradation of the future; but these with him were sufficient. He rolled them through the imaginations of his countrymen against the objections of his adversaries, like a swelling wave travelling on its fearful way, and discharging its accumulated powers against the reeds of the shaking shore. His lips have long since been sealed in death; two thousand years have passed over the orator's grave, but his accents linger still in thrilling echoes through the earth.

But I must hasten my narrative. Proceeding on in the direction of the Ilissus, we came to the colossal remains of the Olympian Temple. This stupendous edifice covered, originally, an area of half a mile in circuit; it was constructed entirely of Pentelican marble, and was sustained by one hundred and twenty columns, sixty feet in height, of the Corinthian order. Its completion occupied centuries and ex-

hausted nations, but raised it, in surpassing grandeur, over all the architectural triumphs of the world.

It is no wonder that Hadrian, when he saw, through his munificence, the finishing block of this vast pile fitted to its place, pronounced his self-appropriating exultation over Athens. He had completed what had been growing under the hands of many successive generations, whose very graves had become a blank. He had achieved the great design that had been bequeathed from sire to son, through ages of progressive advancement.

The most gigantic scheme may thus find its accomplishment in the fidelity and efforts of those who may in vain search for the projector's dust. The last child of the enslaved African, who now saddens the aspect of my own country, might be restored to his long-lost home, if the living would ardently espouse that righteous determination. They may die while the enterprise is still in its infancy; but those who successively come after them, will carry on the transmitted purpose, till Ethiopia shall receive to her bosom the last descendant of her scattered sons.

But to return: no monument in Athens fills the stranger with a more deep and melancholy reverence than the few lonely columns which now remain of the Olympian Temple. There are no mingled ruins to lead his feelings imperceptibly into the final im-

pression. He encounters at once these towering columns, standing in solitary grandeur, without a strewn fragment at the base, and only the moan of the sighing wind about the summit. He does not, at first, discover the cell of the anchorite, which crowns a broken piece of the giddy entablature, and which stands there, as if in mockery of the magnificence which it basely disfigures.

The recluse has now fled, and left even the question of his subsistence in his airy cell an inexplicable problem. He may have been fed, like the prophet of old, by ravens, but surely no human hand ever cast to his aerial abode the elements of life. I never felt before such an utter scorn of that monkish phrensy which escapes from the world, to seek in a listless solitude the rewards of a well-spent life. But, if a man can consult his conscience in this form, let him at least seek out some other retreat, and not build his sneering cavern above the most sublime remains of ancient art. Let him plunge into the earth, or among the rifted rocks, where the bear and the badger, his fitting companions, make their home.

Leaving Mrs. Read and her fair companion beneath the Olympian columns, still listening to the fervid narrative of Petarches, I directed my solitary steps to the banks of the Ilissus. This sacred stream, so full of melody and exulting power in the allusions of the classics, is now only a slight rivulet, scarcely

bending the slender reeds which encroach upon its margin. The Temple of the Muses, by which it murmured its music, has departed, leaving no trace of its delicate beauty; and the marble bridge which spanned its bright waters has passed away with the footstep that traversed its strength.

The splendid Stadium of Atticus Herodes has left only the swelling outline of its location; its circling seats of marble, which once rose with the whiteness of the freshly drifted snow, have gone; and the arena is now voiceless as that resting-place to which have sunk alike the victor and those who shouted his triumph. The grove where Plato lectured, the leafy retreat where Aristotle taught, with the revered chair of Socrates, and the kindling stage of Æschylus, have disappeared, and even the statues of these great men have slowly followed their forms to the earth; all have gone down under the crushing footstep of Time.

O Time! sole monarch of the mighty Past,
The pillars of thy throne are on the grave
Of empires—thy dominion is a waste,
Once animate with nations great and brave,
And who contended with thee to the last,
Like shipwrecked men against a whelming wave;
But they have gone, leaving no trace of all
That signalized their triumph or their fall.

O Time! thy centuries shall circle round,
Till thou shalt hear a mightier Monarch say—

"Advance, my throne, let the last summons sound—"
Then will thy sceptred glories pass away,
And no bright trophy of thy reign be found,
Save in the wrecks of that tremendous day!
Man, starting from his grave, shall look for thee,
But find alone his own eternity!

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion,
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean:
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness
That were cold, and extinguished in sadness.

PERCIVAL.

SUNSET FROM THE ACROPOLIS—TRAITS OF THE ATHENIANS—OBJECTS OF THEIR SUPERSTITION—PERSON, COSTUME, AND HABITS OF THE FEMALES—DOMESTIC PECULIARITIES OF THE MOTHER—FEMALE WRITERS—THEIR ATTEMPT AT GREAT THEMES — TRAITS OF THE MEN — PHYSICAL AND MORAL QUALITIES—PERIOD AND OBJECTS OF MARRIAGE.

Though the monuments of man have crumbled, the triumphs of his skill passed away, yet nature still survives, and is still fair. Nothing can exceed the softened dream-like beauty of the face which she here presents as daylight dies on the Athenian hills.

I stood on the ruins of the Acropolis at this subdued hour: the sun had melted down into the verge of the horizon, while his slanting rays, deserting the level plain, still lingered upon the loftier cliffs, converting them into purple and gold; the islands of Egina, Salamis, and Paros, swelled from the sea, bold and beautiful in the rosy light; while the distant citadel of Corinth stood against the sky, a con-

spicuous mass, fringed with fire; Mount Hymettus, with its marble steeps, cast its arching shadow far down the silent valley; while the Cephisus went on its whispering way, breaking the sombre aspect of the plain with the line of its silver waters.

There lay the Piræus, with the mourning wave still lingering on its strand; there stood Eleusis, whose sublime mysteries are still the deepest marvel of the past; there rose the Olympian columns, to which the exulting eye of moldered millions have turned; there lengthened the Sacred Way, once lined with the monumental tombs of poets and sages; there, too, lay Marathon, whose very dust seems blended with heroic memories; while around, within a narrow circle, slumbered the ashes of those whose genius, valor, and learning made Athens the wonder, pride, and worship of the earth. What ruins and recollections—what perished grandeur and undecaying beauty are here—man, his monuments and memorials, in the grave! Nature, full of life, light, and strength, and

"Living as if the earth contained no tomb!"

To turn from the marble to the moral remnants of this singular people—the Athenians have retained, through the revolutions and disasters of twenty centuries, many of their characteristic peculiarities. They have the same vanity, versatility, and fickleness which they had in the days of Pericles; nor are they

much less superstitious than they were when Paul reproached them with this weakness.

Their superstition has changed the objects of its reverence and terror, but preserved its full force; they have forsaken their prodigies, incantations, and spells, and taken to amulets, charms, and the miracles of pictured saints. They have left the altar of Minerva only to bend the knee to the Virgin Mary: they have abandoned their thirty thousand gods only to worship as many monks and martyrs.

This continued confidence in objects unequal to the trust reposed in them is, perhaps, the most conspicuous in the females: their mothers bathed in the Cephisus to relieve the anguish which Eve entailed upon her daughters; they slide down the smooth rocks of the Pentelicus for the same purpose. Thetis dipped her son in the Styx to render him invulnerable; they place amulets on their infants to protect them from the fascinations of the evil eye.

But, with all her weaknesses, the Greek lady has many engaging and commendable qualities: she is affectionate as a child, and devoted as a mother; and her fidelity is too stern to be shaken by passion or seduced by gold. She is confiding and dependent in her disposition, and returns the kindness she receives in the strength of her attachment. She is diffident of herself in discharging even the duties of her quiet sphere; and yet, when the hour of trial comes, exhibits a fortitude and resolution equal to the occasion.

She has not unfrequently been known to exchange the distaff for the sword, the soft lute for the trump of conflict. When the battle has been fought, and the enemy defeated, she has returned to her home without a thought beyond the peaceful enjoyments of her hearth. Privations and sorrows may chasten, but they can never destroy her cheerfulness. She wipes the tears from her eyes, and sees in the future, though bleak as the grave, some buds of promise, to which she still clings.

I have seen her gather the slender herbs of her garden, dress them for the table—and when this simple repast was over, tune her rebeck as sweetly as if she were living on the milk and honey of the land. She has a plasticity in her nature that easily adapts itself to any changes in her varied lot. In wealth, you may see her moving with the splendor and graces of a queen,—in misfortune, maintaining that subdued gentleness and unmurmuring resignation which wins its way to the inmost sensibility of your heart.

In personal attractions she is not, perhaps, equal to the picture which poetic rhapsody has planted in your imagination. As if sensible of this, she frequently seeks from art an enhancement of her real charms. In the bloom of youth her hair is ornamented profusely with gems that sparkle in showering light; while the darker tinge given to the eyelash by the surmeh, renders the ray still more kin-

dling and intense. The temples and neck are aided in their whiteness by the powdered cowry, while the root of the wild lily deepens the hue of her cheek.

Her dress has no narrowing inventions; yet the spencer rolling gracefully from the chest, and the jewelled zone, with its spreading knot, seemingly enrich and relieve the shape. Yet I have met with many, to whom nature had been so liberal in her gifts, that they presumed to dispense entirely with all these artificial aids. I have seen two sisters from the island of Scio, over whose features and forms the chisel of Praxiteles might have trembled. And there is one of them now, in the near balcony, which, unperceived by her, commands the small window where I am penning this note, excellingly beautiful.

Her hair, black as the raven, falls far down over her shoulders, long, glossy, and free; her eye, of the same expressive hue, floats large and full of soul; her lips, slightly apart, and rich in dye as the cleft pomegranate, seem only to betray a deeper gush of that vermilion which melts so delicately through the soft oval of her cheek; her smooth and upright forehead, with the small ear, and well-turned head, are in harmony with the graceful curve of the neck; while the snow of her shoulder and chest, with the swelling beauty of her bosom, are rather shaded than concealed by the thin gauze of her cymar. From the slender waist, and fuller developments of her form, the eye drops to a small ankle and foot, which

lend an air of lightness and ease to each attitude and motion.

Her beauty carries me in thought to a gentle being on the green banks of my native stream, to whom this heart still turns, as the eye of the pilgrim to his vesper star! How strange and inexplicable is our nature! The root of affection, once struck deeply into its substance, lives on through every blight and change! Its buds may wither, its leaves fall, but the radical fibres of the mangled shoot still drink vitality from the heart.

One moment of surrendered thought, and this allured spirit flies back to that murmuring stream, its verdant shore, its twilight softness, and the lifted face of one, whose evening hymn ever mingles its melodious aspirations with the homage of nature. Sweet worshipper! may He who hath pencilled the leaves with beauty, given the flowers their bloom, and lent music to the lay of the timid bird, hear thy prayer for the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit, and graciously remember thee in that day when he shall number up his jewels.

The lady of Scio, whom I have faintly sketched, would be too flattering a representative of her sex here; she is not very closely approached in beauty, except by her sisters of the neighboring isles. The natives of this city are generally of a much less captivating person. Their fondness for the hot bath injures their complexion; while their sedentary habits

impart a premature fulness to their forms. Yet both of these evils might be counteracted, did the usages of society allow them the privilege of frequent exercise in the open air; but they seldom move much abroad till after their marriage; and though this usually takes place while they are very young, yet nature has already been forced to imbibe its less pleasing hue and shape.

Their seclusion is relaxed on a few of their holy days; on such occasions they may be encountered in the fragrant fields, or on some shaded green, dancing through the mazes of the Romaica, with a life and glee that make you forget your years. Or when death has snatched away one of their smiling circle, you may see them occasionally carrying fresh flowers to strew on her grave, and singing the songs which she loved over the dreams of her hallowed rest.

There is something in this custom most touchingly devoted and endearing; it retains the deceased within the warmest embraces of our remembrance; it embalms her within the very bosom of our softest affections; it sheds a cherished immortality over all her delicate virtues. It fills the mourner with fidelity, and makes the language of the unhealed heart—

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

Greece cannot now present us with one female writer of celebrity; nor could she even in her best days furnish many examples of great excellence in

this form. The lyre of Sappho owed half its fire and fame to the solitude of her pre-eminence over her less gifted sex; and the eloquence of Aspasia derived no inconsiderable portion of its admiration from the absence of rivalry.

It would seem as if the female mind, whether reared amid the inspiring scenes of Greece, or among the tamer landscapes of other zones, may realize the full measure of its capabilities, and not reach the most lofty or profound sentiments of our nature. It may have bright feelings, glittering fancies, quick and tender emotions; but it will not have deep and self-sustained convictions, exalted and original creations, an unshaken consciousness of innate power, which no flattery can dazzle, no adversity subdue; it will not leave the print of a gigantic footstep in the moral pavements of the age, to be pondered by generations yet unborn.

The defect of female writers, where they attempt great themes, is a want of strength. They have sensibility, pathos, quick-coming visions of transcendent loveliness; but they want energy; they want that grasping and subduing faculty which subjects every thing to its main purpose; they want the power of condensing their emotions into a solid current that shall roll on, deep, enduring, and resistless. Their thoughts have delicacy of point, but they want massive strength; they penetrate, but they never overwhelm.

Their creations are beautiful, and often impressive, but never fearfully depraved, or terribly sublime. They have no Hamlet shuddering over a murdered father's wrongs, and veiling his avenging purpose under the mockery of madness; no Macbeth, clutching the visionary falchion, and quailing at the deep damnation of his intended crime; no Michael, intrusted with the citadel of heaven, and encountering hostile legions, armed with the fearful courage of despair; no unsubdued monarch of evil, lifting in pride and agony his thunder-scarred front from his couch of everlasting fire!

To these great conceptions of the soul the female mind is a stranger. It has never been the source from which the master passions of our nature have sprung on their errands of thunder. It has never been the fathomless gulf from which those forms have issued, whose shadows have cast the globe in disastrous twilight; it has never sunk a deeper pit through the flames and horrors of an unveiled hell!

I would not, however, lightly value the beautiful and touching merits of female writers. Their influence on the more tractable qualities of our nature is inestimable. Through the less difficult passes, and over the easier heights, which alternate through the sphere of mental activity, they glide with an ease and celerity that justly awaken our admiration. But they have never scaled the highest heaven of inven-

tion; never left the print of their goings along the deepest foundations of mind.

I ask pardon of the ladies for this seemingly unjust, and wholly unpremeditated stricture. Illiberal as it may appear, it implies the absence of nothing that could enhance the esteem of those whose affection and respect are worthy of their solicitude. It is not the eagle that screams exultingly amid Alpine steeps and storms, that moves most warmly the love and admiration of man; it is rather the beautiful bird that sings at his window, and converts the soft valley through which he strays into sweet harmony; and such, in her true sphere, is woman.

Not that the mere exercise of these pleasing attributes embraces the whole design of her existence; far from it: she has duties and responsibilities of a higher order. But it is her very nature, in being happy herself, to make others so: nor is it ordinarily possible for her to atone for the absence of this disposition to please, by the exercise of sterner qualities. Her aim should be to avail herself of those mysterious avenues to the heart which she alone can thread, and there move softly and triumphantly over each fountain of thought, emotion, and desire. Her influence should be like that of the dew, noiseless and unobserved, but creating widely around deep life and verdure.

The men of Greece, though of a less commanding presence than their Asiatic conquerors, are yet not

deficient in personal endowments. They are slightly above the medium stature, and of a symmetrical, sinewy formation. They work, walk, and converse with energy; every motion bespeaks muscular vigor; every word betrays a sleepless, inquisitive mind. The face is strikingly indicative of their character. Their thin lips reveal the quickness of their passions; while their restless, darting eyes disclose their fickleness of purpose, versatility of thought, and treacherous instability of faith.

Their manner is that of men acting more from caprice than conviction, more from impulse than reflection: their conduct has, therefore, a recklessness of consequences that often plunges them in difficulties; but their ingenuity, in extricating themselves from the results of their inconsideration, seems never to fail them. They are as fertile in the inventions of an escape from difficulty, as they have been thoughtless in getting into it. They are generally the most determined when their situation is the most desperate; and the most brave when they contend at the greatest odds. Give them an insignificant fire-ship, and they will rush into the centre of a hostile fleet; or arm them with a concealed torpedo, and no magazine would be safe, that could be reached by the most daring stratagem or suicidal hardihood.

A Greek very rarely reaches the middle of life without being married. His earliest and fondest solicitude is to place himself in a situation that may

justify his marriage. He considers life, without this crowning change, as little better than thrown away. He appears to be governed in this matter not so much by the suggestions of nature, as the dictates of pride; not so much from the yearning force of affection, as the promptings of vanity. His object seems to be the attainment of that esteem and importance in the community which the generous responsibilities of the wedded state confer.

Nor should he be accused of a cold, calculating policy in the absence of motives more devoted and earnest; for he may have never enjoyed even a passing glance of the being that is to cheer and dignify his home. The conditions of the union are usually arranged between the parents of the parties, while *they* may be yet very young; and they meet, perhaps for the first time, at the foot of the altar: there can, therefore, be little of that affection founded on mutual knowledge and sympathy. Yet, instances of infidelity among them are rare; and, when separated by the grave, they are slow to seek, in the pleasures of a new connection, a refuge from their solitude and grief.

They afford, in their example, no countenance to those who hesitate and tremble through life over the frightful commitments of the marriage-vow. Such men are generally in the enjoyment of an income sufficiently ample to meet all their real, and most of their imaginary wants; but they are unwilling to

part with any portion of it, for the sake of rendering themselves more respectable and useful members of society, or for the enjoyment of those sentiments connected with the higher and more generous qualities of our nature.

They love themselves so devotedly—are so well satisfied with their own insignificance, that they have no affections or concern to bestow upon another: they resemble the spider, who weaves his web for himself, and, having secured his fly, retreats to his dusty covert in the verge of his little domain, and there, wrapping himself up, reappears no more, except when some luckless insect has fallen into his tattered snare.

There are, indeed, exceptions to this; but, ordinarily, celibacy results from a poor, self-cherishing disposition, or an absence of those qualities which can interest and engage the other sex; and, in either case, the individual is deservedly an object of pity. Among the men of Greece, an old bachelor is as rarely encountered, as an iceberg in the torrid zone.

Of the wisdom of the Athenian youth, in their predilection for the marriage state, no one can doubt who is acquainted with their dispositions; for, independent of the happiness such a state affords, they are frequently prevented by it from indulging those wandering and wild propensities which too often lead to dissipation and crime. It makes each one feel that he cannot go to ruin *alone*—that there is at least

one other to be involved in the calamity; and this thought, if he has the heart of a man, must impose a powerful restraint. A beloved, devoted wife, is the guardian-angel of man.

Of the susceptibility of the Athenian, and his romantic turn, I should want no stronger evidence than that presented in the chained attitude and enticing tones of one beneath the balcony of a neighboring window. Beauty is above, that has made him heedless of the flowers his footstep crushes; eyes are there, that have made him forget the stars that are beyond; and the moonlight streams upon his dewy locks as he sings:

Canst thou not leave the princely hall,
  Its pleasure, pomp, and power,
And be as bright and gay to all
  Within my vine-clad bower!

The May-birds there shall sweetly sing,
  To chase each starting tear,
And round thy path shall violets spring,
  The loveliest of the year.

The laughing rills shall brightly blend
  Thy smiles in every wake,
And shout thy name, as they descend
  In beauty to the lake.

And 'neath the rich, embowering vine
  Shall ring thy voice of health:
Say, wilt thou not for these resign
  The pageantry of wealth?

CHAPTER XV.

Immortal Greece! it gives me joy that thou
Hast linked with thine existence, thy decree—
Whate'er betide—never again to bow
Beneath the yoke. For I prefer to see
From hill to plain—from shore to mountain brow,
A waste of ghastly ruin cover thee,
Than darkly wearing out thy joyless years
Bathed with thy subject children's blood and tears.

ATHENS — MORAL INFLUENCE OF HER MEMORIALS — FEATURES OF THE REVOLUTION — CONDUCT OF THE GREEKS — THEIR FUTURE PROSPECTS — CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST THEM — INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL CLAIMS OF THE TURKS AND GREEKS COMPARED — GENIUS OF THE TWO NATIONS CONTRASTED — SOURCES OF RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE — MISSIONARIES—THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

The Greeks have preserved, through a long series of unexampled disasters, many of those daring intellectual traits which distinguished their remote ancestors. The engines of despotism have been unable to break down their mountains, obstruct their streams, or destroy the proud monuments of their genius. These unsubdued, spirit-stirring objects, with all their associations, lofty and tender, have been constantly before them, recalling the past, reproaching the present, and filling the future with the anticipated triumphs of rallied patriotism and courage. They have not, therefore, at any period of

their misfortunes, been utterly broken in pride, purpose, and hope: the chain has galled without subduing them; they have yielded to its weight, but, ever and anon, their indignation has flashed along its shaking links.

They could not but cherish some wild thoughts of freedom, by the waves of Salamis and the graves of Marathon; they could not but remember and mourn on the banks of the Peneus, and the ambrosial steeps of Parnassus; they could not but breathe their burning vows among the mangled relics of their storied cities, and over the insulted ashes of their ancestral dead! These memorials sustained, from age to age, that spirit, resolution, and self-respect, which finally burst forth with the avenging force of a dark and deeply cherished wrong.

They made up their minds to die, sooner than be the passive instruments of transmitting this continued inheritance of bondage and shame. They encountered their oppressors with a force that made their resistance, at first, more a subject of derision than alarm. But courage and decided patriotism seldom reckon nicely upon numbers; they had that within them which no superiority of strength could subdue —a spirit resolutely resolved on freedom!

They had no arms, ammunition, or system of operation; no disciplined legions to force the enemy from his strong positions; no fleet to prevent the access of hostile squadrons. They rose as each man's sense

of duty prompted, and seized such weapons as lay within their reach; it might be a bludgeon, but it was wielded by an arm true to its trust; it might be a boat, but it was armed with concealed fire; it might be a rock, but it went on its precipitous course with unerring aim; or it might be the fragment of a column, but, like the pillars of Gaza, it crushed the insulters with the insulted. Few men of any age or nation have achieved more with the same slender and distracted means of enforcing their purpose; and instead of the reproaches levelled against them by ignorance and animosity, they deserve the plaudits of mankind.

It is vain to accuse them of a want of that spirit which can assert and maintain its dignity at the highest sacrifice and peril; thousands espoused the cause who could have had no motive for their conduct except their national honor; they pledged their lives and fortunes to the issue of a conflict that could in no event confer any personal advantage. Their want of union and a harmonized system of operation was more their misfortune than their fault; it flowed more from the untowardness of their outward condition than any perverseness of spirit. They were like a mountain lake shaken convulsively against its yielding boundaries, and falling in many separate streams, instead of one deep overwhelming torrent.

If it had been their desire, it was not in their power to concentrate their forces; they had not the

means of subsisting them in that compact form; their only resource was in a desultory warfare, and the access it furnished to the scanty provisions which the country precariously afforded. They were, perhaps, premature in their first step; too hasty in raising the standard of Liberty; but that step, wise or fatal, had now been taken, the standard had been unfurled, the gauntlet had been cast in the face of the enemy, and they must abide the consequence! It was no longer a debatable question, or an indulgent choice of evils; they had no mercy or forgiveness to expect even in a relenting submission; and they had provided no refuge in disaster.

They had been goaded to this fearful measure by a series of wrongs, that made endurance a deeper humiliation than defeat. Their fields had been plundered successively of their harvests; their flocks and herds driven off to the stalls of the stranger; their sons forced into foreign wars; their daughters made the victims of privileged lust; their temples and shrines rendered desolate; and their religion scouted with derision and scorn.

They pondered indignantly the history of their misfortunes; they saw the long road on which their fathers had travelled down in chains to the grave; they heard from the dungeon and rack the dying exclamations of their chiefs; and drawing their blades, swore never to sheath them again in the condition of bondsmen and slaves. We, who experi-

enced none of their grievances, and can scarcely comprehend the nature and extent of their provocations, may, perhaps, question the policy of their conduct; talk coolly of their privileges; and dilate on the growing extent of their commerce.

But a nation that has bowed for ages to the yoke, never rises with a desperate inferiority of force against her oppressors, unless provoked to it by a most crushing accumulation of abuse. The very fact of her rising under such fearful disadvantages evinces the depth of her wrongs, and affords an earnest of her final triumph over the disastrous and degrading effects of her thraldom.

Her present ideas of liberty, though not sufficiently chastened and sober, are yet far from being the wild and reckless conceptions which many suppose. She has not yet become sufficiently tranquillized to discover, with impressive distinctness, all the delicate bearings of her true interests. We require too much of her, in expecting that she will settle at once into a calm and steady pursuit of those objects connected with the greatest amount of public and private good.

We should recollect the fierce and desperate nature of her revolution; it was not a change coming calmly over the surface of society, affecting only the sentiments of men; it was a great decisive conflict, involving principle, life, religion, property, every thing dear upon earth—waged with an unforgiving foe, and at perilous odds. The nation was convulsed to its

centre; the very foundations of social order displaced; and all bonds, save those which bound her to a forlorn hope, broken up.

The struggle is now over; the battle has been fought, and won; but the intense excitement which thrilled and absorbed the public mind, though some years have elapsed, has not yet entirely subsided. Men have not as yet unconcernedly returned to their quiet avocations and individual duties. They very naturally take a deep and jealous interest in the character and measures of their government; they cannot tolerate the idea of being deprived of the smallest portion of that liberty for which they have poured out their blood like water.

This will explain the cause of the death of Capo d'Istrias. They invited him to the government, as a man of liberal and enlightened sentiments; they found him, with a few relieving exceptions, selfish and tyrannical; and they were restless, till they had rid themselves of his misrule. This discontent did not arise mainly from an impatience of wholesome authority; it was not the expression of a factious temper; it proceeded from a burning conviction that the feelings, wants, and interests of the country were not consulted.

That there are evil-minded men in the nation, who prefer a state of anarchy to one of repose, is undoubtedly true; but this is not the disposition of the great body of the people. They want a popular, vigorous,

and intelligent government, equal laws, and a freedom from oppression. These blessings they are now beginning to realize, under the mild and enlightened policy of Otho; nor do I believe they will long withhold from him their united and cordial support.

They are now in possession of their long-lost Athens, with the rich memorials of its storied splendor. These imperishable relics will be to them a new bond of union, a fresh source of pride, patriotism, and self-respect. For this rich gift they are indebted to the intervention of England and France, whose conduct in their liberation is far from meriting those sentiments of distrust with which it is generally regarded.

It is natural that they should take a lively interest in Greece; indeed, what nation that is not dead to every nobler impulse, can fail to do it? The monuments of her transcendent genius are in all lands; the story of her grandeur and grief, her magnificence and desolation, has reached every heart. Her resistance to the frightful encroachments of barbarism, her devotion to the rights of human nature, her sacrifices and sufferings in defence of the religion of her fathers, have been the eloquent themes of thousands, at the hearth, in the sanctuary, and in the halls of legislation. It was these which stirred public sympathy so warmly in her behalf; which enlisted the humane and enlightened statesmen of Europe in her favor; which sunk the armaments of the oppressor

in the Gulf of Navarino; it is these which now sustain the cabinets of England and France, in their efforts to cherish and defend this most injured and unfortunate people.

They are acting on the force of public opinion; the convictions and approbation of every liberal and intelligent community. Sinister motives may indeed enter into their conduct,—but men are not angels; when the great interests of human nature are promoted, we should be satisfied, nor be over curious in searching for the latent springs of a possibly selfish policy. Greece will ascend in the scale of nations; and the blessings of all times await the men who have paved the way for her future exaltation and happiness.

The moral features of Greece, though inferior to her intellectual, are yet perhaps not below what any nation, even the most sternly virtuous, would exhibit after being subjected, for an equal length of time, to the same Vandal stupidity, tyranny, and crime. It is matter of wonder that the storms of revolution and disaster, that have been for ages rending and overthrowing the bulwarks of her mental strength, should have left even a vestige of her unregarded virtue.

Yet she has come forth from this long series of calamities—doubly deepened by the moral night in which they were inflicted—with an elevation and rectitude of character far above the deserved frowns of the age. She has brought forth her love of coun-

try undiminished; her religion, with its altars, unquenched; her reverence of conjugal fidelity, paternal obligation, and filial duty, unimpaired. These alone should save her from the bitter denunciations of those who blind themselves to her trials, or are incapable of sympathizing with her misfortunes.

Let the Greeks be brought before their accusers, and allowed the opportunity of answering to the charges uncharitably preferred against them. They are accused of extreme avarice; they exhibit their desolate hearths, hold up their empty hands, and ask where are the evidences, the fruits of their covetous dispositions? They are accused of insincerity; they refer you to that system of jealousy and injustice, under which they have been compelled to conceal even the suggestions of natural affection; and they ask if their deportment, while suffering under the intrigues and extortions of a rapacious barbarian, is to be taken as a criterion of their truth and honesty?

They are accused of ingratitude; they remind you of the violence and wrongs to which the nations of Christendom, in forgetfulness of the obligations of a common faith, and the claims of outraged humanity, have for ages abandoned them! and they ask if the injuries of this treachery and moral hardihood can be wiped out by a few self-accusing regrets, and tardy manifestations of sympathy? They are accused of ignorance and superstition; they point you to the

remnants of their ruined libraries, the obliterated foundations of their schools and colleges, and ask, what else can be expected under a government where learning is synonymous with treason, and enlightened religion a crime?

They are accused of a turbulent, indomitable disposition; they refer you to the fierce struggles of their revolution, and ask, if a nation that has been so violently convulsed, can at once become calm and tractable in all its elements! They are accused of robbery and piracy; they exhibit the fetters of their absolute servitude, and ask with indignant earnestness, if, in this helpless condition, the whole nation is to be held responsible for the conduct of a few outlaws, haunting their shores, and distressing their mountain glens?

Those who denounce the Greeks as a nation of thieves, pirates, and heartless impostors, draw their sweeping inferences from a few individual examples of perfidy and outrage, with which the great body of the people had no participation, and for which they cannot, with any shadow of reason, be held accountable. We should regard it as maliciously unjust to have the treason of an Arnold, the robberies of a Hare, and the piratical crimes of a Gibbs, cast in the face of our whole country; and though these examples of guilt and shame were to multiply in every port and city of the Union, still we should triumphantly appeal to our national honor, virtue, rectitude;

and indignantly hurl back the indiscriminate imputation into the teeth of the accuser.

It is not the vices or virtues of a few individuals that stamp the character of a people; it is the characteristics of the great mass; and as these are pure or depraved, the nation as such must stand or fall. Let the Greeks be tried by this standard, and it will be found that their acquittal will be more the verdict of impartial justice, than the decision of a lenient commiseration.

My affection for Greece, my confidence in the remnants of her political and moral energy, may, perhaps, appear too unqualified. I am aware how difficult it is for one situated, as I am, among the evidences of her past greatness and present sufferings, so far to divest himself of all feeling, as to see distinctly her true character and condition. But what I have said has been uttered in a spirit of honesty; with the simple desire of doing her justice, and of shielding her from indiscriminate reproach.

It has become a prevailing disposition with travellers—a flippant vice of their pens—to eulogize the Turks, and denounce the Greeks; to allow the former virtues which they never possessed, and charge the latter with crimes which they never committed. I have no wish to raise the one by lowering the other, to deify the victim by demolishing the idol. If we compare the two, we shall find the Mussulman morally the superior, the Greek intellectually so; and we

shall find all the features in the religious, social, and political condition of the two nations, as they have existed for a long series of years, contributing to such a result.

We may omit the influences of education, for they have been extremely meager, and equally so with both. To glance at other causes, and their corresponding effects: the Mussulman has enjoyed his religion without molestation or rebuke; and though the precepts of the Koran are grossly deficient, and culpably indulgent in many respects, yet they strenuously inculcate some of the great cardinal virtues which lie at the foundation of individual excellence and national worth. This religion has been instilled into the Mussulman from his earliest years, imbuing his feelings, forming his principles, shaping his conduct, and connecting the undisguised manifestation of its spirit with his highest moral dignity.

The Greek, on the contrary, has loosely clung to his religion amid sneers and persecution—a religion that has been abused by its friends, and trampled upon by its enemies—a religion in which the vital principles of Christianity have become almost extinct —a religion too vague to excite interest, too feeble to mold character, and too absurd to inspire respect. This will account, so far as the influences of religion are concerned, for the moral superiority of the Mussulman.

Another source of advantage will be found in the

social condition of the Mussulman. He has ever had his home, with which the stranger has not intermeddled; a home to which his warmest feelings have turned; where he has garnered up his hopes; and around which his pride, ambition, and self-respect have rallied. The Greek, on the contrary, has had no home that he could call his own; it might be his to-day, another's to-morrow; he has had no security for his family, his flocks, or his fields; has never been certain of reaping the harvest of the seed he is sowing; of gathering the fruit of the tree he is planting; of wearing the fleece of the lambs he is tending; or of even preserving from pollution that guileless daughter he is rearing into womanhood. He has therefore been without those motives to industry, those springs of ambition, those strong incentives to a lofty virtuous example, which have been operating on the Mussulman, and which have conduced, in no slight degree, to his moral superiority.

The political condition of the two, though operating against the Greek in every other respect, yet so far as intellect merely is to be affected by it, has, perhaps, been in his favor. He has never submitted, except in form, to that absolute despotism which has trammelled the mind of the Mussulman. He has never subscribed to the doctrine of passive obedience. He has never acquiesced in that tyranny which reaches the soul. He has never believed that one man, whether representing the Prophet of Mecca, or

presenting himself under the awful symbols of the Roman hierarch, has a right to seal the lips of millions.

He has indeed been a slave in his outward condition, but his mind has been free: his limbs have been fettered, but his spirit has soared: he has clanked the chain, but it has been in sight of Thermopylæ and Platæa! He has never utterly relinquished the hope of freedom; never given up all as lost; never abandoned himself to despair. Hence we find him, intellectually, an exception to the torpid myriads over whom the car of triumph has been driven, and intellectually superior to the acquiescing, unresisting Mussulman.

The Turks and Greeks, though living for centuries under the same government, the same political institutions, and in constant habits of intercourse, yet present, in their characteristic features, even to the casual observer, the most striking contrasts. The Turk is patient and enduring; the Greek, restless and refractory: the Turk is inquiring and distrustful; the Greek, inconsiderate and sanguine: the former acts from reflection; the latter, from impulse: the Turk submits in silence to his wrongs, and conceals his resentments till the perpetrator is within his fatal reach; the Greek flies into passion, and loses his redress in the loudness of his premonitory execrations.

The Turk exercises his ingenuity in preventing a

disaster; the Greek, in escaping from its consequences: the Turk fails in his enterprises from a want of confidence in himself; the Greek, from a vain, over-calculating excess of this confidence: the former is defeated by having too little enthusiasm; the latter, by having too much: the Turk will liberate a caged bird, and lop off the head of a human being; the Greek will keep the cage close, and overthrow the gallows, when perhaps it ought to stand. The Turk takes care of his horse and dog; the Greek takes care of himself: the former feeds the stranger, but puts him to death for the impiety of a look into his harem; the latter allows him to kiss his wife, and then starve: the Turk cherishes his wife here, and divorces her in a future state; the Greek neglects her here, and expects to live with her hereafter: the Turk prides himself in the number and appearance of his children; the Greek in the number and livery of his servants: the Turk thinks of his dinner and siesta; the Greek, of his toilet and promenade: the former lives to please himself; the latter, to excite the admiration of others.'

The Turk washes his body, and neglects his apparel; the Greek washes his apparel, and neglects his body: the former uncovers his feet as a token of respect; the latter, his head: the Turk professes ignorance upon all subjects; the Greek, upon none: the former leaves every event to the disposal of Providence; the latter, to his own wits. The Turk will

overreach you at the council-table; the Greek, in the bazar: the former deceives you in the conditions of a compact; the latter, in the fulfilment. The Turk ascribes his misfortunes to an unalterable destiny, meets them with composure, and avails himself of the slight opportunities that may remain; the Greek ascribes them to capricious accident, or his own folly, endures them murmuringly, and often spurns what is left, in vexation for what is lost.

The Turk, in going into battle, relies upon solid physical force; the Greek, upon dexterity and stratagem: the former calls upon Mahomet, and fights for his religion: the latter calls upon the Virgin Mary, and fights for himself. The Turk regards an absolute despotism as the ordinance of his Prophet, and religiously renders it obedience; the Greek considers it the ordinance of the devil, and indignantly resists. The Turk, if required to relinquish a habit, thinks of its origin; the Greek, of what is to take its place: with the former, nothing can outweigh the sanctions of antiquity; with the latter, nothing prevail against the promises of novelty.

The Turk is a true devotee to his religion; the Greek makes his religion his convenience: with the former, his piety is the substance of things hoped for; with the latter, it is the evidence of things seen. The Turk tolerates the Christian infidel in the exercise of his religion, but decapitates a convert to it from his own; the Greek burns the partial dissenter,

and allows the hopeless apostate to escape: with the former, the closer the resemblance, the stronger the affection; with the latter, the nearer the approximation, the greater the antipathy. The Turk kisses his death-warrant, and thinks of heaven; the Greek tramples it under his foot, and seizes his weapons: the former dies like a philosopher, the latter like a gladiator.

I must not leave Athens without alluding again briefly to one eminently salutary source of influence, fostered here by the piety and benevolence of my countrymen; I refer to the schools under the care of our intelligent, devoted missionaries. These institutions, though existing without parade, and accomplishing their ends in silence, are doing more to enlighten and permanently benefit the country, than, perhaps, any advantages in her political condition. They are conveying the elements of social and moral life to multitudes of the young; they are expanding, replenishing, and elevating the minds of those who will one day shape the character and hopes of Greece.

I speak with more earnestness respecting the utility of these missionary establishments, being aware of the skeptical apathy with which they are regarded by many, of the fanatical shape which they assume in the distempered imagination of others, and knowing that no man, who may read these pages, will accuse me of a blinding bias, of having my feelings run too deeply and wildly on the subject of religion, or

deny me a large share of that confidence due to an impartial witness. I will never be the instrument of deception, even where supposed good is to be attained, or hold up a false light, though it may shed its uncertain ray on a portion of that path which leads to heaven.

- I have been through the schools under the care of our missionaries in Greece, at Constantinople, and in Asia Minor; have observed the character of the instructions imparted, the age, condition, and aptitudes of those who receive them, and have no hesitation in saying, and in holding myself responsible for the reasonableness and practical truth of the declaration, that philanthropy could not have suggested a system of means more replete with exalted and enduring benefits to these communities. They are pure and constant lights in lands of doubt and darkness; they are fountains of science, political wisdom, and moral truth, in realms of ignorance, superstition, and crime. They will, one day, be referred to by many who have here received their first impulses in a career of extended usefulness and sanctified fame; and multitudes, leaving the world, will bequeath them the benediction of their parting prayers.

The missionaries, on whom the labor and care of these schools devolve, are not the visionary enthusiasts that some ignorantly suppose; they are men of learning, piety, and sound practical sense. The end they have in view is a diffusion of that knowledge

which lies at the foundation of virtue, freedom, and religion; and many of the happy results which they confidently anticipate from their labors, will as truly be realized, as that a stream, notwithstanding its many windings and partial obstructions, will eventually find its way to the ocean.

Years may pass away over their purpose, the grave perhaps close over them while the fruits of their labors are yet only in the sprouting germ; but the blade will spring up, reach its height and maturity, blossom and bring forth, and other times will reap the golden harvest. Yet no class of men are more misconceived in their character, or more injuriously misrepresented in their motives, than these same self-denying missionaries.

As if to give the last shade of a repelling absurdity to their professions, they are represented as obeying the dictates of a sordid selfishness. If it be selfish to leave one's home, kindred, and country, while the heart is yet young and filled with tender affections and trust towards these objects; if it be selfish to take up one's permanent abode in a land of strangers, and there, with the promises of a mere subsistence. to live, labor, and die for the benefit of others, without one relative to administer to our last necessities, or cherish our dying request—if this be selfishness, then indeed are our missionaries open to the opprobrious imputation. But I would not ask for a higher honor than the inscription of such selfishness on my humble tomb.

These devoted men are also held up as a class of self-exiled fanatics, whose exclusive object is the conversion of mankind to the peculiar tenets of their own creed. If such were their object, I can only say they have adopted a very inauspicious mode of accomplishing it. Instead of establishing schools, diffusing knowledge, and encouraging a spirit of inquiry, they should have riveted still closer the chains of ignorance, left their Bibles behind them, and denounced at once all right of private judgment. But they are engaged in no such narrow project as this; their mission is of a higher order; they anticipate results of a more beneficial and expanded character.

The Christian, whose benevolence and faith are enlisted in these missionary establishments, rightly considers the question of their expediency and ultimate success as conclusively settled, or at least as placed above his control by Him who has made their maintenance an imperative duty on the Church. Nor is he dependent, solely, for confidence and encouragement upon the spirit of this divine, unconditional injunction. He knows that the same religion which he is now endeavoring to extend through the earth, was eighteen hundred years ago propagated with incredible success by the same means he is now using, and under circumstances incomparably less auspicious.

It had then no connection with princes, no alliance with the schools or philosophical systems of the age,

no wealth or learning at its command. It was derided by the great, and rejected by the obscure; ridiculed by the scholar, and persecuted by the rabble. Its only friends were a few ignorant fishermen, whose insignificance made their cause still more contemptible in the opinion of mankind.

Yet, with the friendship of these poor unlettered men, it was at length enabled to secure a foothold, and began ere long to assume an importance sufficient to take from opposition its condescending sneer. Its enemies now rose against it in banded hosts, bent upon its extermination; its friends were seized, scourged, and put to death; but in losing one advocate it won a thousand; and continued to extend the presence of its power till, without force, without a return of evil, without a retaliating word or look, and breathing only the language of forgiveness, compassion, and good-will to men, the whole civilized world lay prostrate at its feet.

Though centuries have intervened, empires that were have disappeared, new continents been discovered and peopled, unprecedented systems of idolatry and superstition introduced, and the moral features of the whole globe changed, yet it is the same religion that the Christian is now endeavoring to extend, and by the same means. Human nature, too, has undergone no change; it is now what it was in the days of the apostles; and it will be in the last man what it was in the first. Truth is also immu-

table; its clearness and force may at times be obstructed by circumstances foreign to itself, but when fully apprehended, its effect must ever be essentially the same pure and unmixed conviction; so that the Christian has now the same instrument, and the same material to operate upon, as had the primitive disciples.

If successes were achieved then, they can be achieved now; if skepticism and infidelity were routed then, they can be routed now; if false religions, sustained by temples, shrines, and oracles, were overthrown then, they can certainly, without these stupendous auxiliaries, be overthrown now. Only let the truth be brought to bear with clear and constant rays upon the human mind, and disbelief must vanish, doubt and cavil disappear, like the lingering shadows of night before the risen orb of day.

The enterprise, therefore, in which the Christian is engaged, if prosecuted with a becoming zeal and faith, cannot finally fail. He who has made it a duty upon the Church, who has connected it with his visible glory, and sanctified it with his blood, will not withhold from it the energies of his omnipotent grace: it will move on with increasing majesty and strength, till it fills the world with the trophies of its transcendent purity and power. Then will be realized on this earth the prophetic vision of him who saw the wilderness and solitary place made glad, the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose, the hills break

forth into singing, the trees of the field clap their hands, and the ransomed of the Lord come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy on their heads,—then will

> "The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
> Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
> Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round."

CHAPTER XVI.

O risen, self-devoted martyrs! ye
Have, circling in your veins, the blood of those
Whose bones are bearsed in bleak Thermopylæ:
Though weeping friendship may not interpose,
Your gathered strength shall gain your liberty:
If banded despots rise, let death foreclose
Their being; let their broken sceptres be
The scoff, the jest, the by-word of the Free.

DEPARTURE FROM ATHENS — FEELINGS ON LEAVING GREECE — REASONS FOR WRITING THIS JOURNAL — ARMENIAN BRIDE — ENTERTAINMENT ON BOARD SHIP — SENTIMENT OF AN ATHENIAN GENTLEMAN — WASHINGTON'S LAST INJUNCTION — PASSAGE TO MAHON — ARRIVAL OF FRIENDS — WINTER AMUSEMENTS — THE WALTZ AND CAMP MEETING CONTRASTED.

From the splendors of that millennial vision into which my feelings unintentionally wandered, the reader will now come back with me to the poor and desolate strand of Athens. If anticipated triumphs and happiness inspirit the mind, and render us superior to present disappointments, afflictions deepen the tone of its sympathies, and inspire those fraternal feelings in which the best impulses of the heart are exhibited. The dazzling parade of power and the sumptuous show of wealth may awaken sentiments of ambition, envy, or exultation, but it is the meek face of sorrow, directing our thoughts to our own infirmi-

ties and the sufferings of those around us, that teaches us how to estimate human life aright, and die with dignity and composure.

Let him who would repine at his lot, and murmur at the dispensations of Providence, think, for a moment, of the millions who are without a shelter for their heads, and without the known means of a naked subsistence: let him look at the Grecian mother, anticipating the light in her willing task, and denying herself repose and comfort, that she may provide for her orphan children: the tears fall on her distaff as she works, but they are not shed in despondency; they are in recollection of *one* whom she never more will see. O God! though sickness waste this frame, and the blessings of thy bounty be denied, yet never more shall a complaining word escape these lips, or a distrusting sigh heave this heart.

I have left no place with such a clinging fondness and sympathetic grief as I felt when my last footstep parted with the soil of Greece: not that I had ever drank deeply of her sacred founts, or more than tasted her ambrosial fruits. But there was something in the splendors of her past condition, the still surviving relics of her transcendent genius, contrasted with her present helplessness and woe, that tenderly wed me to the spot. It was as if the face of the one we love, and over whom the grave hath closed, were to revisit us in our dreams.

No man of any susceptibility can come to this coun

try without being made the wiser and better: the sphere of his thoughts will be extended, his classical taste improved, and his conception of the powers of the human mind enlarged; while the sad aspect of decay and ruin, spread over all things around, will soften his heart, and turn off his thoughts from his own adversities to the deeper misfortunes of others. Here he will stand over the tombless dust of thousands who were the pride of their age and the wonder of this,—over the sepulchre of a soaring nation, pressed into the issues of death by the mountain weight of its calamities. He will say—

"Upon such a shrine,
What are our petty griefs? let me not number mine."

In passing, I must confess that digression has been my fault, and I candidly own, were a man to treat a wife with as much neglect as I do my narrative, if she had any spirit, she would apply for a divorce, and, if there were any justice in the court, obtain it. Yet, if I can be as happy in any of these digressions as a lady is in her postscript, which usually contains the pith and marrow of her whole letter, I shall not regret them, though criticism, with its straight lines and sharp angles, cut them off from all hope of mercy.

I do not write for critics, though they are a class of men for whom I entertain a deep literary respect; but now and then they canonize a book to which the

public refuses its homage, and again anathematize another that is to ascend before their astounded vision into the beatitude of an imperishable fame. Nor do I write for the bubbling breath of the indiscriminating mass: I would as soon chase the foam which the sea heaves up against its reeking shore. Nor do I write for fame from any source; it is worrying one's self to death in pursuit of a shadow: fifty years hence it will be of no moment to me whether few or many ever heard of my existence; and though unwept, unhonored, and unsung, yet the flower will bloom just as freshly on my grave, and the bird sing just as sweetly on the tree that shades my last sleep.

Nor do I write under the vain expectation that these pages will shed any light essentially new upon any of the topics on which they touch, for learning has already exhausted its stores on these themes, as well as pedantry its prattle. Every thing that has left behind the slightest token of its existence, has been traced; the lines of its original strength and beauty laid down; and a thousand things have been discovered that never had any existence at all. For what, then, perhaps, the reader will ask, do you write? Simply because the humor takes me; I write while this involuntary sentiment lasts, then throw the sheet aside. Usually what pleases me most at first, disgusts me most in the end.

I have often thoughts which appear, at the mo-

ment, exquisitely beautiful, and carefully embalm them, but afterwards find that I have only been preserving a bubble, or wrapping new bandages around the mummy of another's brain. And then again, an image of surpassing loveliness, appearing at first to partake more of heaven than earth, will, by-and-by, drop its mask, and display features that make me shudder in my sleep—a type of the human heart!

Why, then, the reader will ask, if you only expose yourself to mortification and terror, do you continue to write? why not denounce the whole as utter "vanity and vexation of spirit?" Did not Solomon, who penned those words, and spread their frightful force over all the pursuits and hopes of man, still continue to write proverbs? So must I still continue to weave this mental web, though it be of so thin a texture that a heavy thought would fall through it, as a spent ball through the gossamer that floats on the atmospheric tides.

But my narrative, which I was about resuming, I have quite forgotten again; and forgotten it in *self*, too, that little, contemptible pool, which man ever makes the ocean to the river of his thoughts. Suspend every purpose and action that has a *selfish* end, and this globe would become nearly as still and unconscious as it will when, with its voiceless dwellings and empty graves, it shall be cast off among the wrecks and skeletons of other worn-out worlds. But to resume—if I can remember where I left off:

"I think it was the coast that I
Was then describing—yes, it was—the coast
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost."

We shoved off in our boats from the strand of the Piræus, having in company a number of ladies and gentlemen from Athens; among the rest an Armenian beauty, who had run away from the Turkish capital and her home, with Mr. L., a gentleman more deeply tinctured with a love of adventure than is usual among the sober sons of Scotia. She was now his bride, speaking just enough English not to be able to disguise her feelings, and with a native accent that made her imperfect sentences still more pleasing.

Seeing them together, and witnessing her feminine expressions of affection and confidence, I could not but think there was something in this mode of escaping from parental opposition, calculated, by casting the parties more unreservedly on each other, to strengthen the ties of mutual attachment. Yet it is not for me to encourage such escapades; although I once married a runaway couple—the parties being well known to me. Just as the ceremony was concluded, the father of the young lady rushed into the apartment, calling, in a voice of thunder, for his daughter; I told him it was now too late, that he should have come fifteen minutes sooner, but now it was all over! He stood, for a moment, as if struck

with catalepsy; and, coming to, fixed his eye on me, and sternly remarked, "I hold you, sir, responsible for consequences."

I quietly told him his daughter had so many of those virtues which *he* possessed, and which had made him the distinguished pride and ornament of his native city, that I would cheerfully take the responsibility. He began to soften down, and soon ordering an entertainment, became as merry as any of the company. But to my narrative:

Reaching our ship, which still lay anchored in the eventful strait of Salamis, and surveying its finished order, in which ladies ever take a lively interest—it is so much like the neat arrangements of a compact nursery—we sat down to an elegant entertainment provided by Captain Read. The conversation was quite as intellectual as usually obtains on such occasions; it ran on the present condition and future prospects of Greece, and embraced many glowing predictions, embarrassed by none of those reservations and double constructions which marred the responses of Delos and Delphi.

Wine, among its other virtues, has a remarkable tendency to render the heart sanguine; and however correct the proverb, *in vino veritas*, in reference to the secrets of one's own breast, I should doubt its applicability to predictions. This dew of the spirit, as it is called, refreshes its plant too suddenly; the next day it is found, like Jonah's nocturnal gourd, with-

ered; and its possessor, like him too, perhaps, mad. But on this occasion there was no excess in the grape; and this was the more commendable, as we had just come from the remains of the Temple of Bacchus, with our imaginations still full of the phantoms that reeled in giddy gladness through his festive rites.

One sentiment proposed on the occasion is especially worthy of being recorded, more on account of the admonition it suggests than the compliment it conveys; it was offered by Mr. Pyllas, an Athenian gentleman, combining the courage and energy of the soldier with the accomplishments of the scholar. "America," said he, "is so much the more worthy of praise, in her successful devotion to Liberty, since, in the sentiment of Demosthenes,

Το φυλάξαι τ' αγαθα του Κτισασθαι χαλεπωτερον.

It is more difficult to preserve than acquire what is good."

Let that sentiment sink deep into the heart of every American. We have acquired our liberty at a great expense of treasure and blood, but the more difficult task now remains of preserving it; and this is a task that can never be remitted; which must never lose any portion of its high interest; which must be transmitted from father to son with augmented solicitude and zeal. We must not inactively presume upon the increased fidelity of those who are

to come after us; we must not expect them to do what we have neglected—to retrieve our errors—to bring up the arrears of our supineness and sloth. It is for us, and for each successive generation, to say whether with the next, liberty shall be a great and glorious reality, or a perished dream; whether it shall be an exalted source of national happiness and honor, or the poor relics of an enterprise, commenced in tears and blood, and closed in folly and shame.

He who led our forefathers to conflict and triumph, as if endowed with a preternatural vision, saw the true source of our security, and that of our peril; and embodied his prophetic conviction in a sentence that should ever live on the lip, and at the heart of his countrymen—"United we stand—divided we fall." Could the dead leave their graves; could those who achieved our liberties mingle again with us in our assurances and doubts, they would still repeat the dying accents of their great compatriot—*United we stand—divided we fall.*

Let this sentence vibrate with thrilling energy through our land; let it be echoed in every valley, on every mountain, through every hamlet and swelling city; let every breeze that sweeps from the Atlantic shore bear it on into the deep forests of the west; let it kindle along the icy cliffs of the north, and spread its electrical radiance over the fervid plains of the south; let every cloud of embosomed thunder give it utterance, while it flames in charac-

ters of living light on the baldric of our sky—UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL.

The entertainment over, the parting words spoken, the guests gone—we weighed anchor, and sailed for Smyrna. Here, taking under convoy two lubberly things called vessels, because they had masts, and which appear to have been put afloat to illustrate the motion and speed of a dead whale, we held our course for Mahon. Arriving, at last, off Cerigo, we parted, very reluctantly, with Mr. B., our First Lieutenant, to whose energy and excellent judgment all accorded their warm confidence. Three cheers from our ship's crew, given at their own request, bespoke their feelings towards him, and their wishes for his safe return home.

The executive duties of the ship now devolved on Lieut. R., a man of sound sense and indefatigable fidelity. Our passage, after our release from the convoy, was rapid, till we arrived off Sardinia, where we encountered a violent head-storm. This promontory of deformity and perverseness ever manages, sail which way you will, to cast a tempest in your teeth. I would not pass it, if bound to heaven, were it possible to get there without; and, I am very sure, if the perils and hardships which it inflicts on the mariner obstructed the way to perdition, fewer sail would be steering for that frightful coast. I leave it, what thousands have left it before, my unqualified malediction: may its miserable inhabitants

escape, and may itself sink into the bottom of the sea, where even an earthquake's shaking tread cannot reach it, unless it be to sink it still deeper.

Our crew were so elated with the prospect of reaching their winter quarters, that the old violin, which had lain silent for a long time, was restrung, and made to discourse its music. Of the amusement that followed, with ten times the heart of the fashionable ball-room, without any of its graces, I will say nothing; for a previous description of a scene like this gave mortal offence to a nameless editor. He says, that so far from describing it, I should have made my immediate escape from its neighborhood. Now, as there is only one mode of escaping from occurrences on board ship, I suppose this discreet editor, if in my situation, would have adopted that, and jumped overboard! and perhaps given, in the other state, as an excuse for his appearance there before his time, that he had come conscientiously, to escape from the sound of a *fiddle-string!*

This same sapient editor tells me, in the abundance of his Christian charity, that my religion is like a robe that fits me loosely: perhaps it would not be amiss for him to examine a little, and see that his is not like a glove that fits either hand. He arraigns me, also, for my unpretending literary habits, and seems to think a modest cultivation of letters little less than a crime: as if religion had nothing to do with letters; as if its history had come down to us

through other channels; as if its solemn mysteries could be taught, and its divine obligation inculcated, without the aid of language; or, as if a religious sentiment could not be rendered more attractive by the graces of its apparel. He reminds me of the man who, in his blind hatred of ornament, attempted to knock off the drapery of a statue; but, in doing it, as might be expected, destroyed the statue itself.

This self-constituted censor also charges me with an unprincipled latitudinarianism, because I think it possible a Catholic may get to heaven! Has he ever met with the meek pages of a Fenelon, or listened to the thrilling, sanctified eloquence of a Bourdaloue or Massillon? If the days of persecution are to come again, when men are to be burned for a difference of opinion, I shall expect to see this editor with a torch in one hand, and a poker in the other. When he arraigns another Christian at his inquisitorial bar, I hope he will preface his condemnatory sentence with the evidence of his judicial *authority*, which he will find in Paul's Epistle to the Romans, ch. 14, v. 4.

To his own Master he standeth or falleth. The strongest evidence that can be produced against the Christian religion at the present day, is the want of charity among many of its professors; and, I regret to say, that this intolerance is sometimes the most conspicuous where there is the most display of zeal, and the greatest pretension to sanctity.

The blustering parade of certain men, were it not connected with religion, would be only a subject of merriment. They seem to forget the intense elements of the age in which they live; and ascribe all heat, impulse, and motion, to themselves. They forget the kindled state of the public mind, the mighty, conflicting energies that are at work; and because they make a bluster and noise, seem to think they have within them some peculiar, inborn sources of animation and power. Why! even the dead frog will leap when put between the plates of a galvanic battery.

They run about flourishing their insignificant flambeaux, as if there were no sun in the heavens! Even nature seems to have caught the infection of their vanity! What a bright night, exclaims the glow-worm, turning his tail to the moon! Put on the steam, I am in haste, cries a snail that has crept into a railroad car! Crack it again, my good fellow, ejaculates a fly that has lit on the folds of a thunder-cloud! What a prodigious reverberation, says a woodpecker, tapping a hollow tree on the roaring verge of Niagara! I fear my house will be shaken down, mutters a mouse, as the walls of the cathedral rock with the throes of the earthquake! What a deal of observation we excite, says a bumble-bee buzzing along in the tail of a comet! *We* leave the very ocean split asunder, exclaims a perch darting along in the wake of a whale! *We* shall bring up

with a tremendous crash, cries a weasel on an avalanche that is plunging into an Alpine abyss!

Bury *me* with my face to the foe, cries a cock-roach dying in the battle of the Nile! What a long shadow I cast, hoots an owl, gazing at an eclipse of the sun! "The spoils of victory," screams a harpy, pouncing on an elephant struck by lightning! One counts as much as another, says a democratic flea, jumping into the face of a lion! This last stronghold of aristocratical pride begins to totter, cries a levelling, radical rat, putting *his* shoulder against the foundation of a palace! I have looked Satan out of countenance, cries a fanatic, taking off his green spectacles! The splendors of the millennium are bursting on the world, exclaims a new-light ultraist, holding up his jack-o'-lantern! The chains of millions are breaking, screams an abolitionist, as the bands of his own apparel give way!

"How she drives ahead," said a boy, who was stamping and swaggering about, in danger of upsetting the boat, and spattering the foul bilge-water on the boatmen. "Sit down," said one of the rowers. "Sit down!" retorted the spatterer; "I am the only man that makes the boat go; you are all looking the other way."

We have a great many of such blustering pretenders in this age of improvement. While the whole of the civilized world is in an agony, pressing onward, and struggling for higher and unknown attain-

ments, these egotists participate in the general shock; spring about like dead frogs under a galvanic battery; wake from the slumbers to the ravings of ignorance; think all others are asleep; raise a tumult; endanger and retard by their irregularities the general progress; and appropriate to themselves the credit of the great and happy results which spring from combined and general effort, and from the workings of all-penetrating and mighty principles.

We rejoice to observe the sun peeping up from below the horizon; but it looks ridiculous to see the stupid and the vain running about with their smoking firebrands and torches, and ascribing to them the broad day that is bursting upon us.

But enough of this, I return to the ship. We arrived at Mahon, and were quarantined, like Virgil's ghosts on the Stygian shore, till time

Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit:

though we had no taint or disease to be purged away. These quarantine regulations are excessively annoying, and iniquitously indiscriminate in their exactions. They are executed with equal rigor upon a man-of-war, where contagion can find no lurking-place, nothing to subsist upon, and a coaster freighted with the rottenness of death. You are still confined in your floating prison after the tedium and deprivations of a long voyage; all access to the shore cut off, and all communication with your friends denied,

unless your epistles first pass through a steam of fire and brimstone, that may lead them to suppose it came from the lower regions.

Alas! for man; he is the sport of things he cannot govern, and the fool of those he can! But I am impatient and querulous; yet I hope the reader will forgive me this once, for I am not often in this mood; but just now I am so sick at heart with every one around, with myself, with every thing in the world, that I would hardly raise a finger to arrest this globe were it rushing into the volcanic eye of the sun, or plunging to the abysses of "uncreated night." Swing my hammock; I must sleep, or this nervous delirium will end me! Yet I fear I cannot feel the refreshing dew of slumber; for this throbbing brain seems forsaken of the soothing spirit of rest:

> ——Sleep, gentle sleep!
> Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee?

Another and better day has dawned; my mind becomes more calm; its spectral terrors are departing; and the dreary void in nature begins to exhibit forms on which the heart can rest with returning affection. Man deceives us, betrays, and abandons us, but Nature and Nature's God never: a cloud, flowing perhaps from our ingratitude, may at times shade her sweet face; but, like a fond mother, she comes soon and clasps her offspring to her breast.

Never more, thou dear, maternal refuge of the

weary and distressed, will I forget thee, or distrust the strength and fulness of thy all-pitying love. Through every dark day, and every night of gathering ills, I will think of thee, of thy kindness, gentleness, and truth, and fly to the covert of thy brooding wing; and when this fevered being shall sink to rest, let me softly sleep in thy fragrant bosom.

Stretched in the grave, our last retreat,
I'll view at distance there,
The vain pursuits of busy man,
And smile at human care.
Nor sin, nor anxious cares invade
That land of long repose,
Where rest and mortals meet at last,
And are no longer foes.

We had survived our quarantine, and were once more in intercourse with the goodly earth; when to our great satisfaction the United States, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Patterson, accompanied by the Brandywine, under the command of Capt. Renshaw, entered the harbor. They would have arrived much sooner, and in better condition, but they had been detained and nearly wrecked in a gale off Sardinia. I knew nothing good could come of that island; it has the marks of its malignant madness on its very face; it is the fratricidal Cain of these waters. Its destruction would be safe as that of Satan, from whose grave it is impossible that any spirit more powerful and malignant can ever ascend.

Our newly arrived friends, whom we were forbid to take by the hand, had not been sufficiently afflicted by tempest, and were put in quarantine. We were allowed to approach them but little nearer than speaking distance; this was the more trying as there were young ladies among them for whom we entertained an esteem that would narrow to the smallest fraction this separating space.

But pratique at length came to them, as it had to us; the non-intercourse act expired; and we now snugly located ourselves for the remainder of the winter. Aside from the agreeable entertainments given alternately by Commodore P. and Captain R., and which contributed essentially to our rational pleasures, the evenings of some were beguiled by the attractions of a respectable opera; while a few hours of each day, when the duties of the ship had no paramount claim, were healthfully exercised in rides over the hills and valleys of this romantic isle.

The carnival, with its masquerades, also came in to diminish with many the weight of passing hours; though, of all amusements got up for human entertainment, I think the masquerade the most superlatively stupid. There is neither refinement, wit, nor worth in it; Maelzel's automatons display a thousand times more tact and originality. Its chief merit seems to consist in rendering one's self incognizable; and that undoubtedly the foolish devils effected, who entered

into the herd of swine that "ran violently down a steep ledge into the sea!"

Nor can I, at the utmost, more than tolerate the waltz, which here forms a prominent feature in the masquerade, and in all evening entertainments; and to which the chaste matrons of my own country have recently extended their kind indulgence. Where this whirling amusement originated is more than I can conjecture, unless it were in some of those nameless retreats where intoxication is the least crime; or perhaps the idea was caught from the giddy rites of the whirling dervishes of Turkey, who whirl round single in this life, for the sake of whirling double in the next. Sure I am if Terpsichore had attempted the getting up of any thing of this kind, the modest mother of the muses would have put her daughter under lock and key.

I cannot realize how a lady of strict delicacy can allow a stranger to come so near her person; to encircle her very form; her own soft arms lying on his; every attitude and motion necessarily exhibiting that yielding air which ordinarily means still more than it expresses; and then their scarcely separated lips, sighing a language inarticulate and warm! Doubtless the situation has its charm; the propinquities and tactions must have an exquisite mystery, which the uninitiated comprehend not; or else she would shrink, when she felt the trembling hand of her impatient partner clasping her palpitating waist! The

tell-tale blood, mantling the cheek and neck, will sometimes betray the nature of this mystery, and the true source from which has arisen the excessive popularity of the waltz!

The parties stand in couples, face to face,
And most affectionately near each other;
The lady then, as if she caught the embrace
Of some sweet sister, or devoted brother,
Raises her arms, while he, as purely chaste,
Clasps her around the palpitating waist.

And so they stand—her warm arms softly lying
On him—and he, circling her gentle form—
Their eyes are in each other's—sweet lips sighing
A language inarticulate and warm—
They seem, as love for them had but one riddle,
And now they whirl in time to Sambo's fiddle;—

And round and round they spin—an easy sweep
Of thrilling limbs and mounting blood, while she
Tells every nerve its vestal vow to keep,
And only lets it off this once—while he,
At every freedom, which he feels or sees,
Just gives her little waist another squeeze.

Then in this dance the parties seem so free
Of all embarrassment—so unrestrained,
Gentle and loving—they appear to be
Made for each other; not to be enchained
In marriage bonds—quite a superfluous fashion,
When there is such a warmth and depth of passion!

Yet those who countenance the voluptuous reelings of this ambiguous amusement will denounce, as inde-

cent, the congregating of people in groves, to worship their Maker. The waltz is encouraged as a thing of elegant refinement; while a camp meeting, with its family groups, its preachers of sacred truth, and its hymns of fervid devotion, is condemned as excessively vulgar, and panderly accessory to the indulgence of criminal passion. I do not advocate these sylvan assemblies; I only say that those who yield themselves to the indiscriminate embraces of the waltz should be the last people in the world to bestow upon them their reprobation.

But what a mass of inconsistencies may be found in the language and deportment of one of those who declaim most vehemently against the usages of the devotedly religious! He is out himself, at rout, revel, and masquerade, till the cocks crow for day, and sees no unseasonableness in his hours, or harmful tendency in the nature of his amusements; but if a few poor Christians meet for an hour or two in the *evening* to confess their sins, and strengthen their better resolutions, he is alarmed for the *discreet* habits of society, and sees a *fanatical* apparition advancing, ghastly as death on his pale horse! He will spend a week or month on a party of pleasure, in hunting a rare bird, or running down a red-tailed fox, and considers his time most unobjectionably employed; but if a "*three days' meeting*" is announced, he thinks a famine will ensue, or the whole world be turned upside down!

Now I only ask him, who is so devotedly given up to fiddles and foxes, to have a little patience with those who prefer their Bible and Christian duties. At least, let him remove the beam from his own eye, before he attempts to pluck the mote from the eye of his brother. I love that impartial justice which cuts up one's own faults, as well as those of his neighbor. I admire consistency, though it be in Lucifer, and feel, sometimes, a shuddering respect for that unchanging, unmixed, and immortal hate, that made him exclaim in his burning anguish, over the result of his contemplated scheme—

"Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Think'st thou that I shall speak unskilfully,
And none will heed me? I remember now,
How once, a slave in tortures doomed to die,
Was saved, because in accents sweet and low
He sung a song his Judge loved long ago.

SHELLEY.

CONSEQUENCES OF OUR VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE—SOLEMNITIES OF A COURT-MARTIAL—SITUATION AS COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANT—SENTENCE OF THE COURT—PRINCIPLES OF OUR NAVAL CODE—REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES—SELF-VINDICATION—THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I was speaking of the incidents which relieved the monotony of our winter at Mahon, and must not wholly omit the solemnities of a court-martial, which broke in with imposing effect. It grew out of circumstances connected with our visit to Constantinople; our exposure to the plague while there; the precipitancy of our reunion with the ship, and the unjustifiable attitude which a few were induced to assume in view of our deportment, which they at the time regarded as extremely reckless.

One little irritation led to another, till the gathering snow-ball, at first scarcely visible in its steep place, rolled at last into the deep ravine, a thundering avalanche! Articles of accusation, by the superior officer of the ship, were drawn up in form; a court

summoned, and the accused, holding the rank of lieutenant, ordered up for trial. I was called upon by the defendant to act as his counsel.

This was placing me in rather an embarrassing attitude, for, aside from my legal ignorance, and the sacerdotality of my profession, I was largely enjoying the munificent hospitality of the other party, and well knew, however entire and devoted might be my fidelity to my client, yet if it involved merely a naked defence, the forbearance might be ascribed to a sense of personal obligation, which, in any other situation, it would be ungrateful not to cherish, but which, in this new capacity, could not be indulged without an imputation on my honor. But the accused, having very wisely expressed a willingness to stand strictly on the defensive, I consented to run this narrow channel, though I expected my poor ship would have her copper raked off on both sides, and, perhaps, her bends broken in.

The charges—for we have now come to them—were like a November caravan of crows, very long, and very black; but, like my worthy progenitor of wind-mill memory, being now fairly enlisted, I felt it incumbent on my vow to run a tilt with every hostile form, whether of earth, ocean, or air. The attack was immediately commenced on these flying squadrons of the dark plume; some were frightened away; some killed outright; some slightly wounded and dispersed; till at last only one poor fellow re-

mained, and he appeared so lonely and lost to hope, that the court, fearing they should not have an opportunity of exhibiting their skill and courage in the battle, shed tears quite feelingly and fast. Never was victory, in a desperate case, more complete; it was like the rout of the spirits that waited on Comus, and the liberation of the fatally enchanted lady, who sat

"In stony fetters fixed, and motionless."

But to drop all metaphor and hyperbole: the court was organized; the charges read over, and the witnesses examined, who testified with an amiable inclination to the side of mercy. The tribunal, composed of spirits that would, if necessary, "beard the very devil to keep his place," manifested the most majestic patience, while the parties, through many a long day, like Corydon and Thyrsis, exercised their rival gifts,

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

The contest, which, after all, had very little music in it, would have been less long, but every question had to be written down; submitted to the court; its propriety, perhaps, discussed; and then the answer of the witness, often long, and unsatisfactory, recorded. This makes a court-martial the most tedious process by which guilt is ever punished. Indeed, if the offender has turned the middle of life, you may

well allow him to escape, for your verdict will hardly overtake him before he has gone beyond the reach of human penalties.

The witnesses summoned on the defence were very few, and their testimony very brief; not but what more might have been obtained, but I informed the court, like any young sprig of the law, full of vanity, ignorance, and Latin—

Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis tempus eget.

The evidence being at length concluded, three days were allowed in which to write the defence, upon which every thing now depended; but, as if,

Quem Deus vult perdere, priusquam dementat,

I visited the monks on Mount Tauro, and quite forgot, in a reclusive discussion, my tremendous responsibility as counsel.

This, though extremely reckless, was the less censurable, as my client had given his consent—consensus tollit errorem—and gone himself to a masquerade:—Ah! little did we then dream of what awaited us: little did we anticipate that verdict, which was to annul the fundamental principles of criminal jurisprudence—de minimis non curat lex—and expose the utter fallacy of the oft-quoted maxim, true in legal as biblical science—qui hæret in litera, hæret in cortice—for it was to rive the very heart of the tree.

But on the third night, I went earnestly to work, and produced the next morning, with the aid of the prisoner—qui facit per alium facit per se—perhaps the ablest defence that ever fell from a human pen. Every word of it was like the strokes of a trip-hammer, quick-coming, hot and heavy. In massive energy of thought, force of reasoning, aptness of illustration, and power of pathos, it has no equal in the annals of any court, held either in or out of the Navy. It was a tower in itself; it was Atlas with heaven on its shoulders! Some have had the audacity to assail it, but I can only tell them that it will still pillar the great firmament of law and letters, when time, with its slow touch, has wiped out the epitaph that flattery may have engraven on their tombstone:

Exegi monumentum ere perennius.

I now approach the last sad scene in this tragic history of error and retribution. The criminal was summoned to the quarter-deck of our ship, to hear that sentence which the court, in the painful discharge of its duty, had decreed—a sentence from which there was no appeal—no possibility of escape! The sad sentiment of Euripides was in my heart:

Τόμβω γὰρ ὕδεις ἀνθρώπων φίλος.

Through the silent crowd assembled on the melancholy occasion, a voiceless sympathy forced its way to every countenance; when the judge-advocate,

from whose lips the fatal sentence was to fall, advancing from the ranks, seemed for a moment to pause, with upward eye, as if in invocation of that aid now beyond the reach of man!

> "His look
> Drew audience and attention still as night,
> Or summer's noon-tide air."

The Court—he slowly articulated—have decreed a condemnatory reversal of the opinion pronounced by Jack Falstaff, in the words,

> "Discretion is the better part of valor."

Cöit formidine sanguis! Had a thunderbolt fallen within a hair's breadth of me, down through the deck of that ship, it would not have astounded me more than this decision! It not only ruined the prisoner, but it demolished an opinion which I had regarded with as much veneration as I could the ruins of Palmyra or Rome. O Jack! thou who didst love good things, and say wise ones, little didst thou think that the soundest and sagest of all thy sayings would come to such an end as this. Yet it has not abated for thee my love and affectionate remembrance; with filial tears I gather up the pale relics of thy decision, and consign them to their narrow rest; may violets spring over the place of their repose, and the softest dews of heaven light there. Alas! for human nature, the noblest offspring of its intellectual agonies seem destined to perish first!

I have now done with this, and, as I hope, with all courts-martial; and I only ask that what I have said may be taken in the spirit in which it is expressed—a spirit not at variance with the respect and esteem which I entertain for the members of this court, and especially the individual with whom I was brought into more immediate opposition, by my official connection with the defendant. It was not, perhaps, their fault that the records of this tribunal have not a more stern and grave aspect; the fault lay in natura rerum; in the absence of deeper criminality, of a desert of more afflictive consequences; and that cast of the ludicrous which every thing must wear, when swelled into a false, fictitious importance.

I sat down to write a serious article on the subject, but, in spite of every thing I could do, the humorous impulse would prevail. It may ill suit the gravity of my profession to entertain, even for a moment, such a light, facetious guest, but,

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit.

I have, by this time, been able to dip a little into the genius of our naval code, the spirit of its economy, the nature of its rules and regulations; and, from all I have seen, read, and heard, have no hesitation in saying a court-martial would be my very last resort for a protection of my innocence, or a redress of my wrongs.

In such an appeal, this innocence must be exempt

from the liabilities which it has already betrayed, not to suffer additional violence; and these wrongs must rise superior to the dependencies involved in their sufferance, and "plead like angels trumpet-tongued," to secure the reparation invoked. I have by no means any personal allusions; but the more judicious course for an officer, in a subordinate rank, who has been aggrieved, is to make an immediate and strenuous application to leave that dishonored deck, and thus place his commander under the necessity of either keeping his own watches, or of laboring under the mortifying conviction that he is surrounded by those who are kept near his person by the naked law of force.

I should not envy any commander, thus situated, the reflections that would enter his official solitude; if a man of pride and sensibility, he would prefer a grave-yard, for the cold marbles around would not be there by his compulsion, or cherish an ill-concealed aversion. I should myself prefer even the centre of a voiceless Sahara, for I should there, at least, have now and then an antelope to cross my path, and turn on me the friendly light of its timid eyes. But bears can live in cheerless caverns, and despots in the bosom of injured, alienated communities.

I am aware that some of my superiors may regard the sentiments I have advanced as very treasonable, but I contend that it is the very essence of submission, blended with a becoming degree of self-respect; in-

stead of flying in the face of authority, with an array of charges which are never to attain the redress they seek, or of vainly endeavoring to plant the levelling, disorganizing doctrines of these times upon the ruins of wholesome, long-established principles of discipline, it is merely adopting the peaceful sentiment soberly recommended by the satirist:

———Levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

My equals may, perhaps, regard my counsel as extremely superfluous, and perhaps excessively absurd: I do not impose it upon them, or solicit for it even an indulgent acceptation; it is my own fig-tree, and those who wish to partake of its fruit and shade, will find in me a welcome hand and a warm heart; but if they prefer passing on to some other vine, I only hope they will find a still more fragrant and agreeable shade. My maxim is, let every man do his own quarrelling, or, in nautical phrase, paddle his own canoe; yet if he gets into a dangerous whirlpool, or is likely to go down a fatal cataract, and raises a hand for help, I will be the first to cast him a rope, and to extricate him, if possible, from his perilous condition.

As for myself, I quarrel with no man; I consider it the most stale and unprofitable business in the world. If a man is bent upon quarrelling with me, I just leave him to do the whole of it himself; and

he ordinarily very soon becomes wearied with his unencouraged occupation: for even the most malicious ram will soon cease to butt against a disregarding object; and he will usually find his own head more injured than the object of his blind animosity.

It is possible, however, that an occasion may unwelcomely occur, when something more may be requisite than this unheeding attitude: in such an event, I have a small bundle of arrows in my quiver, some heavy, others light, some quite blunt, others perhaps rather sharp, but none of them dipped in venom: with these I will ply the wanton offender; and some of them, I think, unless he is as well protected as the rhinoceros, will take effect; nor will I, if unrepentant, let him off while he has substance remaining in which another arrow can stick, or from which a drop of blood can be extracted. But, if a single submissive, relenting symptom be discovered, I will throw down the arrow that may at the moment be trembling on the string, and take him to this heart. Forgiveness is a virtue—revenge, a crime.

I was speaking of the economy of our Navy, the spirit of its government, and responsibilities; the whole of which rests substantially on two principles —an unhesitating and unqualified obedience to the orders of a superior, and an indefinable sense of honor, flowing from official station and the dictates of private judgment. The former is tangible, fixed, and cannot be mistaken; the latter is Protæan, and as-

sumes more shapes than any ghost that ever left the grave. What is honorable in the opinion of one man, may be very dishonorable in the estimation of another.

It is honorable with some men to play off their gallantries on the other sex, in the absence of their husbands, but not remarkably reputable, in my opinion; and then, again, it is dishonorable, with some, for an individual to decline killing his friend in a duel, but quite the reverse, in my humble judgment. It is dishonorable, with some, for a man to leave the field of battle, though situated like the last of the three hundred who fell at Thermopylæ. Yet, I have ever inclined to the opinion of Hudibras, that, in extreme cases,

> One may fight and run away,
> And live to fight another day.

Our countrymen have acted on this plan sometimes, and it answered very well; though it was rather a failure at Bladensburg; for there they ran too soon, too fast, and too far: some of them never brought up till they reached the steep cliffs of the Alleghany; and several, I am told, actually reached the Pacific; and, when last seen, were constructing a raft for further flight. Had Lot fled from Sodom with half their speed, the spreading flames would not have scorched his escaping consort into marble; but let that pass.

Suppose a man is brought before a court-martial for what is denominated dishonorable conduct: he pleads his own sense of propriety; but this does not coincide with the notions of those who compose a majority of the court; the consequence is, he falls a victim, not to any act of demerit, as understood by himself, but as capriciously conceived by others. He is, therefore, tried and condemned by principles which he never recognized, and of the existence of which he may have been wholly ignorant.

Yet, if asked how something tangible, defined, and intelligible, can be substituted for this imprescriptible phantom, I should be extremely puzzled in the answer. We have no engines for condensing and shaping shadow; and, of all shadows, those of the brain are the least subject to such a process. Yet, as an eminent psychologist has, of late, been able to discover the *shape* of the soul, ascertaining it to be exactly *triangular*, it is not impossible that its emotions may also be seized, and subjected to the square and compass!

In that event, a man may, perhaps, be able to anticipate, without an infinite range of abortive conjecture, the decision of a court-martial, on a question involving his honor; but till then, we shall be like Milton's perplexed spirit reasoning on foreknowledge—

"In wandering mazes lost."

But, to speak seriously of courts-martial in the

U. S. Navy: the offences which lead to them are an evil, but the courts themselves are a substantial benefit. They not only relieve the service now and then of an unworthy officer, but they promote discipline and good conduct through that moral influence which just punishment always exerts.

The Navy embodies every variety of character, habit, and disposition. It is made up of all those virtues and vices, good and bad qualities, amiable and malevolent dispositions, which enter into the composition of every mixed community. This results necessarily from the organization of the service. All in the line of promotion enter it when young. The character of the youth has not yet been developed, and it is impossible, even for the most sagacious, to tell whether his after-conduct will honor or disgrace the service.

These are results which only time and experience can disclose. Our wonder is, that these results, considering the force of temptation and the absence of parental restraint, are not often more sad. Over this mass of discordant dispositions, tastes, and habits, the provisions of vague and ill-digested laws are extended. So indefinite and absurd are many of these provisions, that it is almost impossible to know what to waive, what to enforce, what to evade, and what to obey.

They address themselves mainly to those general sentiments of propriety and honor which no two in-

dividuals ever yet construed alike. It is not strange, then, that difficulties should occur, and that there should be an appeal to the decisions of competent tribunals. There must be responsibility somewhere; and if it is not found in the provisions of law, it will be sought in the provisions of the pistol.

But for the law, vague as it is, and its penalties, enforced through the decisions of these courts, the inferior officer would be forced into insubordination in his own defence, and the common sailor would be left without a shadow of protection. The authority of a commanding officer is, for the time being, all but absolute: the genius, discipline, and efficiency of the service necessarily render it such. In the sober exercise of this power he should be sustained; but when he abuses the trust, he should encounter a corresponding penalty.

This penalty should be measured, not only by the injury inflicted, but by the power thus abused and betrayed. The wrong done should roll back with redoubled energy on its author. The higher his station the less is his apology: offences that might be pardoned in the common sailor, should strike him from the rolls of the service.

Let these courts be sustained; let their authority be respected; let their decisions be enforced. Let the laws which govern them, and which enter so vitally into the discipline and efficiency of the service,

be rendered as plain and explicit as possible. Let a violation of these laws, in whatever grade it may occur, be promptly redressed. Let retribution tread fast on the heels of crime. Let not the sentence decreed by the court be set aside, or mitigated by a mistaken clemency in the Executive. Let not a technical informality be brought up in bar against the execution of a verdict righteous in itself. Let the aim, and the sole aim, be to punish the guilty, redress the injured, and vindicate the majesty of violated law.

Let this be done: let this responsibility be secured, and new energy will be infused into the service, discipline maintained, and offences diminished. But take an opposite course, palliate wrong, call in question the propriety of judicial proceedings, assail their verdicts, and invoke Executive clemency, and you sap the energies of the Navy, and cover it with contempt.

In looking over my notes, I find that I have expressed myself so fervently among the ruins of Greece, the reader may, perhaps, be disposed to class me among those who idolize the ancients; but, so far from harmonizing with them in my feelings, I can conceive nothing more absurd than their blind veneration for every thing that wears the garb of antiquity. The child who seeks to gratify the senseless whims and caprices of a superannuated parent, does no more than filial affection and piety dictate; but

for us to be led about by every dream and dogma of the dead, is pitiful and contemptible.

It is not sufficient that we allow the ancients a place in the same rank with men of modern times, but they must be brought out, and placed in the forefront as a corps, head and shoulders above the mightiest of our day; and we may congratulate ourselves if able to make our insignificance seen in the twilight of their gigantic shadows. We give their productions the most conspicuous place in our libraries: the first and last in our systems of education. We commit their maxims to memory; we settle the principles of their philosophy deep in our intellectual nature; we drink in the spirit of their poetry, till we reel with delirious fulness.

We search among their buried relics, and feel that the labors of a life are compensated in the discovery of a bit of parchment, containing a few sayings that would not honor a modern school-boy. Aye, we go down into their tombs, rummage these cells of corruption for a thread of their shroud, a nail of their finger, a lock of their hair. These disinhumed remains are brought with religious awe into our houses, placed near our family altars, and preside as household deities.

I would not detract an iota from the merits of the ancients, or withhold any praise which is justly their due. But I will not get down on my knees and worship them; nor suffer myself to be unmanned with

grief, if a relic of them is presented. I would not adopt one principle of philosophy, or one maxim in ethics, merely because it has their sanction; nor would I read a book any the sooner for its having had its origin with them.

Their works must stand or fall by their own inherent strength. They may perish, if they have not merits to sustain them, independent of the circumstances or age that gave them birth. We may, indeed, wonder how so splendid a production as the Iliad ever appeared in so dark an age: but to read it merely *because* it appeared in an age of ignorance, is as senseless as it would be to catch and treasure up the uncommon lispings of infancy, merely because the little prattler said something remarkable for children of that age.

The productions of Homer, considering the state of the human mind at the time they made their appearance, are, I confess, a moral phenomenon; but they would not be a miracle at the present day, nor have been in the days of Milton. Could we carry that poet of Paradise back, and make him a contemporary with Homer, he would share one half of the homage rendered this Grecian bard. And could we place Shakspeare between these heroic minstrels, the prince of the drama might rest his hands on their heads.

I name Homer, because he is the mighty spirit whose altar has been perfumed with the incense of

every succeeding age. He is among the ancients what the Queen of night is among the starry hosts that follow in her wake. But that there has not risen an orb of greater magnificence, I shall not be convinced, till the sun of Shakspeare's genius has vanished from the horizon.

We return to passing incidents: another of Capt. Read's elegant entertainments occurs this evening; youth, beauty, and many festive hearts will be there, but I am too sad for such a brilliant scene. The last night of the year is mingling with the past! Would that I could recall some of its misspent hours and be permitted to escape a recollection of its ills. As for its moments of happiness, I say with sadness they have been few: I have grasped at substance, and found it shadow.

"By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child."

How are we here to-day, but to-morrow the places that have known us are to know us no more! The flowers will bloom as freshly as before, but it will not be around our steps; the sun beam as brightly, but his ray will not reach our narrow home. The stream, by whose margin we have strayed, will still rush between its green banks, but it will not be beneath the vision of our eyes. The stirred forest, where we have so often wandered at the twilight hour, will still breathe its music, but it will not be our ear that shall be turned to its mystical hymn.

Yet there *is* a spirit-land, of which these relinquished beauties are only the faint type—there the flowers never fall, and not a withered leaf mars the beauties of the eternal spring. Ah, when shall this barque of being, which has wintered and summered so long in time, be safely moored *there*, the storms of life all weathered, and the ocean crossed, through the skill and conduct of our gracious Pilot? Mine, yet, is the lot of the gentle Cowper:

> Always from port withheld, always distressed,
> The howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
> Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
> And day by day some current's thwarting force
> Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.

My thoughts now wander with solicitude from this distant isle to my native shore, to the home of my friends, and hover, with anxious affection, around each endeared hearth: are there not seats there which the last year has made vacant? Shall I not on my return look fondly for some, inquire where they are, and echo only answer, Where? Will the one who once bent over me with a sister's solicitude, in an hour of weakness and pain, be there? Shall I again greet her whose tears fell so warm and fast over the farewell words? Fond memory! thou callest up this scene in all the tenderness of a fresh reality. I seem again to be parting with that shore, looking back to its hills, and murmuring in the breeze that may reach the ear of that ONE, more lovely in sadness!

Blest be the soft seraphic hour
That first betrayed to me
The unadorned, and priceless dower
Which Heaven conferred in thee.
I would not, for a fleeting day,
This single gift resign,
For every gem that sheds its ray
In rich Golconda's mine.

For thou hast been to me what ne'er
In ruby's ray hath shone—
A sister, from a purer sphere,
To lure me from my own:
And I have watched the rising light
Of each inspiring word,
As they who track the farewell flight
Of some ascending bird.

Through every night of doubt and ill,
And every darksome day,
A sunny smile was round thee still,
To chase their gloom away;
And when the world in rudeness spoke,
Thy voice was heard above
The tones that from their murmurs broke,
In its unchanging love.

But now the freshening breeze is near
That parts me far from thee;
I go, with no sweet voice to cheer
A pilgrim o'er the sea:
A pilgrim through the surging sweep
Of every wilder wave,
Rushing remorseless o'er the sleep
Of many a pilgrim's grave.

But wheresoe'er my path may lay,
Through varied sea and zone,
My inmost heart shall still betray
The image of thine own;
And till my latest hour hath come,
By shore, or mount, or sea,
I'll think of thy sweet hearth, and home,
And breathe a prayer for thee.

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